Outdoor America

OCTOBER, 1928

Price 25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

DONALD HOUGH - ELMER E. RAWDON - BEN EAST

DON RIDDELL PLAYED THE GAME!

TOUCHDOWN!

Bedlam in the stands! Minnesota had gone through! Riddell had done it—Riddell the broad shouldered, husky, alert.

* * *

Donald Riddell, of Virginia, Minnesota. A favorite on the Minnesota team of 1926. That's Don in the picture: The chap on the left, holding the frying pan. This picture was taken in 1922, on the shore of Lac la Croix.

* * *

Don Riddell played good football in 1926 because he played outdoors in 1922—and in other years. He paddled his canoe across the lakes and up the rivers, and at night he fried the fish he and his companion had caught. He found his way through the forests.

* * *

He played the game. He will play any game that he is called upon to play through the rest of his life.

* * *

A typical American boy, Don Riddell was only one of hundreds of thousands of boys who build better bodies, better brains, by seeking sport outdoors.

* * *

The Izaak Walton League helps. It is a big brother to many thousands of young Americans. It educates, encourages, guides. It protects the outdoors that is so vital to the welfare of American youth; it builds, it guards, it fights for, the woods, the wild life, the sport of red-blooded men and boys.

* * *

The very region through which Don Riddell paddled in 1922 is being fought for today by the Izaak Walton League. Doubtless it would hold little charm for the Don Riddells of the future if the League did not work hard, was not now working hard, to protect it, safeguard it, keep it as it is.

* * *

Said Emerson Hough, great writer, canny outdoorsman: "If you really wish to save a little shooting and fishing for yourself and your boys, put two million members in the Izaak Walton League."

* * *

Writer Zane Grey, deep sea angler, friend of the outdoors, when urging League organization, wrote: "Do you want to preserve something of America for your son? Do you want him to inherit something of the love of outdoors that made our pioneers such great men . . . ?"

* * *

"Will your sons and grandsons be able to do what you and your fathers have done in outdoor sport and recreation?" asks Struthers Burt, conservationist, acclaimed as a foremost American writer, in Outdoor America.

* * *

Mrs. Frances E. Whitley of the General Federation of Women's Clubs told a Walton League audience—"The Izaak Walton League and the women of America are determined to save for their children their country as they have known it." Said Gene Stratton Porter, "If we desire any sort of heritage to bequeath to our children, we each of us must lend a helping hand to the Izaak Walton League of America."

* * *

Don Riddell, when he looks back to his youth, will recall wonderful memories of a wonderful outdoors, and, wise, he will give his love for the outdoors its proper credit in enabling him to make the touchdown that won the game, and in carrying on successfully through life.

* * *

Will the next young Riddell, asking Dad if he, too, may have these advantages, receive a favorable answer? Don Riddell will reply as best he can, but his reply will be largely determined by what thousands of organized outdoor people are doing TODAY.

Izaak Walton League of America

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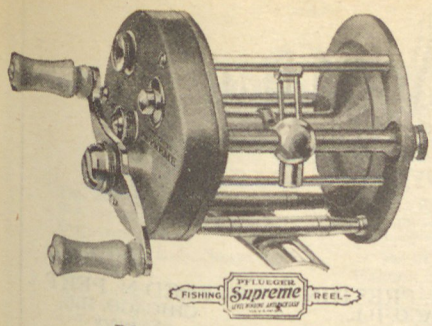

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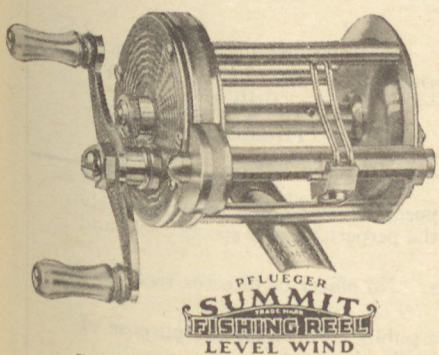

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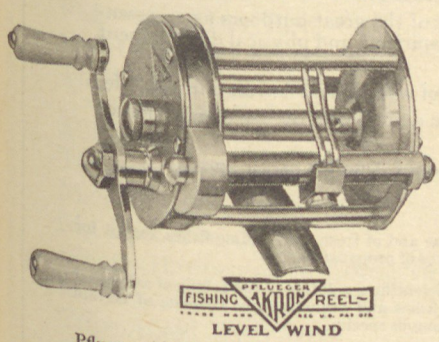

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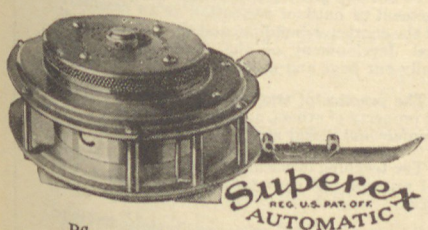

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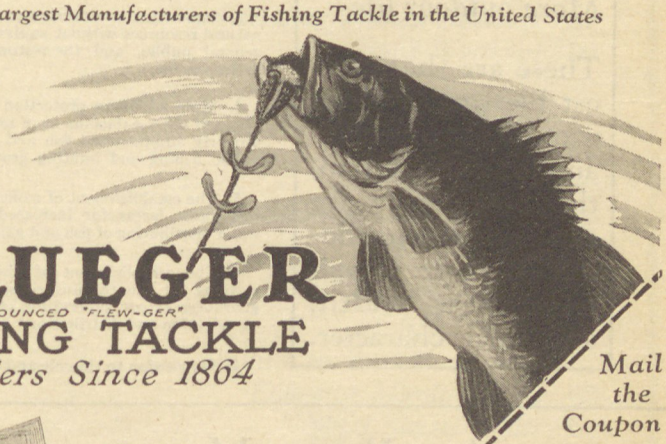

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

These are the greatest blessings we can acquire for ourselves and for our children, the best legacy we can leave them, adding to their happiness, their health, and their character.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

Are You a Man

who will passively permit America, our boys and our girls to be robbed of their birthright of health, happiness, prosperity and sport, or will you join and aid this League, save and restore that vanishing heritage?

Answer Now!

Izaak Walton League, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago:

I will help. Here is my $5 for membership and OUTDOOR AMERICA for a year. Assign me to a chapter if there is a local one.

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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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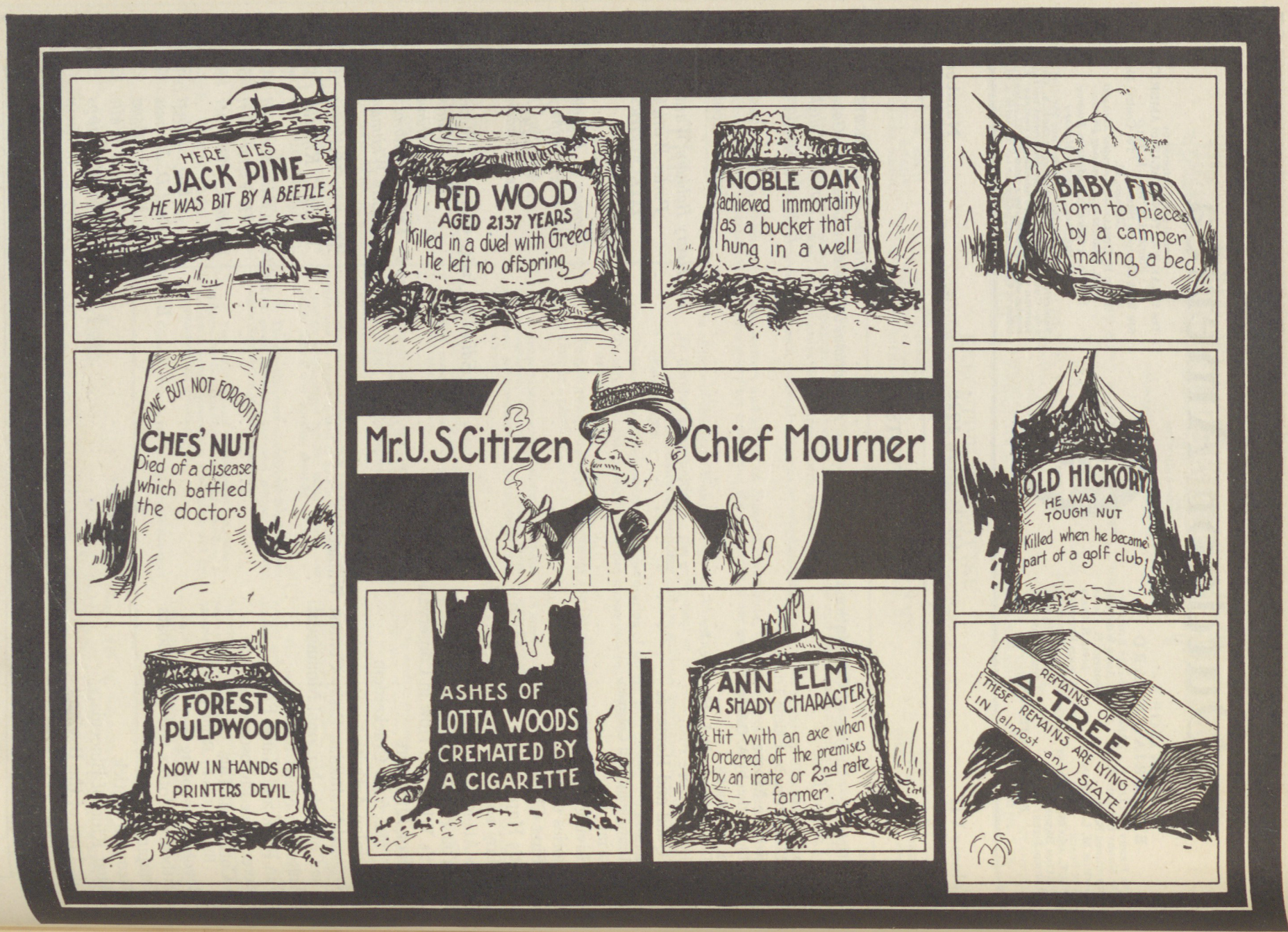
In One of Our National Cemeteries

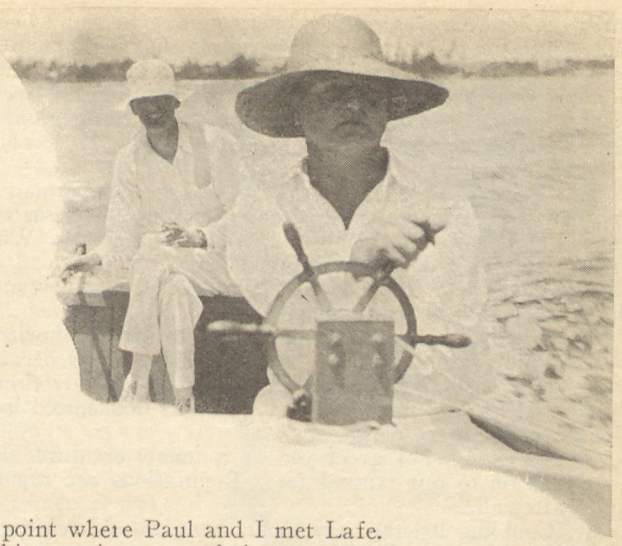
Cartoon by Florence Gibson McCabe



Lafe Laughs Last

By DONALD HOUGH

Noted OUTDOOR AMERICA writer takes a Vacation and has a Laugh on Himself



IT is very embarrassing to have a reputation. Reputations must be lived up to in order to be maintained, and often this is not only inconvenient but confusing. And sometimes it is downright tragedy.

Let me give you an example: I have a reputation as an angler. I write a considerable number of fishing stories and this rather gives the impression that I must have invented fishing, including all of the rods and baits.

The truth is that I'm a caster of the fourth rank, and not very good at trolling. My experience has been limited. If you will count up the number of fish I have mentioned in my fishing stories, you will find that my total catch for life is not more than half a barrelful. The reason I get by with my fishing stories isn't that I'm a good angler, but that I'm a good writer (Adv.).

I have just returned from my vacation in Florida. If you think I didn't have any fun, you're crazy. I never had been to Florida before, for one thing, and for another thing everybody told me I must be insane to go to Florida in the summer time unless I was wanted by the police. But I found the weather cooler than in Chicago, and everybody pulling for Al Smith.

I learned a lot about fishing. I was in the company of Paul Burress, inventor of fishing lures, an angler of honest ability and outstanding patience, and a gentleman of no mean capacity.

Paul met me at the boat at Tampa, and after going through what they call a hurricane in Florida but which is just a mild blow on Lake Michigan, we eventually landed on the east coast, and in the town of West Palm Beach, which is the scene of this yarn I am now writing.

The first thing we did was to stop our steaming chariot in front of the Palm Beach Post and look up Fred Stuck, secretary of the Florida division of the Izaak Walton League. Fred welcomed us considerably and then piloted us to the office of the Tropical Sun, where I met, for the first time in my life, Elmer Burgess, known to his many readers as "Lafe" Hoskins, under which name he dashes off a fishing column or two and edits the Sunshine Special, Florida's Walton League monthly paper.

In fact, the Walton League chapter at West Palm Beach seems to sort of run the town, in a nice gentlemanly sort of way. The night before we got there, for instance, they had put on a big shindig to celebrate their first anniversary. Every civic and community club in town had taken part, and the whole affair was the toast of the town the next day.

But to my story. I had got to the point where Paul and I met Lafe.

This meeting was of the greatest moment. As I looked upon the imposing hulk of Lafe, glanced at his aristocratic sunburn and tan, observed the steely blue of his unwavering eye, I realized that I was looking at one of those anglers you read about. "Here's where I get found out," I thought to myself, "this bird is hot stuff with the fish. I must put up a bold front for the sake of my reputation." I might pause to remark here that this was my second salt water fishing trip. On the west coast, during a pause in the so-called hurricane, I had been initiated and had caught a couple of small sharks. But here, in Gulf Stream territory, I realized I was in the big league.

Up to this point I had got by in grand style. My method was to merely nod my head and say nothing whenever salt water fishing was mentioned. Burress, I had confided in. He lives in Florida, sells tackle, and is a pal of the notorious Ivar Hennings of South Bend, Ind. In addition to which he runs the outboard motor department in this magazine. He was too much medicine for me to buck up against and I had taken him into my confidence.

To make a long story short, a fishing trip was arranged for the following day. We were invited by Mr. D. H. Conkling, publisher of the Post, to have a try at the finny tribe (as the guide books call them) at the edge of the Gulf Stream, which hovers around just beyond Palm Beach. Then, on the day following, supposing any fish were left at all, we were to go out with Bill Jackson, who, as a dealer in fishing tackle, was considered sure death on the fish. This was to be a sort of a mopping-up expedition to corral the fish that we might have overlooked, wounded, or chased into hiding on our first excursion.

"—with lures that were too big for anything short of a whale to attack—"

That evening we attended a meeting of the West Palm Beach Press Club, of which Lafe is president. This turned out to be a meeting of importance. Various grave issues were discussed, and about 2 A. M. I made a stirring address on the subject of Salt Water Fishing, and, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, managed to give the impression that I had been born in a dory and that I had caught all of the larger and more ferocious species of fish.

But when we started out next day, my courage failed me. I looked at the assortment of heavy rods, and I recalled pic-

tures of Zane Grey straining every muscle to avoid being pulled into the ocean. It occurred to me that perhaps there were tricks about it. I made up my mind to kick my reputation downstairs, especially in view of the fact that the equipment I was to use cost about $150 and wasn't mine, and to ask Lafe for the real low-down.

I got him into a corner and said:

"See here, Lafe, speaking as one old newspaperman to another, just give me the low-down on this business, will you? I've never even seen a real live salt water fish. What in tarnation do I do when I get a bite?"

Lafe gave me a funny look. "Who told you I knew anything about it?" he asked suspiciously.

"Everybody," I waved an arm vaguely toward the horizon.

"Drat it!" said Lafe. He heaved a sigh. "Just because I get out a fishing column every week, everybody thinks I invented fishing, including boats, tackle, hooks, and bait. I've never even see a salt—"

"That's enough! I greet you as a fellow creature. Let us march on to our mutual fate. Reputations are reputations, after all."

Mr. Conkling led the way to his boat, the *Marchioness,* which gave me my first dose of chills and fever. It was several dozen feet long. "If we've got to fish from such a big boat for the kind of fish we're going after, how big must the fish be?" was the general trend of my soliloquy. But I glanced at my fellow celebrity Lafe, and saw that he was walking bravely forward. I followed his example.

Once on board and steaming down the bay (I think it was a bay) Paul rigged up our rods with lures that were too big for anything short of a whale to consider attacking single handed.

A few miles out the captain of our craft announced we were at the edge of the Gulf Stream. Now the Gulf Stream is something I had always wanted to see. Permit me for a moment to relapse from the ridiculous into the sublime. In the first place, I am a salt water devotee from now on. I shall fish salt waters exclusively, so long as anybody will invite me. The boats, I find, are really too large to own oneself. But there is something about that wonderful, clear water, the horizon, the waves, the sky and clouds, and, especially, the uncertainty of what you may hook into, that spells fishing to me from this moment henceforth.

Once a sailfish leaped some place ahead of us ("The Chamber of Commerce sailfish, trained to leap for all tourists," confided Lafe) and a school of porpoise rolled along in our wake. A government revenue cutter steamed past us and grossly insulted us by not stopping to search our craft for hidden wares.

"—the expression of an old, experienced salt—"

I am obliged to record, however, that the fish cared nothing for our baits. This didn't discourage me in the least. In fact, as I sat on the deck and held tightly to my rod and watched the line streaming out behind the boat, my principal concern was that a fish would somehow or other take hold of the bait. I could see nothing but disaster in this. I never was the heavyweight champion of anything, and I couldn't quite figure the result if a fish weighing up in the hundreds of pounds should take hold of the other end of the line.

Looking over at Lafe, I saw that he felt in much the same mood. On his face was an expression which he imagined to be that of an old experienced salt. He looked over his cigarette at the line in a bored manner which was extremely well done. But when he caught my eye the mask fell and stark, naked nervousness (I almost said fear) shone there. We looked at each other a moment, then resumed our positions, which we copied from pictures we had seen in the outdoor journals.

But luck was against us—or with us—and nary a fish disturbed the serenity of our brows that afternoon. We had a delightful sail on a magnificent craft, but the Chamber of Commerce sailfish was the only monster of the deep on duty that day.

The following day we started out at noon with Bill Jackson. This time we went in a small boat, one about twenty feet long. That the day was to be an exciting one was evident from the start. Bill went forward to fix the engine, and he invited Lafe to steer down the bay. Lafe took the wheel. It was the first wheel Lafe had ever taken, and he went about it in a thorough manner, sitting up very straight and looking steadfastly ahead, ready to shout out any nautical terms necessary in the event of an emergency.

Now I played Lafe a dirty trick. The rope that went around the wheel was fastened to the tiller, and I sat beside the tiller. It occurred to me that I could also steer the boat. In fact, I was sort of peeved that I had not been invited to in the first place, being the guest of honor and a national Authority on Fishing, which should take in boats.

"If a fish weighing up in the hundreds should take hold—"

I pushed the tiller slowly to one side. The boat began to curve. Lafe sprang into action, and brought it back on its course. But I was ready for this and I moved the tiller in the opposite direction until the boat described a reverse arc. I saw a bead of perspiration appear under Lafe's straw hat as he swung her back. Again I made him swing her too far.

Lafe was beginning to show agitation. What was the matter with the boat, anyway? After we had cut a wandering course down the bay for half an hour, and Lafe had fought the squirming steering wheel like a veteran, he turned it over to Paul. And Lafe didn't know, until he read this, what causes salt water boats to careen down bays like drunken sailors.

The day was hot. You bet it was hot. The sun blazed down on us with full steam as we

cruised the edge of the Gulf Stream. But it was glorious fun. The boat rose and fell on the waves, the water was a magnificent blue and as clear as crystal, the air was a tonic.

But it was hot. Ask Lafe. After the first couple of hours Lafe began to wish he never had written a fishing column in his life. Just by looking at the back of his neck I could tell that he was thinking of cool awnings, no waves, and chunks of ice. In fact, he mentioned now and then that perhaps if we'd call it a day and go ashore he'd buy us a lemonade. The sunburn gradually mounted over his face in spite of the big hat.

Along in the middle of the afternoon we decided to use cut bait. Cut bait consists of mullet sliced up the tummy. So we went ashore and got a few from some fishermen, and again steamed out to our fishing grounds.

There's very little to report for the next couple of hours. But then things began to happen. In the first place, I caught a fish. I was fishing with a mullet bait, trolling, when a sea monster hit the thing and signalled for me to pull him in.

Easier said than done.

The boat was in an uproar. "What kind is he?" asked Paul.

"A rather large shark or a small swordfish," I replied in a calm voice. Always keep your voice calm. Let your heart do what it wants to, but watch your voice and your hands. Don't let either of them tremble.

I hauled away for all I was worth, but I didn't get excited. The way to haul in salt water fish is to raise the tip of the rod until you've gained a few yards, then hurry up and wind in as far as you can.

Eventually I got the fish close enough so that Bill could gaff him. I caught a glimpse of him as he was hauled aboard, and at first I thought my fish had got away and that Bill had gaffed my bait. The darn thing was only about two feet long and couldn't have weighed over ten pounds. A bonita.

"Lafe leaned forward, getting his head closer to the suspended fish . . . Paul took the picture."

"I knew it was a small one," I said, "I just hauled it in for the fun of it, and because it was so beautiful. That's a beautiful fish—very rare coloring," I murmured.

But anyway it was the first fish caught, and I could see Lafe, who was fishing with one of Paul's lures, giving me an envious glance. He was doubtless admiring my coolness in action, and hoping he could do the same if he caught one.

Soon after this a large shark, his fin cutting the water, crossed our bows; and now came some schools of mackerel, with gulls hovering overhead to feast on the small fish that the mackerel were chasing on the surface.

Soon it came time to go home. I could see the look of relief come over Lafe's features as this announcement was made. He was sitting in his chair with the most discouraged air. He wanted land. His rod was resting in his lap, his head was drooping, and he was humming a silly little tune. He wavered from side to side as the boat rode the waves, and he looked as though he had decided that life wasn't worth living. His face was burning, and in fact he informed us that he was burning all over, inside and out, and if we could speed up the engine just a little bit he'd buy us a lemon—

ZZZZZZZZZZ!

That was Lafe's reel. Never did mortal man come to life faster than Lafe did. He sat bolt upright. His jaw dropped. He looked at the reel, which was still buzzing, and then he remembered that he was an Authority on Fishing and he began to press buttons and pull levers wherever he could find them. Paul leaped to his side and pushed the right one, and the buzzing stopped.

"Now pull him in," advised Paul.

"Yeah," gulped Lafe. He looked at the rod and at the reel and at the line and at me.

"Just pull him in, like I did," I said, sotto voce. Lafe looked as though he would like to see me in Hades.

And now Lafe got down to serious business. He began to operate along very simple but logical lines. Pointing the rod directly at the fish, resting it on the gunwale, he began to crank up the reel. He never so much as glanced up toward the fish. He looked at the reel and counted the hard won inches of line and cranked.

Perspiration rained from his face and discolored the Gulf Stream. He stood over the

(Continued on page 38)

"The Marchioness was several dozen feet long . . . the boats are really too large to own oneself."

"I could tell he was thinking . . . no waves . . . cool awnings . . . ice."

Deep Waters

By

ELMER E. RAWDON

Drawings by Uldene Trippe

A story which suggests to us the thought that perhaps a fish, instead of a serpent, should have been made the symbol of irresistible temptation.

A CAR whirled into the drive and stopped. A screen door flew shut with a bang, and Frank Webster entered the house. His hat, carelessly aimed at a chair, fell on the floor; and his brief case found a resting place on the library table.

"Frank," came a sweet, though rather-wearied, feminine voice from the kitchen, "please pick up your hat; please put your case in the den; and please don't slam the door so. When you have put your things away, come to the kitchen; I wish to speak to you."

"How do you know that my hat is on the floor, and that my grip is on the table?" countered the careless one.

"Because, my dear," came the reply, "I have lived with you just long enough to know that that is where you always put them."

Without further words—aloud at least—he tossed his hat on the hall rack, and transferred the case to the den. He then made his way slowly to the kitchen where Mrs. Webster, her plump arms and hands covered with flour, was preparing the evening meal.

"Frank," began his wife as she turned a pair of troubled brown eyes upon him, "you are just about the most discouraging person I know. I can't recall a single instance in all of our fourteen years together when you have come in the house without slamming the doors, or when you have hung up your hat without being told. It is no wonder that Billy is so slip-shod and thoughtless; he surely gets it honestly enough."

"Now, Mary," began Mr. Webster in a soothing tone. But his wife ignored the interruption and continued.

"And that brings me to the subject that I wished to discuss with you. I don't believe that you realize it, but Billy is becoming utterly unmanageable. I have spoken to you about it a hundred times or more, but I might just as well have talked to this table, for all the results I've gotten. The time has come, however, when you just must do something, or that boy is going to be the death of me. It is terrible—that's what it is, Frank Webster—and I cannot stand it any longer. Why, I have no more control over him than a stranger would—not as much."

"Now, now, Mary," interrupted her husband again as Mrs. Webster lowered her voice somewhat, "surely it isn't as bad as that. You forget, dear, that he is only a—"

Mrs. Webster, however, was just warming to her subject, and had no intention of relaxing. "Don't you *'now, now,'* me, Frank Webster, until I have finished," she cut in as she recovered her breath. "You have always made excuses for him, but I'll not stand it another minute. For a solid month I have been at him to take *your* last-winter's ashes out of the cellar, and for a solid month he has promised every morning that he would do it right after school in the evening. The cellar looks like a pig pen; and, as far as I am concerned, it is going to keep right on looking that way."

"Why, why—" began Mr. Webster; but he got no farther.

"For three days," continued the irate wife, "I have almost gotten down on my knees and begged him to mow the lawn. The grass in that front yard is so high that I am ashamed to admit that I live in this house. I have mowed it a half-dozen times myself this spring, but I'll not do it again if it gets as high as the windows. This morning he promised me faithfully that he'd come straight home from school and start on the yard. Well, here it is six o'clock, and no sign of him. I'm through, Frank Webster, that's what I am. I have had the rearing of that boy for thirteen years, but now I give up. He pays just about as much attention to me as *you* do. From now on there's going to be a change. It's going to be your turn—beginning right this minute, too. You say, 'He's only a boy, and that boys will be boys.' Well, we'll see how you handle him. All I can say is that I wish you luck." And she sank her flour-covered fingers viciously into the dough before her.

For a moment Mr. Webster was speechless at the unexpected fury of his usually even-tempered wife, and then he began haltingly. "Why—why—Mary, I—I really didn't know it was that bad—honestly I didn't. Of course I'll straighten him out. Why haven't you told me of this before?"

"I've told you so many times, Frank, that I'm simply sick and tired of it," replied Mrs. Webster with a slight break in her voice. "Every time I have said anything to you—you—you have just passed it off—but it's going to be different now. You're going to have the job of rearing him all by yourself. You—you are going to have—"

Mrs. Webster angrily dashed a tear from her eye, and was about to start another bombardment when a screen door flew shut with a bang, a cap went sailing toward a chair; and a curly, tow-colored head peeked mischievously into the kitchen.

"Gee whiz, ma, are ya goin' t' have dumplin's fer supper!" exclaimed the boy, his blue eyes sparkling, and a smile playing about his red lips. "Yum, yum, but I'm glad; 'cause I'm hungrier'n anythin'! Me an' Spider Houser was 'way up t' the dam, an' ya'd ought t' seen the big—"

Just at this point Billy was suddenly interrupted.

"What's that you have in your hand?" demanded his father in a tone that made the boy look up in surprise.

"Ya mean this? Why—er—this? Oh, this is on'y my report card from school. I brought it home fer ma t' sign. I dropped it in the water up t' the dam; but it ain't hurt none—er—not much—I mean. The ink kinda run a little, but ya can still read it, anyways."

"Let me see it!" commanded the father gruffly.

For a moment Mr. Webster scanned the ink-blotted card that his son reluctantly handed him; and then in a voice that wiped an embryo smile from the lad's face, he said, "Go into the den, young man; I wish to talk to you!"

"Well, gee whiz, pa, ya don't s'pose I threw it in the water on purpose, do ya? I didn't mean t' drop it—honest I didn't—an' I can prove it by Spider Houser if I did."

"I said go into the den; I want to talk to you!" repeated his father.

"Well, now what have I done? I ain't done a blamed thing—have I, ma?" And he looked appealingly at his mother. But she never raised her eyes from the kneading board before her.

"Young man, how many times do I have to tell you to do a thing before you'll move? I repeat, go into the den!"

"Well, I am goin', ain't I?" replied the boy as he edged into the next room.

"Now," began his father as he closed the door behind them, "I think that it is just about time that you were brought to your senses. First, let me say, if I were in your place, I'd be heartily ashamed of this report card."

"Well, I told ya I didn't mean t' drop it in the water,

didn't I? An' I can prove it by Spider if I did. We had just hooked a big—"

"I am not referring to the physical condition of the card," interrupted his father. "I'll admit that it is in a terrible mess, but what I am particularly concerned about is the grades. What, for example, is the reason for this *P* in deportment? It would seem that you are just about as obedient at school as you are at home."

"Well, gee whiz, pa, that darned old teacher gives ya *P* if ya even turn around—honest she does. She's the meanest, blamed old maid ya most ever saw; an' I can prove it by Spider if she ain't. She don't like nobody but some darned, little tattle-tale, an'—"

"Young man, you need go no farther. There is no excuse for *P* in deportment. Anyone can, at least, be a gentleman. Sometimes a student may fall down in some subject that comes hard to him, but no one need ever fail to be a gentleman. I am surprised at you. This is the last time that I ever wish to see such a mark in that particular stud—subject—er—I mean place. Now, what about this *P* in English?"

"Gosh, pa, it's just like ya said a minute ago, some things comes awful hard to a feller, an' English comes harder'n anything t' me. Just ya ask Spider if it don't. I can't see no sense t' the blamed stuff, anyways. What's the difference how ya talk if people can tell what yer talkin' about? Why, that blamed teacher won't let ya talk like ya was human. How's a feller goin' t' stop from sayin' 'ain't' an' 'git' when everybody says 'em? Why, she even gits mad when I call Spider, 'Spider.' She says his name is James, an' that's what I got t' call 'im. Why, everybody calls 'im Spider, an' I can prove it by—"

"By Mr. Spider, himself, I suppose," cut in his father. "From now on we'll leave this Spider person out of our conversation. He seems to be just about the same stripe as yourself, and I think it would be wise if someone looked into his conduct, too. As for the *P* in English, there are plenty of reasons, young man, why you should not say 'ain't' and 'git.' There are plenty of reasons, also, why there is 'sense,' as you call it, to the study of English. For example: ah—ah—well—well it would take me too long to explain it; so we'll not go into the subject at this time. You may mark this down in your memory, however: there will be no more *P's* in English.

"Enough for the report card. Now, how many times has your mother told you to clean up the cellar? How many times has she begged you to mow the lawn? How many times has she asked you to come straight home from school? Answer me!"

"Well, gee whiz, pa," began Billy. "I was goin'—"

"Enough!" commanded his father. "You wait until I question you before you speak. Do you know that you are driving your mother nearly insane? Do you! Why don't you obey her? Tell me!"

"Gosh, pa, I—"

"Silence!" almost roared his father. "Don't you dare interrupt me! I'll tell you, young man, I have had just about enough of your disobedience. I'll stand it no longer. From now on you are going to do differently, or we are going to have a party in the woodshed. I suppose that that is where we should go right now; but since this is the first session of this sort we have had in a long time, I am going to waive that part of it. I do warn you, however, that any further disobedience on your part will not be tolerated. Now, I am going to give you some instructions that I shall expect to be carried out to the letter. Tomorrow night, when I get home from the office, I shall expect to see the lawn mowed; and when I get home from the office day after tomorrow night, I shall expect to see the cellar thoroughly cleaned. Is that perfectly clear?"

"Well, gee whiz, pa, tomorrow is Saturday; an' I promised Spider I'd go fishin' with him up t' the dam. Gosh, there's some of the biggest, old, black—"

"Hum-m-m, why, tomorrow is Saturday, isn't it? I had almost forgotten the fact. Well, that makes the matter simpler. You can begin forgetting your engagement with your friend Spider at once; and, since you will have the whole day to yourself, you may start mowing the lawn in the morning. In the afternoon you may have the privilege of carrying out the ashes and cleaning the cellar. If you finish these tasks—and it won't be well for you if you don't—you may then report to your mother. She, no doubt, will be able to find something that will keep you busy for the rest of the day. Now, is there anything about this program that you don't understand?"

"Aw, come along, Bill, ya might git one o' them big bass along about sundown."

"I know, pa, but if ya could on'y see the great, big, black—"

"Not another word; our interview is at an end!" interrupted the father. "I wish to hear nothing further on the subject. Is that quite plain?"

"Yes—yes, sir, I—I guess so," replied the squelched Billy, as he shuffled out of the room.

That evening the dumplings did not taste nearly so good as usual. Billy ate in sullen silence, finished before the others, and repaired to his room. He did not even stop to look at the guns and rods in his treasure book—an old sporting-goods catalog that Spider had given him. Each shoe hit the floor with a distinctive bang. A button sailed crazily across the room as he wrenched savagely at his waist. Without a thought of prayers he jerked back the covers and crawled ruefully into bed.

For a long time he lay there thinking of the injustices contained in the blamed old world.

"By golly," he whispered, "it's no wonder that fellers run away from home. I'll bet that Spider an' me could have a swell time all by ourselves if it wasn't fer teachers, an' mowin' lawns, an' cleanin' out old cellars. What's the use, anyways? The grass on'y grows again, an' the blamed cellars git all littered up in a couple of days. I'll bet a dollar if my dad knew about the big, old black bass up t' the dam, he'd be up there right now. An' I know he would, fer he's always blowin' about the swell fisherman he is, an' about the swell bass he gits up in Michigan. They ain't as big in Michigan as they are right up t' the dam, an' I could prove it by Spider. I'll bet he wouldn't study no Deportment, er no English from no old maids, neither, so he wouldn't. No, an' he wouldn't clean no old cellars, er mow no lawns—an' I'll bet I could prove it—prove it by—Spider—Spider Houser, too—too, so I could. An'—an'—"

Here Billy's arguments terminated, for he had slipped into Slumberland.

Saturday bloomed with a cloudless sky. A soothing, west breeze tempered the warm sun. It was just the sort of day that blue-gills would bite best, and then toward evening the big bass would be feeding.

Billy bolted the morning meal, and without comment, went to the woodshed. He jerked the mower through the door, dragged the screeching, protesting thing into the front yard, and began the first of his tasks. For a short time the blades fairly hummed as he gave vent to his feelings. Viciously he bumped it into rose bushes and shrubs, doing his best to skin them as much as possible. The grass fell in showers as he scurried from one side of the lawn to the other. His unusual energy, however, soon died, and presently he shambled off to the shed for the oil can. For ten minutes he sat on the ground and oiled. When he could find no more cracks or holes that were not thoroughly soaked, he began pushing again—more slowly. He succeeded in cutting one more zig-zag swath across the lawn when he noticed that some of the long grass had wrapped and twisted itself about the axel just inside the wheels, and he sat down to remove it.

"Gee whiz, but this is a peach of a day!" he exclaimed. "Darn the darned old lawns, an' darn the darned old cellars! Why can't people leave a feller alone once in a while? Oh, boy, I'll bet the blue-gills an' bass would be layin' up there with their mouths wide open. An'—"

"William Webster!" came a voice from the house. "You'd better get busy with that mower. You know what your father told you last night. You've been sitting there doing nothing for fully fifteen minutes, and remember you have the cellar to clean yet."

"Well, I am, ain't I?" mumbled Billy as he rose and started the mower again. "Darn the darned old luck, anyways. A feller can't even stop t' rest in this old house. I wish we didn't have no blamed house, er no lawn, er nothin'. I just wish we on'y had a shack like Spider lives in."

Just at this point Mrs. Webster called again.

"William, I am going next door for a few minutes. I am expecting Mrs. Taylor to call me. It is quite important; so if the phone rings, answer it. If it is she, tell her to call me over there. There is some meat on the stove, too. I don't want it to boil dry. If I am not back in a short time, go in and turn off the gas. And by way of reminder, if I were in your place, I'd keep pretty busy at that lawn."

Billy heard the back screen door close. The mower stopped instantly. He began musing again; but before his thoughts could take any definite shape, he sighted his friend Spider, tomato can in hand, ambling toward him.

"Hello, Billy!" he shouted as he came within hailing distance. "Are ya ready t' go t' the dam?"

"No, I can't go t' no dam t'day—er no place," growled Billy. "I got t' stay home an' mow the lawn."

It took but a moment for Spider to outline his attack.

"Huh, I thought ya said ya was goin' with me t'day," he said in a hurt tone as he leaned his ragged elbow on the white picket fence. "I went an' dug bait an' everythin'. Ya'd ought t' see some o' the swell worms I got—little, red, manure ones fer blue-gills; an' big night-crawlers fer bass. Come on an' look. I got some cabbage worms out o' Deacon Hunter's garden, too. He chased me—the darned ole tightwad—but I got all I wanted, anyways. Gee whiz, why don't ya leave the ole lawn go? I'll he'p ya when we come back—honest I will. Gosh, Billy, the blue-gills'll be bitin' better'n anythin'; an', oh boy, ya might git one o' them big bass on yer hook along about sundown."

"I know, Spider, but I got t' clean the cellar, too."

"Clean yer cellar!" exclaimed Spider in genuine surprise. "Good Lord, ya don't call yer cellar dirty, I hope! Say, ya'd ought t' see ourn. Course," he continued in softer tones, "if ya got t' do it, why, ya jest got t', that's all; an' I'll he'p ya when we come back."

"Gee, Spider, ya know I'd like t' go worse'n anything, but I got too much t' do, an' if I don't finish, Pa'll skin me alive. I guess ya'd better beat it, too; 'cause Ma'll be back from next door any minute now, an' if she catches ya hangin' around, she's liable t' bust ya wide open. She's madder'n a wet hen, anyways."

Instinctively Spider shifted elbows on the fence so that he might have a little clearer view of the house in question, spat a long, thin, accurate stream from between his teeth, and opened a new offensive.

"Course, Billy, if ya don't think I'd keep my word t' he'p ya when we come back; er if ya'd ruther not go, why, I s'pose I'll have t' git somebody else. I ain't told nobody about our place. Twigs Upson offered me a swell knife with pearl handles an' everythin' if I'd show 'im where I got that big one yesterday. I didn't tell 'im, though—yet. Course, like I said, I got t' have somebody along in case I'd hook another'n like that; an' if you won't go with me, why I s'pose I'll have t' tell Twigs. I'd be a swell knife ahead, too. Sure, I'd lots ruther have you along than him, but what in thunder's a feller goin' t' do?"

"Honest, now, Spider, if I'd go, would ya help me when we git back; an' would ya come home early so's we could git done 'fore my dad gits home? Gosh, I hate that Twigs Upson, an' I know he'd blab it to everybody."

"Course I'll he'p ya. I said I would, didn't I? Ain't I allus done what I said I'd do?" And Spider triumphantly pushed his dilapidated straw hat a little farther back, exposing a thick crop of blazing, red hair.

"Well, then, wait a minute till I git my hat."

Billy slipped hurriedly into the house. Almost instantly he reappeared and cleared the steps with a bound.

"Hurry! Run like everything! The telephone's ringin', the meat's burnin', an' ma's comin' through the back gate!"

"William!" came an excited voice from the house. "William Webster, why don't you answer that phone! Oh, Heavens, the meat is all burned!" Quickly she turned off the gas; ran for the front room; snatched the receiver from the hook and yelled, "Hello!"

"Number, please?" came a sweet query over the wire.

With a bang she replaced the receiver, and hurried to the front porch.

"William! William Webster!" she called. "Where, on earth, are you!" But her breath was wasted. Presently she noticed the deserted mower. She looked down the street. One fleeting glimpse was all, but it was just enough for her to outline two boys rounding a corner several blocks away. One of them carried a tomato can.

The firm for which Frank Webster was sales manager, closed at noon on Saturdays. It was about two o'clock when he turned his car into the drive of the country home in which he had lived since he was a boy. The screen door flew shut with a bang. He tossed his hat at a chair, and dumped his brief case on the library table.

"Ho, Mary!" he shouted, "When do we eat?" And he started toward the kitchen. Mrs. Webster's voice halted him.

"Frank," she said in a tone that made him dive for his hat, "don't slam the door, and please put your case in the den. Never mind hanging up your hat; you may need it—unless you wish to go after your son bareheaded."

"Good Lord, what's he done now?" he questioned impatiently.

"Well," came a caustic reply, "I can easily understand your not knowing what he *has* done; but I'd think, especially after what happened last night, that you couldn't help but notice what he *has not* done. However, since your powers of observation are so poor, and since your memory is so impaired, I shall tell you. He *has not*, according to your instructions of last night, mowed the lawn. He *has not* cleaned the cellar, and he *has not* obeyed me. Now, concerning what he *has* done. There are several things that I might mention, but it would take too long. Suffice to say, he *has* ruthlessly ruined two of my prettiest rose bushes with the lawn mower, and he *has* run away fishing with that Houser boy again. I think that you are to be heartily congratulated on your initial trial at training your son. But then, you know, Frank, 'boys will be boys; and after all, Billy is only a little—'"

The last part of her thrust went wild, for Frank Webster had jammed his hat on his head, slammed the screen door viciously, and left the house.

Down the street, around the corner, and straight through the heart of the little village, he flew. He looked neither to the right nor the left. The village barber extended a greeting from his open door, but Webster heard nothing except, "Boys will be boys! Boys will be boys!"

Presently the angry man came to a moss-grown bridge that spanned the mill creek at the edge of the village. Here he stopped, drew his knife from his pocket, and cut a sturdy stick from a small tree.

"This will do very nicely," he growled to himself as he tested its elasticity across his knee. Then he turned up the path that followed the creek to the old mill.

Frank Webster was angry—angry clear through—not only because of his son's disobedience, but particularly because of the tone and method his wife had used in informing him of the fact.

"I'll show her whether or not I can make him mind," he grumbled. "I'll show her that she has misplaced the job of training her son in capable hands. I'll show 'em all something. I'll bet when I get through with that boy this time there'll be no argument about obedience. Lord, just wait until I get my hands on him. If I don't make him squirm. I'll teach him a lesson that he won't forget in a hurry." And he hastened his footsteps unconsciously.

For a quarter of a mile he kept up the rapid pace; but presently the long strides, coupled with his mental condition and the hot sun, began to have their effect.

"Whew, but it's hot!" he exclaimed as he paused to wipe his dripping brow. "I guess I've been walking too blamed fast. Better slacken up a bit. I've got all afternoon. He'll be there until dark, anyway." He started on at a slower gait.

With the easing of the physical strain, his mind, also, became a little less perturbed; and he began taking notice of some of the things about him. Flowers were in bloom. Their fragrance permeated the air, and it smelled good. Catbirds and thrushes whisked about among the bushes, calling softly to their mates. Now and then a ground squirrel would squeal shrilly as the man approached, and scamper into the underbrush. Once he stopped as a kingfisher left his lofty perch on a dead oak, dived straight into the creek with a splash, and returned with a struggling shiner in its beak. It was spring, indeed!

"Two others had possession of the shrine."

At first these things were but passing incidents, and he still maintained a firm grip on the stick. As he continued his journey, however, the happenings about him attracted his attention more and more, and frequently he found himself stopping to examine some familiar object. Once, before he realized what he was doing, he attempted to answer a quail that had whistled on the other side of a rail fence close by. He fooled the little fellow so completely that it stepped boldly into the open looking for the challenger.

"By gosh!" exclaimed the man as the bird, discovering the deception, disappeared in a whirl of old leaves and twigs. "By gosh! I'll bet there isn't another kid in this part of the country that could do that except Skeeter Dugan." And he smiled as he discovered he had called himself a kid. As he slowly started on, his thoughts turned to Skeeter. What a real friend he had been. How many, many times they had trod this same path together on their way to the dam. He wondered where Skeeter was now, and he found himself wishing for his companionship.

Presently he discovered that the last bend was just ahead. He pictured the old mill. Had it changed any since he was a boy? He quickened his step, and in a few seconds

(Continued on page 35)

Isle Royale Moose Trails

By

BEN EAST

Illustration from painting by A. Osborne Mayer

N the forest the dusk deepened. In the shadow of the spruce trees on the ridge it was already dark. Down on the lake twilight still hung, bright from the afterglow of the sunset. We grew cramped from sitting still so long and one of us moved ever so slightly to ease a tired muscle. A twig cracked, loud as a whip lash, and we both flinched at the sound. We had not known it was so still.

We were watching for moose along one of the broad moose trails that lead down to Hidden Lake, a little timber-fringed lake on Isle Royale, Michigan's northernmost wilderness island in upper Lake Superior.

We had seen our first sign of moose that afternoon, while crossing the timbered ridges between Chippewa Harbor and Mason Lake, lying a mile inland midway of the southern shore of the island. Down in a marshy valley a single trail crossed suddenly at right angles to our path. The trail was worn smooth as a cow path. Roots that protruded across it were rubbed free of bark. In the black soil of the marsh deep pits had been worn by the plunging of great hoofs, and windfallen logs across the trail were worn smooth where the moose had dragged their clumsy legs over the trunks. Where the windfall was too high or too dense they had made a new trail around the end of it.

At Lake Mason we found the first wallow. Only a few moose were using it but at that the marsh at the head of the lake was well trampled. Sparse clumps of grass were all that remained of the original marsh vegetation. The rest had been eaten and wallowed into the black mire by the moose.

Later in the day, on the way from Tobins Harbor inland to Monument Rock, we came into real moose country. Trails ran constantly across before us, all leading down the valley in one direction. Investigation revealed that they converged in a wallow at the head of Hidden Lake.

I found a natural blind at the head of this wallow, where a falling spruce had lodged in a thicket of cedars. I climbed up, perched astraddle of the spruce and waited for a moose to walk past or underneath. Waited for two fruitless hours while my feet, wet from the mire of the wallow, all but froze. It was late July, but the Lake Superior wind rules the weather of Isle Royale, and it is never warm. It traverses across the mightiest of inland seas, with an average temperature of about 45 degrees before it reaches the island. How could it be expected to be exactly a balmy breeze?

To make matters worse for me that afternoon, the mosquitoes in the swamp were a hardy lot, well inured to the chill wind. They feasted industriously and riotously on me the whole two hours.

It was my teeth that finally betrayed me. Their chattering became so loud that I knew a moose could hear them across the lake, so I climbed down and went back to the boat.

At dusk, with one of the party from the tug, I went back to the ridge above the little lake, hid among the firs and took up the watch for moose again.

From the crest of the ridge above us a sudden shrill barking burst out, followed by a prolonged mournful howl. A coyote, starting out for his night's hunting, was bemoaning the fact that he was alone, and was calling his gray brothers forth from their daytime lairs to join him.

Suddenly a shadow materialized in the edge of the timber across a narrow neck of the lake from us, and we had our first sight of the monarch of the northern wilderness. We had not heard him coming. Not a twig had snapped, not a dry leaf had crackled under his big hoofs. For all his bulk the moose is a veritable wild shadow when he chooses. On the other hand he has no rival as a maker of noise and lots of it, when he puts his huge carcass to the task.

Our big bull stood just long enough in the marshy margin of the lake for us to study through our glasses his broad spread of velvet-cloaked antlers. Then he waded out to where the water washed his great shoulders and let out a contented sigh that echoed across the silent lake like the exhaust of a steam valve.

There he stood for a minute as if expecting company. Presently the company appeared. Although it was far too early in the season for them to think of courtship, the bull's companion chanced to be an ungainly cow. She remained on shore, pacing back and forth as though on sentry duty, while her lord and master frolicked like a porpoise in the water. The guard was needed too. Once he gave himself up to his water sports a brass band could have stalked him unnoticed.

His nose, eyes and ears were all submerged at once, and he took no heed of the noise he was making. He puffed and wallowed, pulled up roots and lily stems from the bottom, munched them down, and finally dipped his head entirely out of sight and flung it up so that the broad sweep of his antlers lifted a cascade of water that sluiced in a torrent over his neck and shoulders. We could imagine that no fly or mosquito would endure that drenching, and we almost envied his mooseship. His manner said as plainly as words, "This has been a hard day, up there in the ridges, but boy, this sure makes up for it!"

Suddenly the cow on shore turned her head and looked steadily toward the timber. She too, apparently was expecting company.

There were four of the newcomers, three cows and a young bull. Three of them waded out knee deep and began feeding. None, however, ventured to invade the sanctity of the old bull's private bath. The fourth of this crowd wanted a drink, and for about ten minutes she proceeded to get it, sucking up the water in steady noisy gulps. I had not known that any creature, save a camel, could hold so much at one sitting—and I thought I had made a fair study of liquid capacities, too.

The following afternoon, at the head of McCargoes Cove, we sighted eleven moose in one herd, feeding and lying in the wallow at the mouth of the Chickenbone River. They trotted hurriedly away at the sight of our boat, and once the anchor was down we went ashore to await their return or the coming of others for the evening feeding.

This was real moose country, the heart of their range on the island. Wide trails crisscrossed each other in every direction, a veritable network across the ridges and through the swamps. Some of them were yards wide and worn as smooth as a city pavement.

We found one ridge that had lain within the borders of a wintering yard a few months previously. Not a needle remained on the ground hemlock that carpeted the rocks there. Even the spruce, fir and birch had been browsed as high as the animals could reach. The moose is a browse feeder only during the time of frozen lakes and deep snows. With the return of spring he seeks out the lakes and marshes where he feeds on lily pads, roots and other marsh vegetation till winter seals the waters again.

I chose a blind at the edge of the Chickenbone wallow and settled down to wait. Within ten minutes the first moose was back on the marsh. I waited until eight of them had appeared and still the entire herd chose to remain on the far side of the muddy flat, too far away to make satis-

factory pictures with the camera with which I was equipped. This wallow is several rods across and as bare of vegetation as a hotel lobby floor. It is entirely soft black mud, tramped and retramped by the big beasts as they sink knee deep into it at each step.

At its very edge grew a tall fringe of marsh grass that offered my one chance. If I could gain the shelter of this grass I would be within a hundred feet of the nearest moose.

Down I went on my stomach, flat as a snake, and crawled for ten rods through water and black mud, avoiding the pits where the moose had trampled, keeping the wind steadily in my face. When it comes to discovering an approaching enemy, a moose like many of the deer tribe, seems to depend more on his clumsy looking nose than on his eyes or even his ears.

When I reached the fringe of grass and raised my head to peer through, the moose were still there, and more than that their numbers had been increased. The herd had been augmented by the addition of a huge old bull that fed on the far side of the wallow. He looked like the patriarch of the whole moose clan, even at that range, but he was to look much bigger than that before I had finished with him.

I stood erect to use the camera, half my body showing above the grass. Not a moose moved from his tracks, but nine big heads came up, and nine pairs of eyes stared at me in a puzzled sort of way. I am convinced they did not recognize me as a man because they could see only the half of me above the grass, and the camera hid my face and head.

I tripped the camera and sat down to do the numerous things required by a camera of that kind between shots. When I stood up for the next picture nine pairs of eyes were still riveted on me and the old bull was considerably nearer. I tried it again and observed his method. As soon as I was out of sight he came toward me two or three paces. Then he halted and waited for me to come up again.

We repeated this performance until I ran out of film. It seemed to me by that time that the big bull was literally looming over me. I suspect I felt a bit like the Scotchman who saw his first moose in a park, and on being told what it was said thoughtfully "A moose? Aweel, then, I dinna want to see an American rat!" Later, however, when I paced the distance from the point where I had lain to the place where he had stood, it proved to be sixty-five feet.

He would come no nearer, so I crept out of the grass on all fours, hoping to be mistaken for a new breed of coyote. Once out in the open, however, every moose in the herd knew me for what I was, and the belligerent acting old bull even set the pace for the rest of them in streaking for the timber. They do not jump like a deer, running instead with a swaying trot, and it was surprising how little the mud of the wallow handicapped them. Within ten seconds not a moose was in sight, although plenty could be heard.

When a moose is really alarmed and decides to leave the vicinity, he doesn't care who knows about it. He throws caution to the wind, lays his antlers, if he is encumbered with any, back on his shoulders, and noise is no barrier to his passage. Those nine moose could be heard for about as many minutes, crashing through brush and timber like so many runaway horses.

"We had our first sight of the monarch of the northern wilderness."

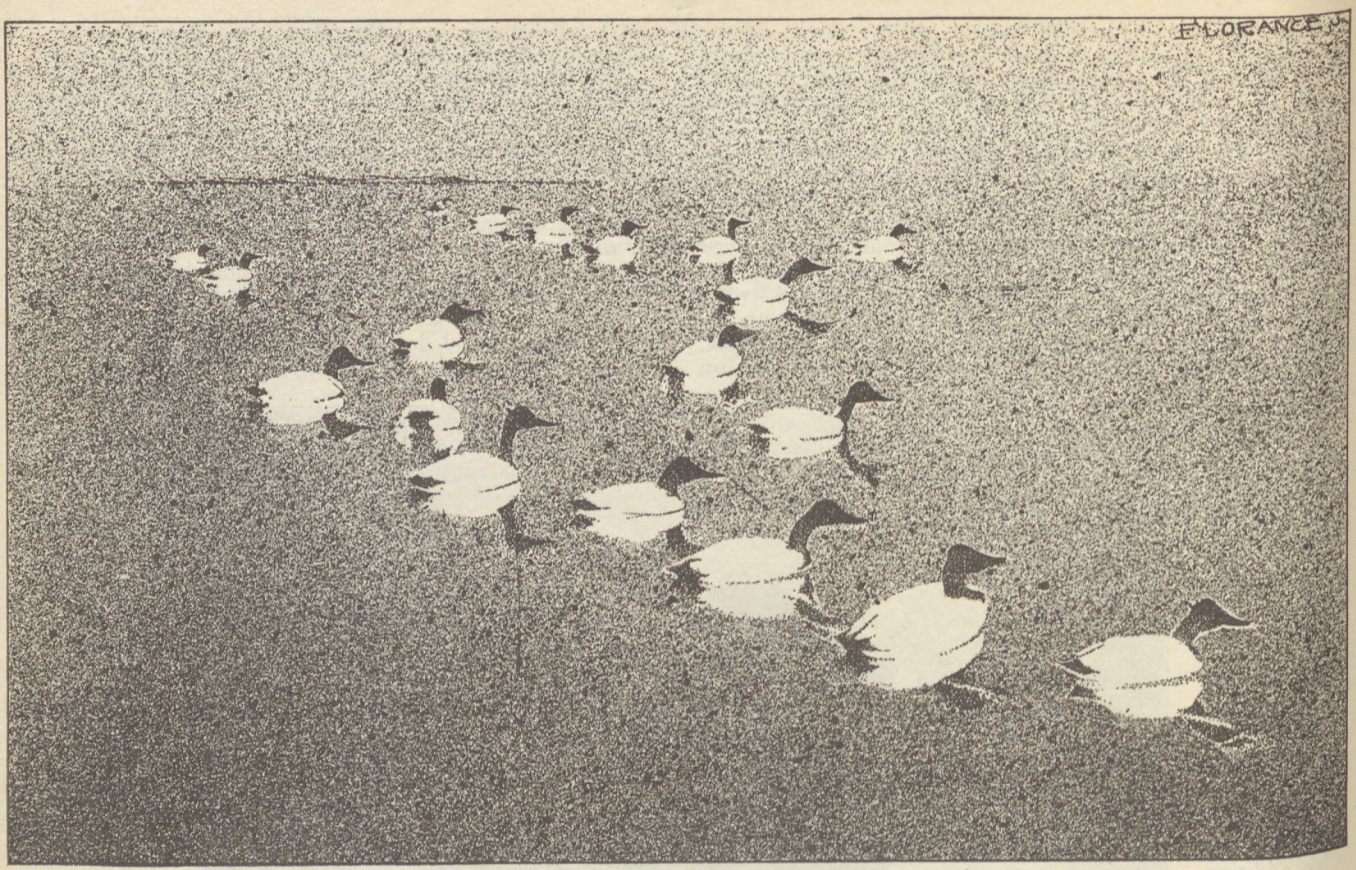
Later in the day we watched two cows come down to the wallow with their calves. The calves were large, ungainly youngsters by now, and swam the coves beside their mothers with no hesitation. Apparently they enjoyed the mud of the wallow as much as did the cows. One laid down and waited until his mother had finished her repast of roots and marsh grass, whereupon he got up, ambled over to her, and began to coax for a form of nourishment especially to his own liking. He was evidently being reared on schedule, however, and the time not quite right, for she strolled unconcernedly back into the timber with the calf trailing at her heels.

Two bulls came to the wallow that evening, a youngster and a giant. We went ashore and attempted to stalk them, but the wind that had blown fresh all afternoon had died at sunset, and while we were still a hundred yards away they took scent of us on the still evening air. They ran in opposite directions and the ridges on both sides of the wallow resounded with their crashing flight.

Save for a lone cow that I surprised on her afternoon bed in the hills above Lake Feldtman later in the week, they were the last we saw of the Isle Royale herd.

How many are there altogether in that great band? No one knows. Estimates or guesses run from six hundred to three thousand, with the evidence seemingly in

(Continued on page 58)



Haunted Ducks

By KENNETH REED

Drawing by E. L. Florance, Jr.

MY brother John and I were not overburdened with ducks or optimism as we unloaded our guns and shells in the Wilson Valley. In the Nebraska sandhills, the bodies of water are not designated as lakes or marshes but as valleys. For instance, a hunter will say he killed ten ducks yesterday morning in "The Kline." He means the Kline Valley but in any other part of the country he would have said Kline Lake or Kline Marsh.

The valleys get their names from the men who originally "homesteaded" or "Kincaided" the land from the government. Some weird and fantastic names are derived in this way such as "The Swede," "The Sand Cherry Charlie," "The Algerna," and many others which are entirely unprintable.

We had been suffering for a week with the hottest spell of weather for late October ever shown in the history of the weather bureau. It would have seemed more appropriate if we had brought our bathing suits along instead of our guns and breast waders. As far as shooting and keeping any ducks or jack snipe it was entirely out of the question. As one old timer put it, "The ducks spoiled before you could pick them up after you dropped 'em."

Is there anything more boresome or discouraging than hanging round a duck camp on a hot day when the shooting is poor? To further tantalize us in the center of every lake was a large body of waterfowl, the heat waves across the glassy, unruffled surface distorting their size and shape until they resembled some grotesque sea monster taking his daily forty winks. But they might as well have been in the center of Manchuria as far as any material good they did us.

Nothing to do but play cards, pray for cold weather and curse our stupidity for not having the patience to have waited two weeks longer before starting on this trip. Hopefully every morning and evening we scanned the sky for clouds which would bring about a change in the weather, interpreted each vagrant puff of wind into a northern gale and predicted every night that tomorrow would surely bring the long looked for storm.

We were just about to disprove the old adage that all things come to him who waits, when on the ninth morning in the camp the first thing we saw through the little window in the bunkhouse was a small mass of wet white substance on the sill. And sure enough it was snowing! Not a howling, driving blizzard out of the northwest like all real hunters picture as an ideal duck day, but lazy warm snow coming straight down in big moist flakes that melted almost as soon as they fell. But even this was a welcome change, and gobbling a hurried breakfast we feverishly loaded the outfit in our famous three cylinder car and started for the Wilson.

All the way down we kidded ourselves that every little bunch of ducks were Northern ducks coming in with the snow storm, reassured each other that there were many more ducks in the country than yesterday, and together fervently thanked the patron Saint Dunstan who guides all hunters' destinies for the wonderful opportunities he had given us on this day of days. But in spite of all our carefully built up optimism and happy anticipations, the fact finally permeated through our rosy illusions that if anything, there were fewer ducks to be seen this day than at any other time during our trip.

So good fellowship and brotherly love soon changed to bitter wrangling and scathing personalities. Added to this, a puncture and a stalled motor, it is small wonder that when we finally limped up to the edge of the marsh there was about as much friendly feeling in the car as prevails in Breathitt County, Kentucky, during the height of the open feud season.

Our plan of hunting was for one of us to wade out in the feeding ground at the west end of the Wilson Marsh and hide in the high rushes and canes behind a huge muskrat house while the other took the car and drove around to

the nearby lakes and kept the birds moving. In this way the hunter in the Wilson would get some good shots from birds that kept dropping back while the beater or "flusher" as we called him often bushwhacked eight or ten misguided ducks while making his rounds. A laborious way you say of bagging wildfowl, but remember twenty ducks a day for two men, even though the whole country is ransacked for them is better than a kick with a frozen boot.

So I left brother John at the marsh with a gentle admonition that I hoped he would enjoy himself out in the water with his little playmates, the muskrats and cuckoo birds. He genially replied with something to the effect that if the car upset and broke all my ribs and then burned up with me pinned under it, that he would enjoy the minister's last words at the grave to the bottom of his heart. Funny, isn't it, how two hunters take their spite out on each other when the shooting is poor, and how every man is your bosom friend after a good day's sport?

Leaving my comrade in arms thrashing through the water to his rat house, I jolted away towards the other lakes, pondering in my mind the old question of why a duck hunter will leave a comfortable home to come out and deliberately make himself so miserable in the cold and wet that death often would be a great surcease.

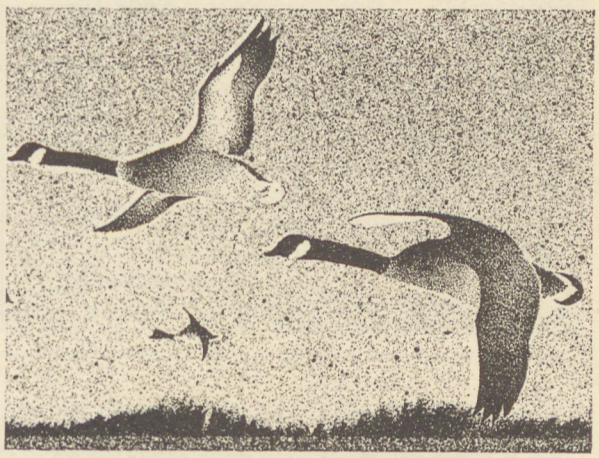
After chasing the birds off several lakes by shooting at stragglers and strays around the edges I finally eased the car over a high range of sandhills into what was known as the Greathead Valley, and if the good Lord ever made a lonesome, desolate bit of landscape he surely achieved it here. Imagine a level stretch of sand thickly covered with buckbrush and soapweed, surrounded in all four directions by high bleak hills dotted here and there with "blowouts" or sand holes. In the lowest part of the flat was an open lake of about sixty acres without a weed or a spear of grass breaking its surface. Just south of the lake were the ruins of an old house and part of a windmill that creaked dismally with every puff of wind.

Years before, Frank Greathead and his wife were found murdered in this house. No traces of their killers were ever found and like all other homes in remote districts in which a tragedy has occurred, no one would live in the house, so it rapidly went to pieces and rotted down and inevitably was known as a "haunted house." Whether or not it was occupied by spirits is a matter of conjecture, but the whole scene viewed through the wet falling snow certainly did not make one feel like holding any demonstration of joy.

It all seemed so depressing to me that I wanted to get to the business of duck shooting in a hurry in order to get my mind on more pleasant things. Breaking open two boxes of shells that lay in the back of the car I crammed them into my hunting coat pockets and hitching up my breast waders sneaked through the buckbrush towards the lake.

Much to my surprise the lake was black with birds and the pleasing part of it was that they seemed very tame and did not flush when I crawled in sight. Could it be that a northern flight had come in during the night and were sitting out there all prepared for a twelve gauge treatment of number five shot?

With my heart almost knocking my ribs loose with its heavy beating I slipped and slid along until I finally fell into a small hole thickly shielded with brush right on the edge of the water and then ventured a glance through the thick leaves at the quacking horde in front of me. There they were, all kinds—big greenheads—long necked pintails —dainty gadwalls—even a few canvasbacks and bluebills farther out in the deep water. A sight that had the same effect on me that a ten million dollar gate at Madison Square Garden would have on Tex Rickard.



"I hadn't felt so chagrined at my shooting since the time I missed a wonderful shot at some Canadian geese."

But you can't kill ducks by feasting your eyes on them, so giving a loud yell I hugged the bottom of the hole and watched that big mass take wing and start to mill around in the air over my head.

Almost instantly from in back of me swung the bluebills and "canners" about ten feet high headed again for the center of the lake. Just as they came abreast I jumped to my feet and they immediately executed that quick turn which is supposed to give the hunter that famous "rake shot" which we hear the old timers tell about. Pointing right into the middle of that mob I pulled both triggers almost together and watched for ducks to fall all over the place.

To my horror the flock went on in its entirety, not a bird even flinching, not a feather falling to mingle with the snow flakes, not a cripple slanting down to light a mile away. Before I had time to properly start to curse my luck, a pair of gadwalls came blundering along directly over my head just within that perfect range which you always picture in your mind as just the ideal spot where you want them.

With visions of an easy double I pulled on the hen and then snapped the gun on the drake. At the double explosion, both birds jumped about six feet higher and flapping their wings a little faster, flew off in the snow.

A very profane silence on my part followed this inexcusable blunder. There are times, of course, when the best of shots have an off day but these misses of mine seemed to be the last word in frightfulness, and the thought came to me quick and hard that maybe I didn't know as much about duck hunting as I had imagined I did. I hadn't felt so chagrined at my shooting since the time I missed a wonderful shot at some Canadian geese.

Let us draw the curtain of kindness over the scene that followed. I missed four more shots in rapid succession, all of them beautiful targets, the last of which was a climbing greenhead who couldn't have been over fifteen yards away, and who hung suspended in the air above me like one of these stuffed eagles seen in a taxidermist's shop.

I clambered out of the pit and went back to the car near the old windmill and sat down on the running board to think matters over. Then the horrible thought came suddenly to my mind that here, in this God forsaken spot filled with ghastly memories of the past and made fearsome by all the supernatural legends of a frontier country that maybe the ducks I had shot at were only spirits or ghosts of ducks and really never existed at all.

It seemed ridiculous on the face of it, but the longer I sat amid those grewsome ruins the more spooky I felt. The fact remained that here was a mass of ducks that had flaunted their bodies in my face and gotten away with it. You readers seated in a cozy arm chair in your comfortable home say to yourselves, "How silly that a grown man, especially a hardened duck hunter, could entertain such thoughts of haunts and ghosts." But change the scene to a so-called haunted house in the most dismal part of a most desolate country, add to this a blinding, soggy snow storm, and an extremely depressed frame of mind, and it's really not so improbable after all.

So in a kind of panic I jumped in the car and left this accursed spot, and started for the Wilson as fast as four tires and gasoline would take me.

John was still out on the rat house and I could see that he had a few ducks down.

"How about changing off?" I called. "You seem to have done pretty well, and I haven't had much luck yet."

"Oh, all right," he grumbled and started shoreward. "Unless you get all the best of it, you're not satisfied. I'm leaving my coat full of shells on the rat house and you can give me yours. Saves us both the trouble of fighting this mud with a load on our backs." *(Continued on page 55)*

Fish—and More Fish

By
DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

Practically applying the principles of Mr. Hoover's famous address to the Izaak Walton League—"Less Time Between Bites"

DURING the early years of our country's history, and, indeed, up to within recent times our lakes and streams have been famous for the abundance and excellence of the food fish which could be obtained from them. So rich, indeed, has been the supply that men have often said it could not possibly be exhausted. With such an interpretation of the situation it is not strange that wasteful methods of fishing have been employed and that the supply has been greatly depleted in many cases.

Of equal or greater significance than the overdraft on the supply and the pollution of our lakes and streams is the reduction or complete destruction of important spawning beds, and a certain indifference of the public generally to these and other destructive methods such as seining the smaller streams, and even dynamiting ponds and portions of streams especially frequented by the fish. Of course, the increase of the number of fishermen as well as the improvement in the apparatus utilized for catching fish has contributed also to the reduction in numbers. Honorable Herbert Hoover treated this phase of the problem with humor, and yet in a most impressive fashion in an address before the Izaak Walton League at its convention in 1927. This address was reprinted in OUTDOOR AMERICA and in the Atlantic Monthly.

All in all it is clear that *the fish resources of our waters are not keeping pace with the demands being made upon them.* Efficient methods of handling the situation will provide for the *increase in the supply* as a means of meeting the difficulty rather than the employment of restrictive legislation and the limitation of the rights and privileges of fishermen which, of course, should be the last means considered as the way out of the difficulty.

It is only a little more than half a century ago that the Bureau of Fisheries, or as it was originally called the United States Fish Commission, was established under the distinguished Spencer Fullerton Baird at a time when scientific study of fisheries and means of increasing the fish supply seemed rather superfluous, and in any event of little importance to the average man. Studies were inaugurated then and have been carried out by the Bureau during the intervening years which have given us a good knowledge of the distribution and some other information on our American fishes.

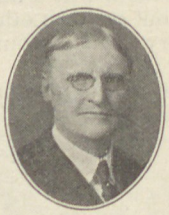
Experiments in fish hatching have been instituted under the direction of Commissioner Baird and his distinguished successors so that today one can speak with some assurance regarding the need of such undertakings and the general results which may be looked for in the operation of the hatcheries. Much praise should be bestowed upon the Bureau and its efficient staff which has contributed in such an important fashion to the conservation and maintenance of the fish supply in our country. However, the work done has not kept pace with the extent of the country, the demands upon the fish supply and the increasing importance of the problem from the standpoints both of the food supply and of outdoor recreation and of general public health so effectively served by angling just for the mere sport of it.

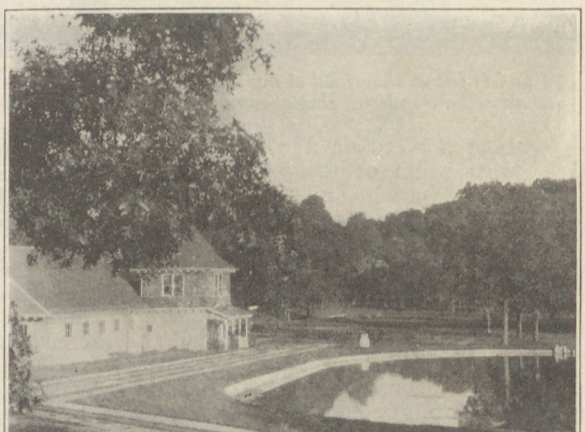
The Bureau and its officers have been among the first to recognize the inadequacy of their work, and to urge that steps be taken to develop more effectively the various lines of activity undertaken in behalf of both commercial and sport fishing. Among many other needs that have been emphasized Congress has postponed action, or responded in partial fashion only to this appeal.

In the first session of the Seventieth Congress was presented a measure that deserves

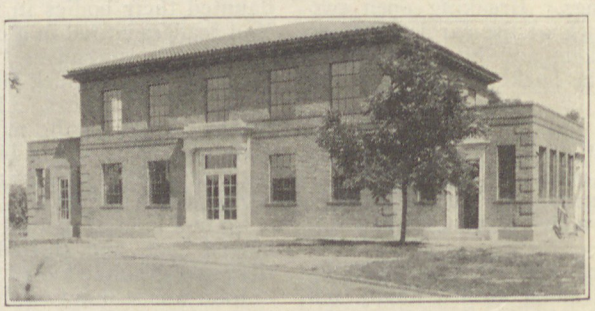
DR. WARD, newly elected President of the Izaak Walton League has been known to Waltonians chiefly through his wide reputation as an authority on Pollution. However, Dr. Ward has many other facets. He is a former President of the American Fisheries Society, and what he does not know about fish life would fill but a very short space. Dr. Ward has spent the summer on the Pacific Coast making important technical and scientific investigations on fish, of which we shall hope to hear more anon, and by which we shall without doubt greatly benefit.

EDITOR.





Trout and bass hatchery at Manchester, Iowa.



The LaCrosse, Wis., station. Headquarters for work in the Upper Mississippi.

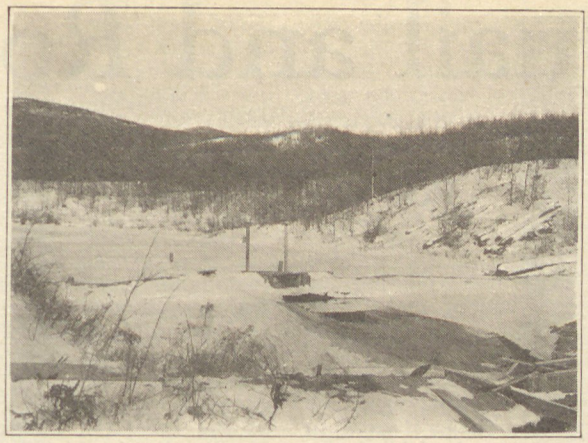
We can't eat our cake and have it—we can't catch our fish and have them *unless* we keep ceaselessly at work on the sources of the supply as the Izaak Walton League is doing.

the careful attention and energetic support of all conservationists. It differs from previous proposals in the breadth of its scope and the careful balance of its provisions. The House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries under the chairmanship of Mr. White of Maine, submitted a report in support of this measure so concise and so convincing that it is a model in its presentation of the reasons for the formulation of the policy and the adoption of the bill. It would be impractical here to attempt to summarize this report. The most that can be done is to give a few comments regarding its character and significance.

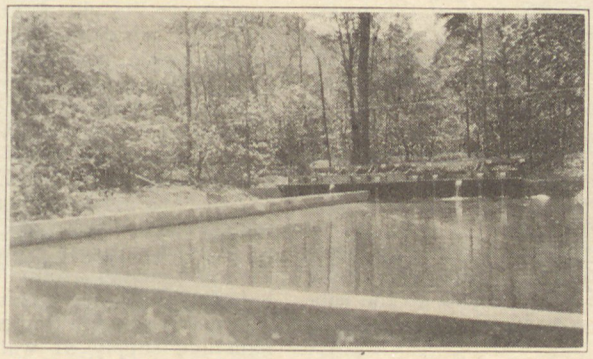
The fish cultural features of the so-called White Bill probably mean more to the average fisherman throughout the country than any other measure which has been promulgated in recent years. Where much of the conservation work in the past has been confined to restrictive and protective legislation, this project looks towards an active and vigorous movement of a positive and constructive nature. Briefly, it embodies a five-year building program for the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries. It contemplates the establishment or enlargement of 37 stations, of which 32 are new fish cultural projects.

The whole country is covered in this bill, and there is provision for the expansion of fish cultural activities or initiation of new activities in 31 states, from Maine to Washington, and from Nevada to Florida. The interests of the local fisherman are to be well taken care of, as is evinced by the fact that 17 of the fish cultural stations will be almost exclusively for the production of warm water fish, particularly bass, crappie, sunfish, etc. At other stations these species will be produced in addition to the ever desirable trout.

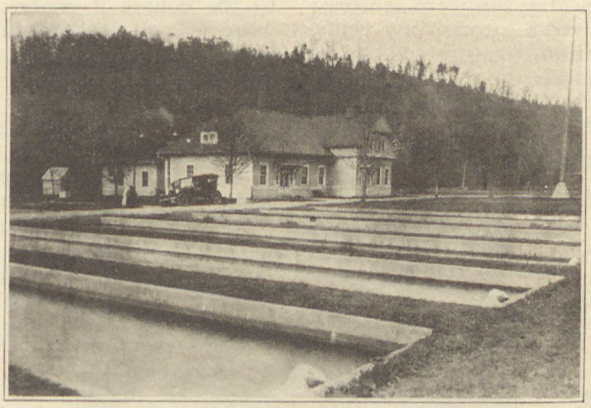
The bill is really intended to give the Bureau of Fisheries a network of hatcheries at strategic points throughout the country so that the present long hauls of fish, sometimes from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic seaboard, or from Kansas almost to the Mexican border, will be avoided and *local fish may be produced in local hatcheries.* It is believed that the establishment of these hatcheries where they are needed most will bring about such a material saving in distribution costs, one of the most expensive features of the Bureau's work, that a much larger portion of its appropriations than formerly can be diverted to the actual rearing of fish.



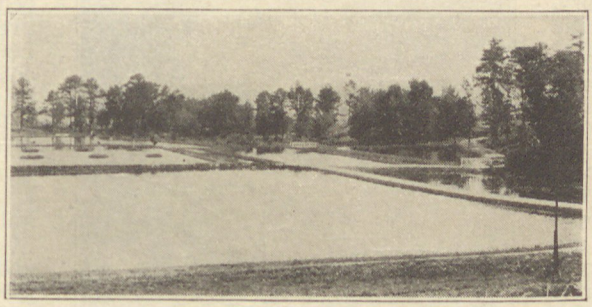
Field trial operations in the White Mountains, N. H.



An Izaak Walton League co-operative trout nursery in Penn.



Bureau of Fisheries Trout Station, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., which handles five million trout annually.



Bass ponds at a Georgia Hatchery, Warm Springs, Ga.

The bill outlined a progressive establishment of stations beginning immediately and likewise made provision for increases in personnel and operating appropriations to care for these hatcheries as they are brought to a productive basis. The most expensive single item is probably for the establishment of a hatchery in Florida at a cost not to exceed $100,000. The amounts requested for the hatcheries were estimated as nearly as possible. The high tide of expenditures for new projects will not be reached until the second fiscal year, and will taper off thereafter.

The designation of states which are to receive new hatcheries under the bill is the result of mature deliberation on the part of the Bureau and is based upon a recognition of the relative needs of the states, and upon the practical features of the completion of the Bureau's roster of stations, so as to cover the field most efficiently. The passage of the bill means the production of immeasurably more fish, and it furthermore means that the fish produced at each of these new stations will not be spread out over two or three states, but will be deposited in what are really local or home waters. *Every fisherman in the country is bound to stand a much improved chance of getting more fish if the White Bill becomes a law.*

For the three Divisions—Scientific Inquiry, Fish Culture, and Fishery Industries—the bill provides for desirable expansion of the Bureau's activities and what is more important for an increase in personnel to assure the proper conduct of the work. *It therefore merits the support of every conservationist in the country* and especially those interested in such a program as the Izaak Walton League proposes. Fishing clubs, and other organizations, as well as cities or even park boards, have sought to breed and maintain fish in their waters.

Many chapters and divisions of the League are directly and

(Continued on page 39)

The White Bill provides for many more fish stations, hatcheries and nurseries such as are pictured in this article, throughout the country. Thus we shall have fish—and more fish.

Fast Quail and Romance

By

PORTER WITTICH

AN INVISIBLE force had been following me for days, in the footsteps of my shadow, and I was awaiting with mild anticipation when it would slip upon me and pierce my heart with one penetrating thrust of its unseen arm.

One stab and all the civilization of my heart would be killed. I had felt the thrust before. Sometimes it came in the full bloom of spring, sometimes in the dead bleakness of winter, but always it instilled within me a wild, inexpressible and uncontrollable urge to turn my back to the civilization I knew and strike down the wall of the forest to enter the sanctity of a wilderness I did not know.

And as the life of the civilized being ebbed out, the life of another, a more powerful and swarthier being perhaps, flowed in. For as the stab was the death of one man within me, it was the incarnation of another; the rebirth of one who knows what it is to go hungry; one who knows what it is to blister beneath a shadeless sky or freeze beneath a pitiless sky; one who knows what it is to hunt and fish and cook with hands as hard as pavement.

The unseen force may be the cause of a desire to break from the environs of streets and smokestacks and traffic lights, or it may be the savage of a man rising to the surface, but whatever it is, the force is stubborn and relentless in its purpose.

As I expected, I was overtaken. I was waylaid, and I felt the thrust sink deep into my heart, late in December on a day as warm and fresh as though a May sun were at work; and I felt the blood of a savage surge through my veins. It was an extremely pleasant sensation, I assure you.

Being stricken, I was forced to locate the wall of a forest to strike down, which accomplished, I could seek the virgin sanctitude of the wild. I did not choose to ask a companion to follow me on my quest, foregoing the pleasures of a vacation in the woods merely to abide by a foolish idea to live for a while like a wild man, and so I went about the task of selecting him and endeavoring to influence him in a diplomatic manner.

A quail hunt was suggested, of a week's duration, and the invitation was accepted. M. J. Averbeck of New York, who came to the Missouri Ozarks after a more or less extended trip abroad, left with me on a frosty morning for the quail grounds. At least he left for the bird territory, while I, still drenched with romantic thoughts of discovering a Garden of Eden or something similar in the heart of the rolling hills, left for adventure or whatever presented itself.

And adventure is nothing more or less than a state of mind. Each turn in the concrete road, which led south from the city, might hold an unexpected turn of events of an unforeseen nature to hurl me into the role of heroship. A heart that is young sometimes expects such things. But nothing happened, and we roared over the pavement, while the sun climbed steadily higher, with my adventure awaiting around some other turn perhaps.

The concrete ended and we headed east on a hard-surface gravel road until a turn took us south and then east again and up a long chain of low-hung hills, with the road glimpsed at intervals as it wound to the higher places. I had traveled the route before, but always in fishing seasons when green leaves obscured vision beyond certain points. Now the whole country was bared and I gained entrance with my eyes into the hitherto secret nooks of the hills and hollows, and discovered houses where families lived which before I never knew existed, and I glimpsed for the first time the sturdiness of the hills with their summer clothing removed, disclosing rugged muscles supporting the pillars of the wilderness.

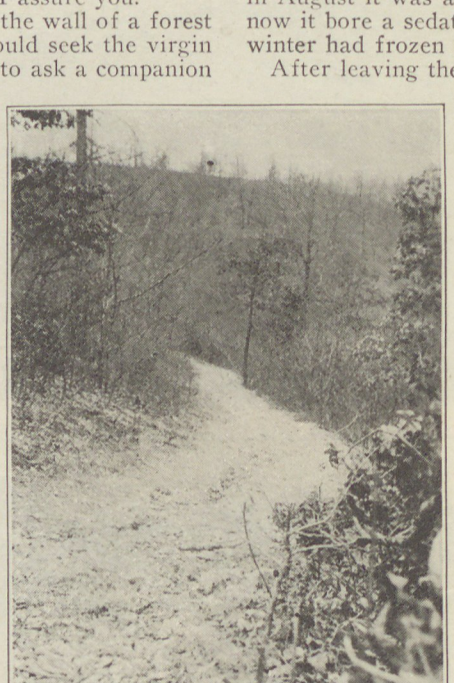
A long grind brought us to what must be the top of the temple Ozark, and we saw morning mists not yet touched by the 10 o'clock sun, and I told my companion we were on the threshold of one of the most lornful regions known to man—poor in population, but rich in romance—which caused him to glance sideways, doubtlessly to see what I was talking about, but he said nothing.

From the pinnacle, to the James river which cuts a winding course through the Ozark's heart, our trip was a series of dips and ascents, with the road making many unexpected curves around sharp-pronged buttresses of rock, but always sloping gradually down.

We crossed the James, which seems to have an inexhaustible supply of water, but it had lost much of the energy it possessed when last I saw it, and its efforts to make its way to White river, more than a hundred miles by the course it chose, seemed half-hearted as compared with its last summer's hurry. When I beheld the stream in August it was a mad, plunging, reckless river of youth; now it bore a sedate air of culture and maturity, as though winter had frozen all its energy and vitality.

After leaving the James, we shot into the upper stretches of the hills, with the valleys, first on one side and then on the other, growing ever deeper and darker. Reeds, the last vestige of civilization on the journey, we left in a cloud of dust and headed into the seldom-traveled by-ways of the hills where, in 1905, Harold Bell Wright came and settled to write the most glowing of all his works, "The Shepherd of the Hills."

And it was a week in those hills, where romance was made to glisten by the imagination of a novelist's pen, that I had led my companion, to live and hunt in a country made famous by a story woven about the quaint customs of the hills people who live today as they lived then—many miles from what we of the city call civilization (to use the author's words) in the only land of which they know; bound in from all angles by hills, unaccustomed to modern means of livelihood, as hard as the rocks upon which they farm, but happy. Supremely happy. Not having tasted many of the sweets of life, the people of the hills live from year to year in a carefree, joyful manner; knowing the existence of freedom; taking their happiness where they find it; always ready to aid a neighbor; always seeking laughter. Theirs is a freedom inherited from pioneers who years ago crept into the fastness of the valleys to settle with wives and



The old trail that is, "nobody knows, how old," made famous by Harold Bell Wright's story, "The Shepherd of the Hills."

"—but let the hunter stop to light a pipe, resting his gun across his arms, and the quail will buzz out not ten feet from him."

sweethearts in a new and hardy country, and theirs is a freedom which will be handed to their children who, finding love in another valley, not so far from the old homstead, will learn to enjoy and appreciate and value the inheritance, until they, like the American Indian, will be driven from the territory by civilization's expanse.

As The Stranger, in the opening paragraph of "The Shepherd of the Hills," made his way up the old trail that is, "nobody knows, how old," so we, in a roadster, puffed up a final weary stretch to stop at the end of the trail, on top of a rocky knob, almost at the doorstep of Old Matt's cabin. I felt romance about us.

The scene from the old homestead which seemed downcast as though sensing the lack of attention it received from eager summer tourists, looks into Mutton Hollow from the north and gazes into an unnamed and larger hollow from the south. The view was much as Wright described it, but the spectacle was strangely different than I had visioned. For one thing the house faces the south and not the east as I had supposed, but for all that the place held a sparkling fascination of its own, as though the spirit of those whom the writer wove into a novel still lived.

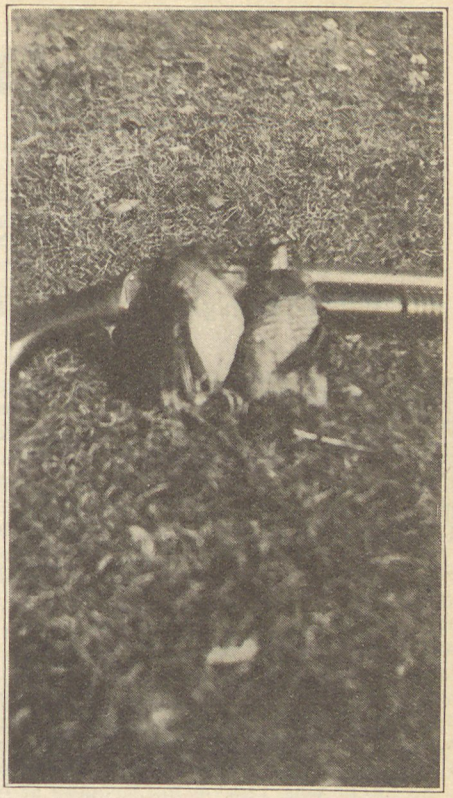
Old Matt and Aunt Molly, who occupied a prominent and lovable part in the development of the story, are gone, and a marker at the head of a grave in a cemetery a few hundred yards down the trail has been erected in their memory.

The whole scene presented a desecrated spectacle, with only a glimmering puff of smoke on a distant hillside allowing one to believe that somewhere in the region a family lived.

My friend's trigger finger was aching and he pulled me from my meditative survey by pointing out the great quail possibilities on the south slope of Mutton Hollow which played the part of a stage for many of the scenes of the novel, but where enthusiastic well-wishers have erected on a young tree a black and white sign with "Mutton Hollow" written in glaring letters, utterly ruining, so far as I was concerned, that which they wished preserved.

We struck down the slope toward Fall Creek, leaving the trail, to go through promising cover. Wright told of swift-leaping deer which would, during the period his novel was in the making, cross the ridge at the low gap and follow along the benches to the spring. And sometimes, so the story goes, a lithe-bodied panther, in the belt of timber, watched hungrily for the deer's coming, or a huge-pawed catamount, on some over-hanging rock, would lie in wait for fawn or doe. Or perhaps a gaunt timber wolf, according to the book, would sniff the trail and with wild echoing howls call his comrades to the chase. Like Old Matt and Aunt Molly, and the old postmaster at Notch, Uncle Ike, the deer and panthers and wolves have disappeared. (As least we saw none, and for my own pleasure I did not desire to run across such.)

We got our first shots near the bottom of the hill below the homestead, where a noisy covey flushed at our feet and went sailing across the bottoms to settle half up on the south slope. Two birds fell, and the echo of our shooting sounded and resounded in the saucer formed by the embracing hills, until it died away like a faint peal of thunder. The firing silenced the valley, where, a minute before, the air had been filled with voices of the wilderness, intermingling, even in December, with the songs of many birds.



"—the juiciest plum it ever has been the hunter's satisfaction to get—the double kill."

There is genuine satisfaction in hunting birds without help of a dog. One may return from such a hunt without being weighted down by game, but he comes back with the knowledge that he has had a lot of sport and that he has keenly enjoyed it.

With a dog pointing the way, a hunter can set his gun, arrange his feet and do the other necessary preliminary movements, and thus get a crack at a quail before it gets a good start. But without the canine things are different. Birds have no respect for a hunter's position when they decide to whir unexpectedly from a weed patch. One can kick in every conceivable spot in an area of three acres or more without getting a rise; but let him stop to light a pipe, resting his gun across his arms, and the chances are, if there are any quail in the territory, they will buzz out not ten feet from the hunter's feet. We did fairly well after the initial flush, and on the south slope, from where we could see the old homestead and the old trail as it wound into the hollow, Averbeck and I both scored what we considered pretty shots, although many discouraging misses intervened, which prompted him to say that were it not for the misses the hits would lose their glamour, and I started to remark (philosophically, be it understood) that it was that way in life, and that, could a hit be scored on every attempt, there would be nothing to it, but a streak of feathers arose in front of me at the time, which I missed, causing me to apply my philosophy literally.

It was down by Fall Creek, where the Matthews' mill was located (or rather had been located, for we saw nothing of it) that it fell my lot to draw the juiciest plum it ever has been a hunter's satisfaction to get—the double kill. There is satisfaction in dropping a single bird or in knocking a quail out of a rising covey, but the killing of two, in rapid succession, as they rise and one goes left and one right, brings, or should bring an unbounded joy to the heart of any man. A killed moose, so they say, is the greatest thing in the life of a hunter. But, until I kill a moose, the dropping of two quail as they hit out in opposite directions, will be placed above all else.

The chase of the quail continued, and we found ourselves, on the top of the south rim of Mutton Hollow, looking almost directly into the chimney of a squatter's cabin. The house, hidden from the scrutiny of the curious tourist gaze

(Continued on page 59)

The Lunker

By
L. J. ANDREWS

Drawing by Dell Coleman

HERE is a story with a climax as unexpected as it is interesting. Actually, a fish story with a new plot!

N inevitable happening it was that Jim Majors should discover Tim Peek, for it was Majors' business to find out anything new that took place along the river. He was the game-warden. When Majors first saw him, Tim was lying prone on the box alder that leans horizontally from the bank of Deer Creek Pool and out over the submerged boulder which Majors knew to be the hangout of the Lunker. In fact, Tim had been lying there for hours, motionless, peering into the water at the side of the boulder. And at last Tim's patience and persistence were in fair way of winning out over the wariness of the Lunker; for even as Majors stood pondering the sight of a spindle-legged boy dangling a thin copper wire in the water, even then was Tim working the noose of the snare over the head of the big bass.

So intent was Tim on his business at hand that he knew nothing of Majors, who crossed over noiselessly on the riffle and came up to the foot of the box alder. Majors saw Tim yank up savagely on the stout pole; saw, in the next instant, the pole nearly jerked from the grasp of Tim's hands; saw the madly-fighting Lunker as it surged up and burst from the pool, and the water seethe and boil as it bore down; saw the look of mingled astonishment and disappointment that spread over Tim's face as he drew up the limp and broken snare.

"That, my boy," Majors observed quietly, "is the fish you did not catch."

Tim started up at the sound of the voice, wheeling about so abruptly as to nearly fall from the box alder, and faced Majors with a wild and hunted look. He had heard of it being unlawful to snare fish, that a person could be sent to jail for it if caught.

"Sometimes we catch 'em, and sometimes we don't," Majors said, seating himself on the trunk of the box alder. "But if they didn't get away some of the times," he added gravely, "why then there wouldn't be much fun in it when we did get 'em, would there?"

But Tim was without a word.

"There's nothing that's as much fun as fishing," Majors went on. "I'd rather go fishing than eat when I'm hungry. But what's the good of it if there's no fun in it? What's the good of it?"

Tim still had no words.

"Now, it ain't much fun to catch 'em that way," Majors resumed, with a wave of his hand at Tim's snare. "That way is too easy, anybody can catch 'em that way. You just snake it over their heads and sling 'em out. Nothing to it, nothing to it at all. . . . . You want to give 'em a chance, fight it out with 'em fair and square, let the best man win; and then—when you get 'em like that— Boy! you feel like you've done something."

Tim gave a glance at Major's fly rod, wondering vaguely if *that* was the way to "give 'em a chance."

"Here," Majors said, handing the rod to Tim. "How would you like to connect up with a good one on this?"

Tim hesitantly took the rod in his hand, holding it awkwardly and running his eye along the length of its delicate slenderness.

"Don't be afraid of hurting it," Majors said, taking the rod and whipping it through the air briskly. "Try it."

Tim did so, secretly marvelling at its springy whip and unbelievable lightness. "I'd be afraid it might break," he said dubiously. "It don't look like it'd stand very much."

Majors smiled his slow, grave smile. "You think not? S'posing I was to tell you that I've landed the big one with it, the one that just busted your snare?"

Tim looked his incredulity.

"And more than once," Majors said. "You see, him and me is sort of old acquaintances, friends; we've known each other for years. And, next to minnows and softshell crabs, there ain't nothing that he likes better'n a good scrap. So every now and then him and me puts on a good one. It used to be that I'd catch him regular, but now he's got so big and crafty that most of the times he wins. But I still get him on once in a while yet."

This was something that Tim must ponder—this being a friend with a fish, of catching a fish for the fun in it, of —and most strange of all—putting a fish back so as to have the fun of catching it again. It clashed with his own ideas of fishing.

"I guess you don't know the old Lunker very well," Majors remarked. "You ain't been around here very long?"

Tim shook his head. He had, it appeared, come that spring to the river with his father and a grown brother. They had moved into the old abandoned sawmill shack and gotten a job clearing a piece of ground grown up with brush and scrub oak. Tim, too puny to swing an axe or brush-scythe, was delegated to the domesticities, getting the meals, looking after the shack, and providing fish for the table. It was while acting in the role of fish provider that he had discovered the Lunker. But his first attempt to add the big bass to the menu of the shack had ended disastrously.

Before he parted from Tim, Majors took the three glistening bass from the fish basket slung at his side, and laid them on the grassy riverbank. "For your dinner," he explained; "seeing how I've interfered with your fishing. . . . . Could you be here tomorrow?"

Tim said that he could.

"Then, meet me here tomorrow forenoon," Majors said. "But you needn't bring that." He indicated Tim's snare. "You won't need that—any more."

Tim kept his word. That day there was enacted as odd a sight as the river ever witnessed. Tim, his overalls rolled to his thighs, was out on a riffle with an old rod Majors had rigged up for him, with Majors at his side instructing him in its use. Tim's spindly legs braced against the force of the current appeared even more spindly; his buttonless shirtsleeve was fallen back on the thin arm that waved the long fly rod back and forth; an old straw hat, several sizes too large, with torn and flopping brim, was kept on his head by a shoestring passed under his chin. It seemed not so much that the hat was too large, but, rather, that the boy was too small. And above the stripling of a boy, there towered the tall, grave-faced man, counting solemnly for the back cast, instructing earnestly, correcting patiently, freeing the line when it fouled. . . .

"Hook 'im!" Majors called out, as his eye caught the swift slap of a broad tail at the water top where Tim's fly had been; and Tim, startled, jerked up the rod.

"Easy, now; easy. Don't try to throw him out," Majors cautioned. "Just keep your rod up, watch your line and keep it tight—keep it tight!" he warned, as the line suddenly started upstream. "Strip it in! Strip it in! Now watch him—he's going to turn. Let him go! Let him go! Look—he's going to break water. See him come up!"

And Tim saw the sudden swirl where the bass leaped from the water; saw it poised for an instant in mid-air, shaking its head viciously; saw, so clear-cut was the sight, every detail of the picture: the rigidly-erected fins and

spread tail, the red glint of the eye, the blue-black and bronze tints of the glistening sides and back; saw, even, his fly-spinner fly through the air as the bass shook it loose from its jaw.

"Gosh!" Tim breathed. "Wasn't he a whopper!"

"Him? He'd weigh about a pound, I guess," Majors said.

"A pound!" Tim exclaimed. "Why, he felt like a whale!"

"Yeah," Majors returned; "they feel like that on a fly rod. The little ones feel like big ones, and the big ones—just wait, lad, till you get fastened to a big one, one that is something like!"

Tim had two more strikes, losing both fish, before he landed one, a twelve-inch smallmouth.

"I've got him! I've got him!" he whooped, when at length he had led the exhausted fish to the water's edge.

That day was but the first of many such days to follow. For as often as Majors was at the river Tim would meet him, and they would put in the day fishing together. Usually they fished, but sometimes they would seat themselves at the side of the river, their rods idle and forgotten, Tim running over with questions and Majors explaining and talking earnestly.

Tim spent the most of his time fishing, whipping the pools and riffles. He caught more fish that summer, far more, than ever he had with the snare. "I guess you was right, Mr. Majors," he said one day; "a snare ain't in it when it comes to having fun." And the fish he caught he took to the shack, which pleased his father and brother, though they looked upon the fly rod with dubious eyes.

"What kind of a pole do yuh call that?" his father asked.

"'Tain't a pole, Pap," Tim made answer; "it's a rod, a fly rod."

"Don't look strong enough to throw out a minnow," Joel said.

"You don't throw 'em out," Tim returned—"you keep a tight line on 'em till they wear themselves out, let 'em run and jump and cut around till they're all in. Then you lead 'em to the bank."

"Do they bite on them things?" Lem indicated a bass fly.

"Not exactly bite," Tim replied; "they strike 'em. You cast the fly out an' pull it on the water. The bass sees it an' thinks it's a bug or a crippled minnow an' he just natcherly has to take a whack at it. If you'll come down to the river I'll show you how it's done."

But Lem and Joel were more interested in their nightly session of seven-up. Besides, according to them, "there wasn't no sense to fishin' that way." "Easier to git 'em with a snare," Joel opined, "or boost 'em out with dynamite."

The summer drew along to the dry, sultry weather of latter August. The river dropped and became low, the water in the shallows gathering a stagnant covering of green scum. At this season the fishing falls off, becomes poor. The bass go to the deep cool pools where they remain until the cooler weather of autumn sets in. Old fishermen will tell you that this is when the bass "lay off." These days Tim caught but few fish, and there were days in succession when not a one came to his stringer.

"Can't yuh git 'em any more?" Lem asked, one evening at the supper table.

"It's the hot weather," Tim explained. "They hang out in the deep water, an' flies ain't so good in deep water."

"Dynamite's the boy for deep water," Joel said; "that'll fetch 'em up. I was with a feller oncet," he went on. "He slung a stick in a big hole. Got a whole sackful of fish. Some of 'em we et, but the most of 'em we took to town an' sold. Got ten cents a pound for 'em, too. . . . . Now, that big hole where the crick runs in—I'll bet that hole's full of fish. Bet we could git a wagon-load. What do yuh say, Tim—me an' you an' Pap throw in a stick up there, tonight maybe, when it gits dark? We've got a stick left from blowin' out stumps last spring. What do yuh say?"

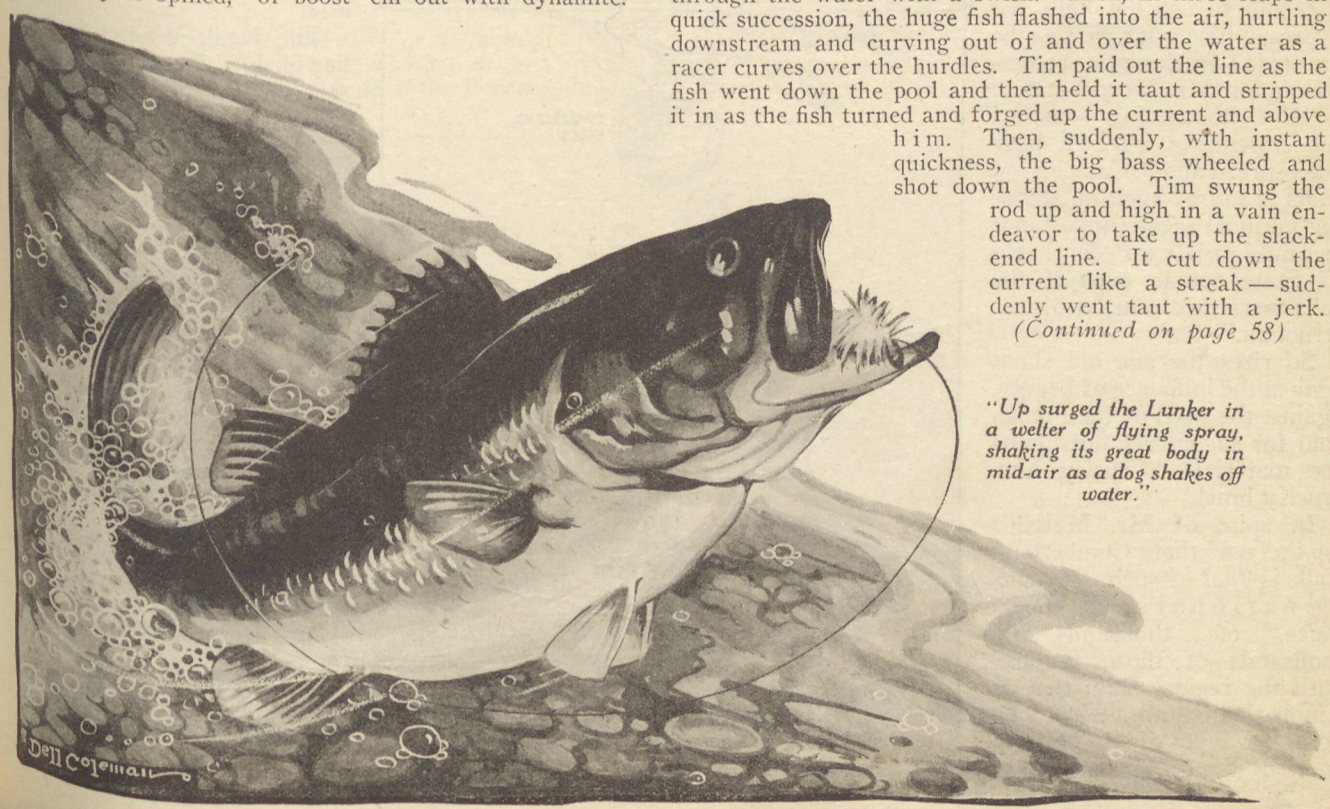
"What!" Tim exclaimed. "Dynamite Deer Creek Pool? Why, you're crazy, Joel; plumb crazy! That ain't no way to fish—it's ag'in' the law! Mr. Majors is sure poison to dynamiters!"

But Joel was full of his subject. He and Lem went on with their talk of dynamiting, seeming, for once, to find the subject of fish more interesting than their evening card-playing. Tim washed and put away the supper dishes, listening to their words. Then he took his rod and went up the river to Deer Creek Pool.

The day had been another day of heat, a regular dog-day, hot and breathless. But with the evening there had come a little breeze, cooling the air and rippling the water of the river. Tim waded into the river at the foot of Deer Creek Pool and whipped out his line, lengthening the cast until it reached to where the submerged boulder showed its top in the lowered water. Tim dropped the fly with a little spat at the side of the boulder, letting it lie quiescent for a moment before putting it into motion. He waited for the space of a couple of moments, and then again dropped the fly onto the water. There was a sudden commotion at the side of the boulder, a swift glimpse of a curving, twisting body at the water top, a quick dip of the rod tip—and Tim knew he had hooked the Lunker.

Tim's rod sprang and curved to a short arc, the line cut through the water with a swish. Then, in three leaps in quick succession, the huge fish flashed into the air, hurtling downstream and curving out of and over the water as a racer curves over the hurdles. Tim paid out the line as the fish went down the pool and then held it taut and stripped it in as the fish turned and forged up the current and above him. Then, suddenly, with instant quickness, the big bass wheeled and shot down the pool. Tim swung the rod up and high in a vain endeavor to take up the slackened line. It cut down the current like a streak—suddenly went taut with a jerk.

(Continued on page 58)



"Up surged the Lunker in a welter of flying spray, shaking its great body in mid-air as a dog shakes off water."

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

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PROTEST!

THERE are times when one's heart seems ground to bits, when the forces of greed and unlimited millions seem about to crush the spiritual, the aesthetic and the good.

Such doubts must have assailed those who read the recent report of the Federal Power Commission concerning the granting of permits for the power development of Cumberland Falls in Kentucky.

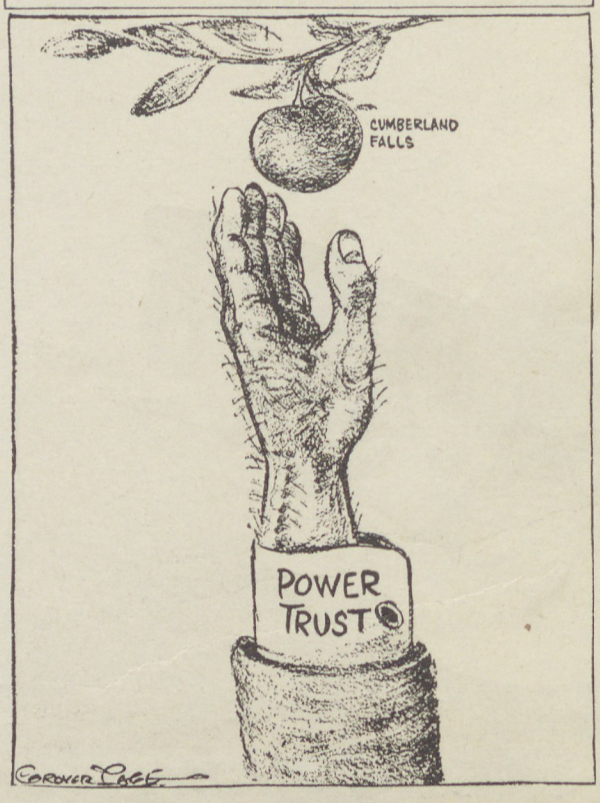
In this report Mr. O. C. Merrill, Executive Secretary of the Power Commission, recommends that the application of the Insull interests for a permit to use the Falls for hydro-electric purposes be *granted*. In making this recommendation Mr. Merrill states:

"Notwithstanding some of the statements which have been spread about, Cumberland Falls is *not* of such outstanding national scenic importance as would justify a Federal veto of State action, even if the falls were threatened with destruction."

So rises the age old shout against the influence of beauty, against the need of the human soul for sustenance outside of the material. "Crucify him, crucify him!"

In spite of Mr. Merrill's opinion that Cumberland Falls is "*not* of such outstanding national scenic importance," etc., thousands and thousands of those familiar with the region claim that in Cumberland Falls, Kentucky possesses one of the beauty spots of America.

ALMOST



Through a magnificent mountain gorge the upper Cumberland River flows into Cumberland Falls, making a cataract which is second to Niagara in size, east of the Mississippi and unsurpassed in the majesty and grandeur of its wild mountain environment.

The destruction of Cumberland Falls by power dams would be almost as much of a desecration as the damming of Niagara, or the dynamiting of the Palisades of the Hudson.

The proposed development of Cumberland River for hydro-electric power would not only destroy Kentucky's chief scenic asset, but would forestall forever the project of making a great State Park in this region, where beauty now holds sway, and where conditions of pioneer days remain almost unchanged. For the first time in history good roads are making it possible for tourists from all over the United States to reach this romantic and hitherto inaccessible spot.

There are too few great scenic beauties in the world to sacrifice them. *Remember, that once they have been subjugated to greed and destroyed, they cannot be restored.*

Such restoration would require a miracle of the Almighty, and it is recorded in neither scripture nor history that God has ever repainted one of his wantonly destroyed masterpieces.

Such ruthless sabotage is akin to the looting of a cathedral, except that cathedrals can be rebuilt by human hands and the signature of the Creator is on Cumberland Falls.

If they are destroyed now, they are destroyed forever.

Is the sacrifice worth while? Are we so surfeited with loveliness that we can easily spare this super bit—for the 40,000 horse power in a river basin of a state which has perhaps 2,000,000 potential horse power in its water courses? Do you think this a wise or sensible or economical course?

Many states have proven the enormous commercial value of their beauty spots left in their natural condition, even not taking into consideration the *essential spiritual value* of such places.

Without beauty the soul of a nation withers, patriotism dies.

The Izaak Walton League has pledged its support to preserve beautiful Cumberland Falls.

Dr. Ward, National President of the League, and the League's State Presidents are protesting against Mr. Merrill's report.

And every single beauty and nature loving citizen of these United States, league member or not, should likewise protest.

Requests for a modification of the report, protests and recommendations must reach Mr. O. C. Merrill, Executive Secretary of the Federal Power Commission, Washington, D. C., by September 17th.

At least, *protest* against this outrage and be guiltless of having been, through ignorance, indifference or hopelessness, a party to so great a crime against our country.

A Living Monument

COOK FOREST—

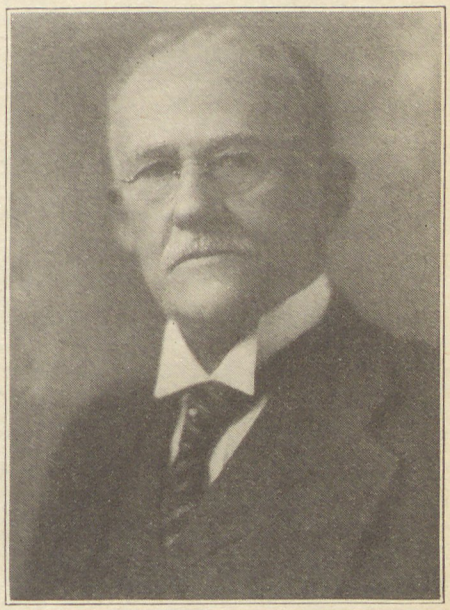
Pennsylvania's First State Park

By THOMAS LIGGETT

HERE is a story which reads like a fairy tale. It shows what can be accomplished when serious-minded men and women with vision and real sentiment in their systems get into action.

The credit for this monument belongs to all the people of the Keystone State, but especially to the Cook Forest Association, the leaders of which public spirited group made it possible to establish one of the greatest monuments any state can erect.

In the final analysis, the credit really belongs to two men, A. W. Cook of Cooksburg, and Thomas L. Liggett of Pittsburgh. Mr. Liggett, through his untiring efforts during the past sixteen years, has not only helped erect a monument to Penn's Woods which will be an inspiration to all who visit it, but he has builded an everlasting monument to himself and his associates in this project. The world needs more Tom Liggetts.—Editor.



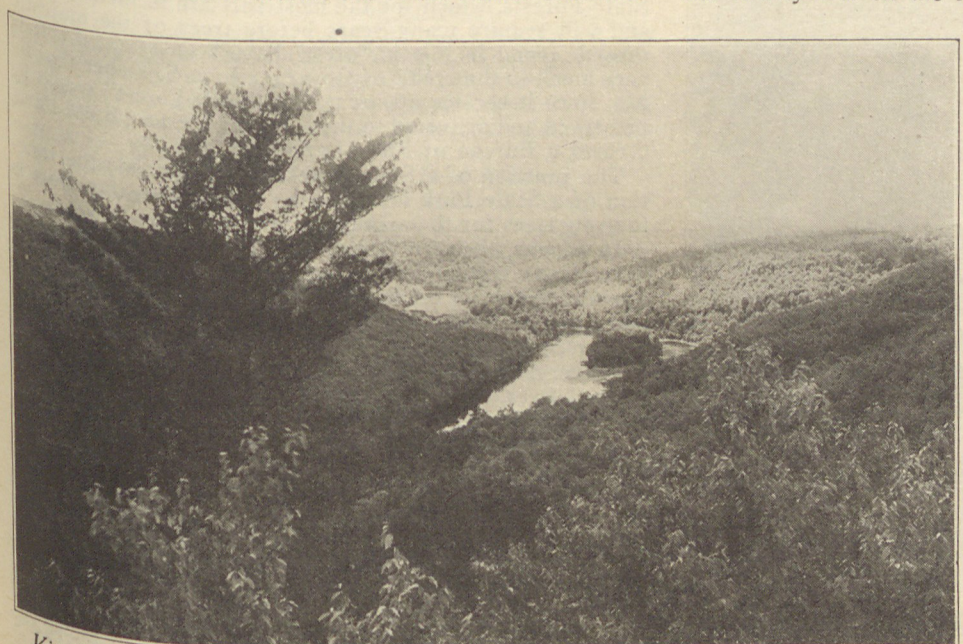
Thomas L. Liggett.

HE was a wise King, but when the King of England gave to William Penn 45,000 square miles of forest wilderness, and suggested the name of Penn's Woods, he had no idea of the potential wealth involved.

When Penn established the City of Brotherly Love in 1682 he didn't care particularly whether or not his new domain was destined to become one of the richest Commonwealths. All he desired was a place where his followers could worship God in their own way.

It is doubtful whether Penn really gave the name of his vast estate and its tremendous significance much consideration. Pennsylvania was covered with fine forests, a large part of them the choicest white pine, hemlock, yellow pine, and a larger variety of hardwoods than to be found anywhere in all America. Some of these coniferous forests were so dense and so extensive that one large area was called "the Black Forest."

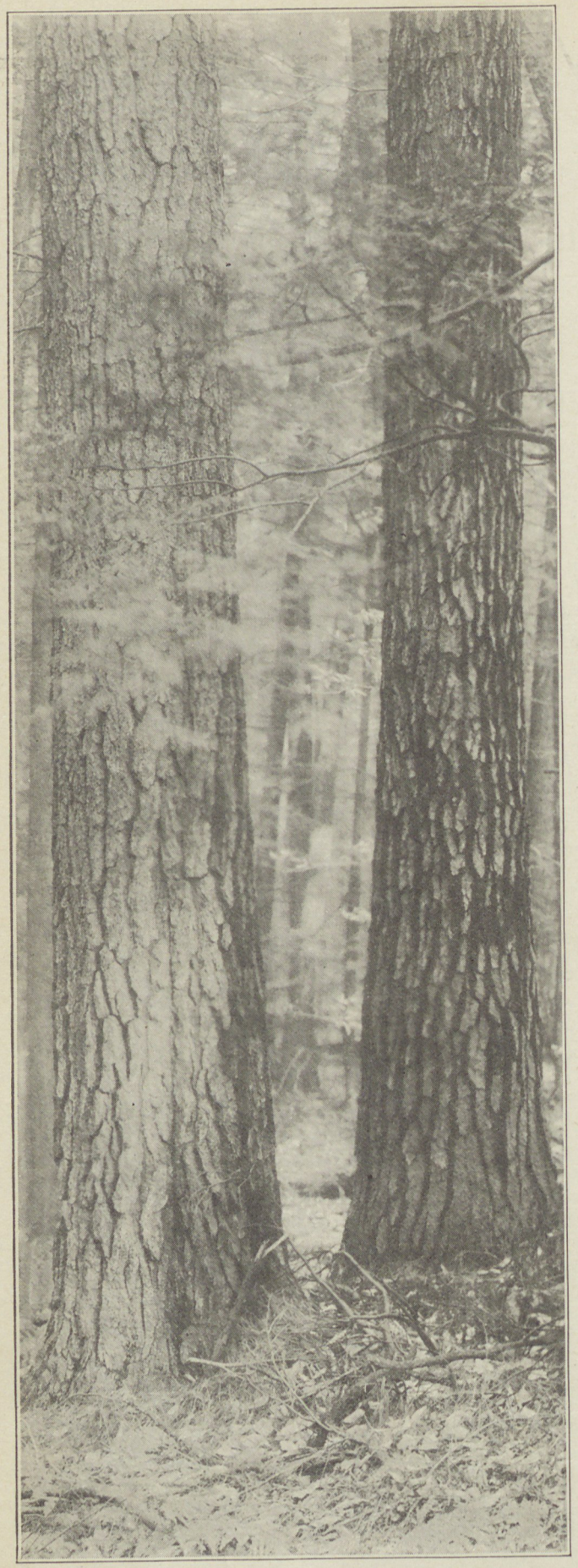
But what a terrible change two short centuries made in Penn's Woods. In 1860 Pennsylvania was the leading lumber producing state in the Union. Fifty years later she was twenty-first on the list, and engaged in buying back from the lumberman thousands upon thousands of the cutover, fireswept mountainsides to guarantee future forests and forest products. The name Black Forest still sticks to the original area, and some day it will again be a Black Forest in fact as well as in name.



View from Seneca Point looking out from Cook Forest. The woods in the picture are a splendid area of second growth.

The great majority of the lumbermen of that day did much like some of the reckless automobile drivers do now—hit and run. They slashed down the choice forests, took the best logs, and left the balance as prey to the hungry flames which were sure to follow.

By 1900 there was so little real standing timber left in Penn's Woods that most of the lumbermen had done their devastating work and moved to other states. First they went to the South, and later to the West. I said most of them were "hit and



Typical growth of pines in Cook Forest. Many nature lovers who have covered Europe, South America and the United States, have expressed themselves as believing that Cook Forest has more beauty spots than any other like area they have seen.

run" lumbermen, because of their rapacious, destructive methods. Fortunately these lumber barons were not all of that kind. A few of them loved Penn's Woods too well to simply destroy them as fast as possible, then move on.

Mr. A. W. Cook of Cooksburg, Pennsylvania, was a lumberman with a heart—a rare genus. He had laid low thousands of acres of Penn's domain, but he did not want to see it all go. High above one of his mills he saved about two thousand acres of the original timber, and on several thousand acres more he did what is now known as selective cutting—removed the mature timber only. He kept the fires out and the young conifers and hardwoods soon made a real showing. The longer he saved the majestic trees back of his mill the better he loved them, also the more the thought of laying them low cut into his very heart.

Finally a number of his friends started a movement to have this tract bought by the state and set aside as a living monument to the wonderful forests which had covered Penn's domain. This has at last been accomplished, and the people of Pennsylvania are to be congratulated that the "Cook Forest" has been saved for use as Pennsylvania's first real State Park. It is a property particularly well fitted for the uses to which it will be put, and so located as to be of special advantage to a very great many people. It is only a short drive from the Lakes-to-the-Sea Highway from either Clarion or Brookville, Pennsylvania, over good roads. Many nature lovers who have covered Europe, South America, and the United States, have expressed themselves as believing that it has more beauty spots than any other like area which they have seen.

It has been a long, hard struggle to save this property. Too much credit cannot be given to A. W. Cook, the owner of the property, for his patient cooperation with the Cook Forest Association—an association formed solely for the purpose just accomplished—in procuring the money needed for its purchase price. In this effort has been fully illustrated the fact that "defeat is never present until it is first recognized." Many discouragements have strewn the path and many times the Board of Directors would, apparently, have been justified in abandoning the effort. But, they believed in the people and in the necessity for the preservation of this property. The effort was continued, and finally they have met with success.

The park contains almost 8,000 acres and has a frontage of seven miles on the Clarion River, one of the best natural fish habitats in America. At present it is polluted, but with the cooperative efforts of the advocates for pure waters and those who are polluting it, it is the belief that within a short time it will again be what it has been, namely, a great resort for fishing, camping, and outdoor recreation, which is the real function of a park.

Pennsylvania now has one and a quarter million acres of State Forests, which for the most part are in their infancy and will require many years before trees of the majestic growth found in "Cook Forest" have been attained. It is very much to the credit of Governor John S. Fisher that he has, since it became apparent that "Cook Forest" would be preserved and delivered to the state for use as a State Park, created a Bureau of State Parks.

The function of a State Forest is commercial; the function of a State Park is spiritual. In a forest, the effort is to grow trees for the manufacture of lumber.

In a park, the effort is to preserve trees and the other beauties of nature and its creatures because of their influences for good on the people, spiritually, educationally, and recreationally.

In recent years, we have made tremendous advances in machinery, electricity, etc., all of them a part of our commercial lives, without very much apparent thought to the spiritual influence. Our shortened hours of labor and the increased extension of commerce is, in the opinion of many, undermining the soul of man to a great extent and ruining his nerves and health.

No truer thing can be said than that intelligently directed outdoor recreation today means less State activity and expense for jails, courts and hospitals tomorrow. And so, it is a fact that in the building of State Park Systems and in the preservation of natural beauty, so located that the tired worker may have an opportunity of easily reaching these spots, those who have the vision to see these advantages are ahead of their time.

We may call them idealists, but we believe that the effort for cultivation of the beautiful in a man's soul will, in the next decade or two, be considered of equally great or greater importance than the building up of great commerce. Too much credit cannot be given to those individuals and organizations, such as the Izaak Walton League, National Conference on State Parks, etc., for the efforts in this direction which they are making.

In "Cook Forest" are to be found, as in very few other remaining places, primeval trees of all the kinds indigenous to this section of the country. *One of its outstanding features is the great number of primeval white pine trees, now almost extinct in the eastern part of the United States;* also hemlock, beech, birch, oak and maple, and probably as many live chestnut trees of the major type as can be found in a like area. In addition to these may be found flowering plants of many kinds, and a crop of rhododendron most prolific.

So far as the wild life is concerned, deer, bear, black and grey squirrels, grouse, etc., are to be found, as well as many species of song birds. In the Clarion River, when cleaned up, there will be all of the various types of game fish except trout, and as for them, Thom's Run furnishes ample opportunity for the State to stock it and give to the fisherman a chance to try his skill. In short, no property located so close to a tremendous population furnishes a better opportunity for the development of a really beautiful and, at the same time, most useful State Park.

The State of Pennsylvania in 1927 made an appropriation of $450,000 toward the purchase price of $650,000, sending the Cook Forest Association to the people to gather the remaining $200,000 for completion of the purchase price. In the procurement of this fund there have already been close to 3,000 contributors, many of them in small amounts; some of them from schools and Nature Study classes in the schools, where the pupils have contributed ten cents each and upwards. While these small contributions did not rapidly swell the fund, their influence in the lives of the children can not help but be tremendously important.

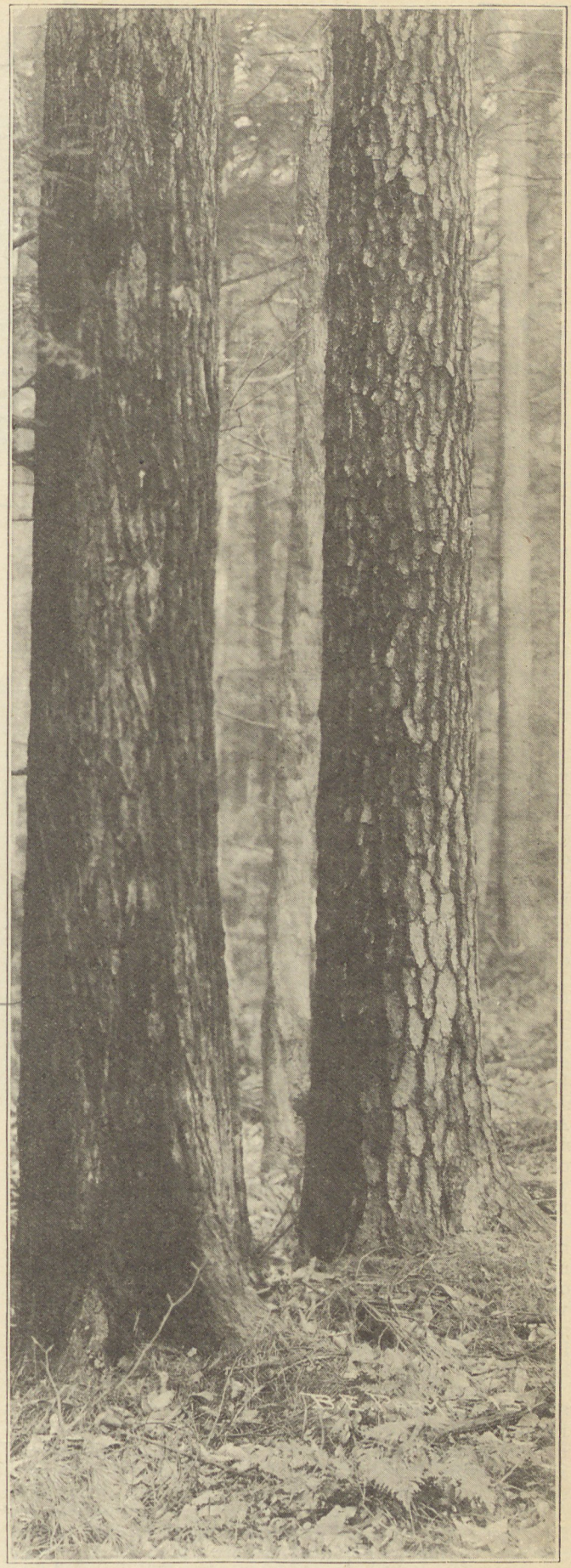
It is not among the older but the younger folks that things such as the "Cook Forest" teaches are of real national value. To raise our children entirely in the environment of the city is not as it should be. Most of our criminal class comes from the city; most of our weaklings come from the same place, neither of them having had adequate opportunity for outdoor recreation. If we would develop a race of strong people with love of country, it behooves us to show them something more lovely than can be found in the movie houses, or in the funnies of the newspapers. Only in God's great out-of-doors can this be done. Through Boy and Girl Scouts, the Izaak Walton League and kindred organizations, the influence for good both physically and spiritually is being promoted as in no other way and not least will be the influence of "Cook Forest."

Cook Forest Association maintains the Cook Forest Inn on the property at Cookshire for the entertainment of visitors. It is expected that this Inn will be in charge of some capable person after the property is under the full control of the State, but, in the meantime, the accommodations furnished are all that could be asked.

It is the intention that there will be a Museum at the Forest where specimens of wood, the foliage, and seeds of the various types of trees, plus all of the flowering plants and the wild life indigenous to the district in which "Cook Forest" is located will be preserved; where also will be kept the names of the members of the Legislature through whose unanimous support the appropriation was made possible, as well as the pen with which the Governor signed the bill, also the names of all of those who had the vision to believe that what Cook Forest Association was doing should be done, the names, but not the amounts contributed.

This plan was followed in the preservation of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, and will constitute a most valuable record. A few years hence to be one of those who recognized the value of "Cook Forest" and have it so recorded will be a thing well worth while and one which a person will value very much.

It is better far to have it recorded that we ourselves did something to make and leave the world more beautiful and better than to have the accomplishments of our ancestors recorded as something great. "He did that" is not nearly so great as for us to have "done this."



In Cook Forest are to be found magnificent trees of all kinds indigenous to this section of the country. One of its outstanding features is the great number of primeval white pines, now almost extinct in the eastern part of the United States.

Memories of a Quail Hunter

By

OZARK RIPLEY

Third Installment

This series of articles on the quail by Ozark Ripley, nationally known sportsman, are proving of intense interest to readers all over the country. Ozark Ripley's discussion of the quail problem from the angle both of a sportsman and of a conservationist is illuminating and first-class reading. —*Editor.*

STRANGE things happen in the career of anyone who permits the outdoors and its bewildering attractions to literally absorb him. I feel certain as I indolently revel in retrospect that the big pointer, Duke, was a major factor in forcing me to regard quail shooting as a gentleman's sport, the kind that must have some attention devoted to it, in order to perpetuate it for ourselves and for our children, our stern duty.

Anyone who has the least spark of the human in him, even before he has taken on a mate for life, lives ahead in fancy. At first, this visitation is circumscribed in a sort of selfish restriction of himself. The perpetuation of sport by man is at first desired for his own indulgence until the thought comes to mind what an empty world this would be if his favorite pastime were suddenly stopped forever by the extermination of the wild creatures providing it.

A man dreams of the coming of his son. Concurrently, he has an absorbing desire for his son to participate in the very same pleasures as he. When he is at that stage, his perspective broadens, he becomes analytical and mentally warring against the possible hazards which are occurring or might occur thereafter to threaten his favorite pastime of the beloved outdoors.

The coming of Duke suddenly caused my ideas of quail hunting to dodge off into different ramifications. That angle of the quality of a sport was constantly conflicting with all my old conceptions about it, with dogs, quails and quail country, making it a sort of sentimental obsession. To satisfy myself and unravel the perplexities that my young mind was diligently weaving I had to participate more and more in the sport, and thus I gained much information that was not contained in books. Environment made me as I was then. I was deeply fixed in the locality; I was fastened into the rut so that everything I heard or saw pertaining to dogs or quails was measured by locality. As I reflect on this, I say to myself: "What a narrow minded youngster I was!" I could not see beyond my own country. To my way of fancying, everything in this wide world had to be judged by comparison with what happened in the hill region of the Ozarks.

I see a distinct analogy between this state of mind of mine when I was a youngster, and the viewpoint of many misguided enthusiasts on conservation. They see only what is within their region and expect everything elsewhere to conform along like lines. No greater mistake is made concerning the quail than to fix its general habits by those of a single country or state, when often they vary between townships.

In my early career, I was apprised of this. I laughed at the idea that quail ever migrated in a big body. Because I had never seen or heard of it locally was the reason that I declared this emphatically wrong. When, lo and behold! almost before I had stated this as a truism, I witnessed two big migrations, the only two I ever saw in my life. A long drought effected one; the coming of a severe winter the other. The big band of birds returned to their habitat the next spring in a sifting-in sort of way, while their departure was in bands of thousands. This was almost awesome to me. When I saw this increasingly great convention of flocks cross the Father of Waters, I was speechless. I had never seen quails fly so far. Every second, as their wings seemed to lose power and they dropped like a horde of insects close to the water, I looked for their annihilation. Then, abruptly, they arose again, higher and higher, and flew straight. But twice their strength seemed to be expended so that they were destined for a watery grave. Yet, each time vigor returned and with the strong sight of youth I saw them at last reach the opposite shore.

I had another fixed opinion on quails. I had done a little banding in order to determine how far birds ranged. My personal findings had decided that the limit was at the most fifteen miles, due to the reason that I had never found any banded birds any farther away than that. As a self-opinionated youngster will, I wrote an article for a Chicago paper boldly declaring that fifteen miles was the limit of a quail's roaming propensities. Then I immediately got a severe shock to my self esteem. On the eve of Christmas, four days after the article appeared, I received in the mail three of my tags taken off birds that had been killed by an Arcadia, Missouri, sportsman, over one hundred miles from where I had recently banded them. A little later a single tag arrived taken from a bird killed at Dexter, Missouri, sixty miles away, with a big intervening of swamp land. What ever tempted those birds to get that far away in twenty days has always defied correct explanation on my part.

To us, in the hills, it was a source of amusement to read articles written by naturalists on quails and wild turkeys. What really caused us to laugh most was the universal declaration on their part that quails restrict their habitations entirely to farms and that they were wonderful insect and weed destroyers. The first statement we knew had its refutation in the fact that we found birds abundant, and still, at this writing do find them abundant, in heavily timbered areas forty and even fifty miles away in the wilderness from any farming region.

Every farmer knew that the theory of the destruction of weeds was ostensibly fallible. It had lots of weak points. I have raised hundreds of quails in captivity in an old yard where ragweed, foxtail and crabgrass were rampant, as well as other sorts that are by agriculturists termed noxious. Quail in confinement after August the fifteenth or September the first subsisted on the seeds of them almost entirely. Yet each year the growth of these seed bearers was as strong and as thick as ever. The facts occurred just as they do on farm lands. The birds of this sort that feed on weed seeds almost entirely help Nature in functioning; they consume plenty, but just enough to thin the growth out for a good stand the following season. Were this not true, no given foot of land would support the growth of each single weed that would come to life if not touched. The doubters will corroborate this if they will sow any of these weed seeds as thickly as they fall from the plant. A constant fight of one plant to crowd out the others will ensue, the same as if you would sow any grain too thickly.

A modern, or any sensible, farmer knows that, if he has kept records through a period of twenty-five years, the influence of the quails on farm crops is absolutely negligible. I have proved over and over that a day with a turning plow or the mowing machine at the correct season, will destroy more weeds than five hundred bevies of these fine game birds. Further proof is manifested by the products on the modern intensively tilled lands whence the quails have been driven to starve to death in winter on this ac-

Singles in the bush.

count; they certainly surpass in yield those of the old days when quail were abundant, and crabgrass and foxtail simply took the corn rows after the crops were "laid by."

When quails are needed during an invasion of insects, they seldom provide the help wanted. In this matter I am forced to cite an incident occurring when worms were prevalent, and we needed the help of some sort of insect-pest destroyers very badly. At the time, I had twenty-five acres of whippoorwill cow-peas in one field. As lots of wild millet had volunteered in the growth, it was daily the feeding rendezvous of eighteen bevies of quails that had had very nearly perfect protection. Came the army worms galore that early September. They began to clean my pea fields of leaves to the last vestige. Out of each bevy, when the plague was at its worst, I killed a bird and examined the contents of the craws. Only one cut worm was discovered.

South of me cotton fields were stripped in the same manner, a locality where quails were very numerous in those days. Farmers had me kill quails to see what benefit they were during such distressing occasions. Only a few of the birds had consumed army worms, but their craws were found distended with the wild millet, crabgrass and a tiny wild pea that is prevalent at times in the region.

What is amazing to real sportsmen with conservation in their minds is to see flouted in their faces statistics on the subject of the number of game birds killed. Certain of the professional conservationists compile them. They are for publication, in order to show their financial supporters that they are doing something; at least, this seems to be the only reason I can see for the daily notices in some of the big papers. We are suddenly startled by the announcement that six million hunters have gone quail shooting the opening day of the season; six millions on that auspicious day actually killed ten or fifteen quails apiece, whatever the limit of their state. The quail hunters kill as much as statisticians' duck hunters, though they do not go hunting that day either for ducks or quails.

We had one time with us on a quail hunt in the South a splendid fellow, but he was the poorest shot in the world. When he killed one bird in a day he regarded it as an epochal achievement. He was such a good fellow that we loved to tease him about his poor shooting and he laughed about it as much as we.

One evening we were ridiculing his day's efforts. He had had at least seventy shots and never touched a single bird. That evening in camp the bunch was riding him pretty hard while he was endeavoring to read an eastern paper that had just arrived.

"You fellows are all wrong," he said, with a twinkle of amusement in his eyes. "The fact is that I actually killed twenty-five birds today, the limit in your state; and, furthermore, I can prove it in print."

Whereupon, to our amazement, he read printed statistics showing the number of quails that would be killed the opening day of the season, as estimated by the statisticians from the number of licenses issued and the number of quails the state allowed to be killed per day. There was no disputing the fact that he had, according to the paper, killed twenty-five birds.

While on this subject, it unearths another incident closely bearing on what has just gone before, particularly the accuracy of reports of killing and statistics. I was visiting

An Alabama quail hunter.

the state game warden while he was computing from the names of the hunters on the back of the licenses returned at the end of the season, the number of quails and birds shot according to law. Presently he called my attention to one returned license and stated aloud to me: "That doctor So-and-so in your county surely is a great shot."

"How's that?" I interjected, puzzled at such a thing applying to this man whom I knew so well.

"Look here, on the back of this license," the game warden tried to confirm his declaration. "He has killed his daily limit of twenty-five birds every day for thirty days. That's going some."

I could not help smiling, for the doctor was a very poor shot, and had told me a few days before that he had been out only one day during the season, and then had succeeded in getting only three Bob Whites.

I felt one time that there was a good deal of irony in some duck hunting statistics that appeared in a Chicago paper concerning the number of ducks killed, the statistics taken from the number of licenses issued and on the assumption that twenty-five ducks would be killed daily by every sportsman. That Sunday, and for a week after, I observed the scattergun fraternity, returning disappointed from all the nearby

(Continued on page 54)

My First Chamois

By
ALVA SMITH

From a rocky eminence, high in the Rockies in the state of Washington, this mountain goat, representative of a fast disappearing breed, looks down into the valley and on the tiny dwellings of humans, symbols of the civilization that is fast eradicating his kind. Hunters are rapidly killing off the wild goats of the Rockies.

I AM well aware that there are those who will condemn me for calling it my first chamois, because, as they may inform you, it was not a true chamois; being neither more nor less than a mountain goat. Of these idle remarks I shall make no special note other than to assert, that had they been where I was, had they seen him as I saw him, a part of God's master handiwork in the heart of his native wilderness, no name would be too illustrious to adorn his genealogical tree. And whatever he may have been or shall be to others, to me, in all the years which have gone as in all the years which shall follow, he has been and must ever remain my first chamois.

To those who are fond of hunting and adventure, and joy in a close communion with nature in her wildest and most primitive form, the all but limitless regions of the far Northwest offer abundant and ever changing opportunity. And as, looking out from my study window my eye rests upon yon darksome border of unexplored woodland, and on those grand old mountains massed rough and ragged in the smoky background, I find the view heavy freighted with inspiration. In looking at their hidden fastnesses, their rock walled canyons and their dizzy, almost unscalable heights, I am filled with a fully satisfied pride and gladness. Gladness that I have known them so long and so well. And as my wanderings pass in one grand review before my mind's eye, the hardships, the privations and disappointments which I have undergone in gaining their valued acquaintance, are for the moment forgotten. I am filled with wonder that of so grand a wilderness so little should be known, and that a region of such unequaled beauty and native attraction for the lover of rod and gun should be so rarely frequented by them.

It is true that many of the most desirable localities are a lost region to the ordinary tourist, but to one who loves to lie prone upon the crest of some ragged and storm beaten height, and crawling out to its very brink, grow dizzy while drinking in the beauty and grandeur of an all but limitless expanse of broken and ragged mountain in quest of the cautious big horn or the wily and undaunted chamois, no hardships and no dangers are too great.

Never shall I forget my first chamois. Early I had been led by a spirit of adventure and a love of sport, to leave my quiet and well ordered eastern home and wander off into the then far west. Years had been spent (I could never say wasted), during which time I had visited practically every Indian tribe and country of the South and Southwest. Had hunted stray buffalo and antelope on the plains of Kansas and Colorado, and in the latter state, on the head waters of Castle Creek and on the regions of the Uncompagre had fondled the spreading antlers of many a proud, princely elk, and had felt with an ambitious yet fully satisfied pride, the fond embrace of a wounded cinnamon.

Utah, New Mexico, and finally Old Mexico had each in turn yielded their trophy, but as yet none of the chamois specie, big horn in plenty but no goats. And while they are found in other localities, their home, the place of their most ancient nativity, is undoubtedly on those beetling cliffs and craggy heights to be met only in the heart of the upper Cascade range.

We were a party of five and it was resolved and agreed by the entire party that we would not return until the snow-white pelt of at least one royal chamois had been hung in the light of our mountain campfire.

Leaving the boat landing on the Columbia River of a beautiful October morning, we climbed the sandy Indian trail leading to the higher bordering mesa and winding to the left followed along the base of a low range of brown grass covered hills, and joined the old Hudson's Bay trails coming up from the mouth of the Okanogan River. After keeping the Hudson's Bay trails for some forty or fifty miles, our guide led off upon an almost invisible trail, and fording the north fork of the Mathow, we journeyed for a dozen miles along the main stream. And then, doubling our feet back to gain as great an elevation as possible, we gave spurs to our objecting ponies, and plunging in, were soon climbing the farther bank, safe, but wet to the very skirtings of our saddles.

Up to this point the route had been one of comparative ease. Broad, park-like meadows, bordered on the one hand by a fringe of towering cottonwoods along the river's bank, and on the other by gently rolling hills covered with dark green pine and fir.

But we were fast leaving all this behind. Yet we were being repaid with interest for the delay and inconvenience of our rocky trail; as, winding in and out, slipping and sliding upon the rocks in the river's bed, and then, as it were, hanging upon the ragged mountain-side, short occasional openings gave us hurried glimpses of the wonderland beyond. Towering cliffs of black basaltic rock in places hung loosely above the trail, ready, it would seem, to come crashing down and hurl us an hundred feet below to our utter and complete ruin.

In the evening of the third day we found ourselves at the trail's end and our permanent camp was made. We found a cabin of rough logs built in former years by our most energetic guide, and against whose sides, he averred, had been nailed the hard-earned pelt of many a grizzly, and where

the snow-white robe of more than one royal chamois had hung.

It was indeed true that we were now in a land of great delight to the born huntsman; deer were everywhere. And many times during our ride of the past three days, they had stood but a few feet distant as we passed them by, or come into the glare of our campfire at night, watchful and wondering.

Our camping place in a small open park had been well chosen. Massive cliffs rose forbiddingly on every hand. Just in the rear of our camp a small stream had eaten its way through the rocky barrier, and leaping from one rocky shelf to another, finally sprang out into midair; where for a brief moment it appeared to hesitate. And then, with all the reckless abandon of a child at play, dashed itself upon the rocks below.

Immediately opposite our camp and rising sheer from the river's bank was a most magnificent mountain. Our guide, ever on the alert, lowered the powerful glasses through which he had been on a still hunt scanning the mountain-side, and asked:

"Do you see it?"

"Do we see it?"

Of a certainty we did. A magnificent mountain and one to be long remembered; its rocky crown now gilded and every cliff and shadow mellowed and made more beautiful by the setting sun.

"Yes, I know; but do you see that white speck but half way up and standing out so bold against the black cliff?"

We looked again. The glass was quickly passed from hand to hand, while the sturdy guide, noting our evident excitement, passed within, and throwing another log upon the burning pile remarked: "Boys, there stands your first chamois! Which one will bring him down?"

Only when the evening shades had hidden the quivering waterfall, the grand old mountain and the snow-white chamois, did I turn away and join my companions. We were weary and slept well. Long before dawn the rank and file were astir, expecting to be led against his most eminent highness of the night before; but no, our guide and all wise one had planned otherwise.

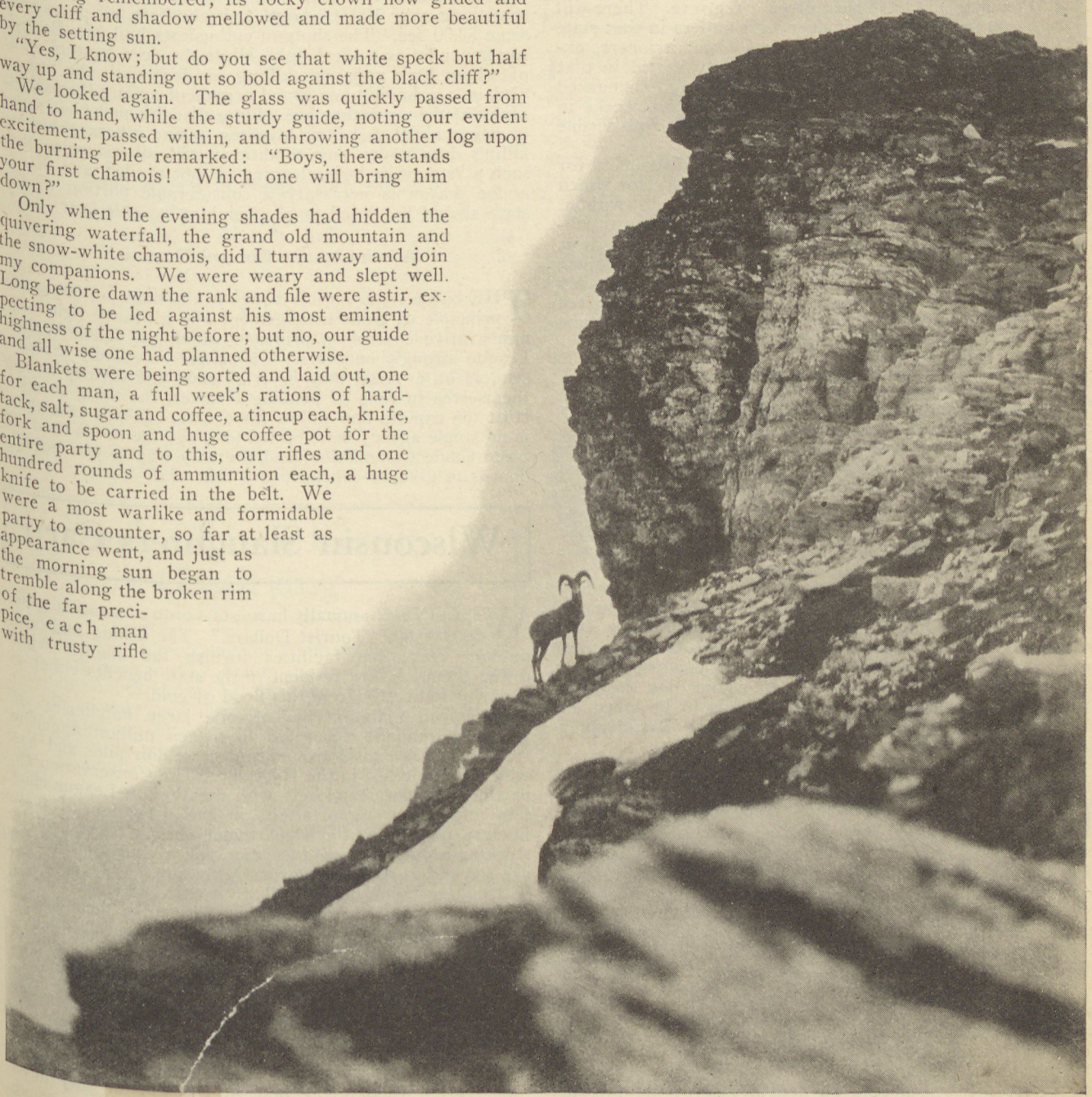
Blankets were being sorted and laid out, one for each man, a full week's rations of hard-tack, salt, sugar and coffee, a tincup each, knife, fork and spoon and huge coffee pot for the entire party and to this, our rifles and one hundred rounds of ammunition each, a huge knife to be carried in the belt. We were a most warlike and formidable party to encounter, so far at least as appearance went, and just as the morning sun began to tremble along the broken rim of the far precipice, each man with trusty rifle in hand, filed out in the wake of our smiling guide.

We were now indeed at sea upon the mountain-side, no trails to be found other than those made by the denizens of the wild unknown. At times our axes came into play to clear a passage to a point of greater vantage, and then as we made the open ground at the farther side we would be compelled to swing our rifles and lash them firmly beside our blankets, while we used both hands and feet in making our way across a field of broken rock at the base of some towering cliff.

Gradually we climbed from one rocky point to another, at times lost in a tangle of logs and briars, at others adventuring a slippery log as it spanned some foaming torrent, or picking our way amongst the drift and debris of a mighty avalanche; until night found the entire party safely anchored beneath the sheltering wings of a giant fir.

The blazing logs of our merry campfire roared and crackled as it shed its welcome light and heat

(Continued on page 42)



The Monarch of the Crag. (Photograph by Charles L. Sheely.) Reprinted from Nature Magazine, July 1926.

What's Happening

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Pennsylvania Bucks Get Reprieve

FOR the first time in twenty-one years the bucks in Pennsylvania have been given a reprieve. There will be no open season for deer with antlers in that state in 1928. The Board of Game Commissioners, exercising the broad administrative authority vested in that body, has reversed the usual order of things and announced a special state-wide season during the first two weeks in December for all deer except fawns and bucks with visible antlers.

About 100,000 special deer licenses will be distributed for issuance. They will be good only in the county for which issued. Landowners will receive these licenses without charge for use on their own lands if they are open to public hunting; others will pay a special fee of $2.00. It is estimated that from 30,000 to 50,000 does will be killed, but that number easily can be spared. This is the only safe method of handling the matter in a thickly populated state, as a season for both bucks and does at the same time would be murderous to both hunters and deer.

Special Killing Tried

THE first year of the buck law, 1907, the kill was only 200 deer; in 1927 the kill was almost 15,000, all bucks with two or more points on at least one side. In the meantime the does and fawns have increased almost beyond belief. It is not uncommon to see from fifty to seventy-five deer in a herd at one look. The deer have increased so rapidly that they have not only consumed the natural forage in many sections, but have encroached upon the adjacent farms and orchards in a serious way.

As an educational experiment, special seasons for does were tried in several sections. Last year the Commission undertook to kill off the surplus deer where they were very troublesome, with their own force of Game Protectors, assisted by a few volunteer deputies. That started a real ruction among the hunters, many of whom took the position that if surplus game of any kind is to be killed off the licensed hunters and farmers should do it, and not a paid killing squad.

Many Deer Died During Winter

LAST winter was fairly mild, and game of all kinds should have pulled through in good condition. To the contrary, it is reported that thousands of Pennsylvania's deer died. A special investigation was made by Mr. Vernon Bailey, a very capable biologist connected with the U. S. Biological Survey. Mr. Bailey reported that practically all the dead animals found this spring were fawns of last year, not old does which had died a natural death, and that the food conditions in the sections inspected are such that if immediate reductions are not made in the herds the losses later will be far greater. He also said that with half the present number of does (estimated to be about 25 in some districts for every breeding-age buck) and twice the number of bucks with more favorable food conditions, the crop of fawns should be double that at the present time.

Other Game Affected

MR. BAILEY found that in sections where deer are most abundant other game, such as wild turkeys, ruffed grouse, squirrels and hares, is suffering, and that a reduction in the deer population is desirable also from the standpoint of increasing the small game.

Pennsylvania has over 400,000 small game hunters and something over 100,000 large game hunters, all paying the same $2.00 fee. The shotgun enthusiasts hail Mr. Bailey's recommendation with delight, while the deer hunters, most of whom look upon the killing of does with the utmost disdain, are having one grand argument among themselves. Many of them say they are willing that the bucks be spared to bring about a better breeding ratio; others object to killing does under any condition; still others argue that such a "statewide housecleaning" is not needed, and that if a doe season is necessary a considerable portion of the state should be closed to all deer hunting this year.

Administrative Control Essential

THE battle rages on, but above it all stands an important principle of game management like a beacon light—administrative control—a principle which the Izaak Walton League strongly endorses. No matter how badly the passengers on a vessel may be frightened and divided among themselves in time of pending disaster, the thing to do is trust the captain and follow his orders. In this case there is no single agency better fitted to judge the needs than the State Game Commission, and the only way to test its wisdom is to give its conclusions a fair trial.

Wisconsin Slaughters Carp

WISCONSIN annually harvests a crop of something like 200,000,000 "Tourist Dollars." The fishing and other outdoor recreation facilities furnish the magnet which draws them. Every resident in the state benefits either directly or indirectly from this flood of gold.

Wisconsin maintains twenty-one large hatcheries and produces annually from ten to fifteen million fingerling trout and bass, also around thirty million pike and bass which are released in the fry stage. The Conservation Department cooperates closely with the Walton League chapters and other organizations in the operation of many nursery ponds, but the Department doesn't depend on restocking alone. Giving the game fish a chance after they are stocked is receiving earnest attention. What's the use of spending thousands of dollars to rear and stock fish and then let pirates, human and otherwise, take them by unsportsmanlike practices or prevent their natural increase?

The removal of rough fish in Wisconsin is done under state supervision. The state receives 25% of the gross receipts, and the permittee pays the cost of supervision. The bulk of this fishing is done in the fall, but this past spring twenty operators collected 1,009,861 pounds of rough fish, *mostly carp*, which sold at prices ranging from five to ten cents per pound, bringing a net return of $17,663.64 to the conservation fund. One lake at the Capital City alone yielded 368,188 pounds. Astonishing, isn't it?

in Conservation

Seth Gordon is acknowledged as one of America's leading conservationists. His knowledge of conservation affairs is exceptional and nation-wide. Read his answers to queries concerning conservation problems on page 36
—Editor

Largest Fish Rearing Plant

A FISH rearing plant including 250 or more separate ponds is a thing heretofore unheard of in fish cultural circles, but the State of Arkansas has recently purchased a tract containing 267 acres in the edge of that state's prairie section known as "the Rice Belt." One of the employes of the United States Bureau of Fisheries will supervise the construction work.

The Arkansas Game and Fish Commission plans to produce millions of baby fish to be transferred to nursery ponds maintained by Walton League chapters, also from 300,000 to 500,000 large fingerling bass and bream each year for stocking purposes. It is planned to develop and expand the plant as fast as possible.

Endorsement of Bigger Fish Policy

VARIOUS Walton League chapters have produced from 2,000 to as high as 12,000 large fingerling bass per acre of water, and it is easy to visualize the output when the entire two hundred and sixty-seven acres are in ponds.

Secretary Guy Amsler says that it will be the world's largest fish rearing plant. Next to the Upper Mississippi Refuge, where the United States Bureau of Fisheries will later have several thousand acres of ponds under operation, this is undoubtedly correct. This action again endorses the policy of the United States Government and the Izaak Walton League, namely, to produce fish of fingerling size or larger for stocking purposes, and especially to produce many millions of young fish at central plants operated by the states or the federal government for distribution to nursery ponds.

Duck Census Results Gratifying

A BRIEF report covering the results obtained by the U. S. Biological Survey during the first year of the first international duck census has just been issued. It is most gratifying to note the enormous amount of vitally essential basic information already collected and tabulated. This will be invaluable when closed seasons and changes in regulations governing the taking of wild waterfowl are considered.

Three Thousand Volunteers Helping

MORE than three thousand volunteers and hundreds of state and governmental employes take the census each month on a designated day, when the birds are counted or estimated in each concentration area. These coöperators are located in every state in the Union and every Province in Canada, also in Alaska and Porto Rico. In the near future observers are to be added in Mexico, thereby covering the whole North American Continent. National headquarters, state divisions, chapters and individual members of the Izaak Walton League are giving the work their best possible assistance.

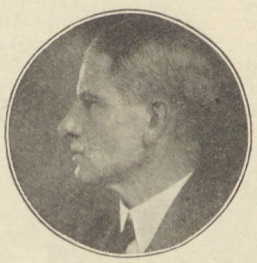
This simultaneous monthly census, covering the whole country like a blanket, enables the Biological Survey to build up a series of maps showing the areas where waterfowl concentrate at various seasons of the year. The data so far collected is rather startling. Dr. Harry C. Oberholzer of the Biological Survey has been the field marshal in charge, and in a later issue we hope to print an article from his pen for the information of OUTDOOR AMERICA readers.

Conservation Leaders Drop Out

LEADERS in public welfare movements, and especially in conservation, are not born—they are developed by years of earnest application. Every time one drops out another usually steps into the breach, but it takes time to learn the game and win recognition. Certainly no one can be accused of working in behalf of our wild life or our forests for pecuniary considerations. It is largely a labor of love —a hobby! The satisfaction of rendering a service to humanity is the principal reward.

John B. Burnham Retires

THE recent retirement of John B. Burnham as President of the American Game Protective Association, after seventeen years of most creditable service, has been a distinct loss to the cause of conservation. He has sacrificed far more than even his friends suspect, but he retires with that satisfaction which comes only with the knowledge that during his administration outstanding and lasting progress has been made.



Mr. Burnham has contributed more than his share to a new era in conservation. Like many leaders, he has sometimes been misunderstood, but those of us who have had an opportunity to really know him have never doubted his sincerity of purpose or his loyalty to the cause. His interest will continue to the end of the trail. There is every reason to believe that his worthy successor, Carlos Avery, will make an equally enviable reputation.

Kentucky and Minnesota Change Officials

THE States of Kentucky and Minnesota have both changed game and fish officials recently. Dr. George C. Waggoner and J. F. Gould, both in the service of their states a comparatively few years, have been succeeded by John L. Trumbo and George E. McCullough respectively.

Regardless of the qualifications of the retiring officials or of their successors, or their politics, or the wishes of the sportsmen of either state, both Kentucky and Minnesota have suffered because their conservation officials are changed too frequently. It is an unfortunate fact that most states habitually change their conservation officers just about the time they have learned their job. Conservation is a long-term business; it should never be a political plaything. Frequent changes in personnel and policy are utterly destructive.

These new officials deserve a real chance to make good. They should have the utmost support of all sportsmen in their states regardless of friendship or politics. Coöperation and continuity of policy alone will get things accomplished.

My Boy and I

In the July issue we announced prizes for the best photographs and one hundred word stories under the title, "My Boy and I."

Each photo must show the father and son on an out-of-door trip fishing, hunting, canoeing, hiking or camping. The accompanying article of one hundred words must give the ages of father and son, and how many trips they have made together.

Age is no barrier. You may be seventy and your son forty or forty-five. You may be this side of thirty and your son turning five.

The first prize will be $15.00, second $6.00, third prize $4.00. Contest closes December 1st, 1928.

These prizes were donated by Mr. Harry C. Goodwin and while he is not competing for the prizes, it seems fitting to start off this contest with Mr. Goodwin's own example.

IF there is understanding and mutual respect between my boy and me, I attribute it largely to our annual trips together into the North Woods of our own state of New York and into Canada. The first trip, lasting two or three days, was made when the boy was seven. He is now 23. In all these years we have missed only two summers.

We leave the razor behind when we go into the woods. As a rule we pack everything on our backs. Until this year, dad always carried the heavier pack. This year we started for camp eight miles back into the woods. At the end of the first mile, the boy suggested that he take the heavier pack. I gave in and in doing so recognized the change that age brings. Where once I led the way and carried the load, the boy now leads and takes up the burden. This change is true in our relationship at home. The boy has taken up the burden.

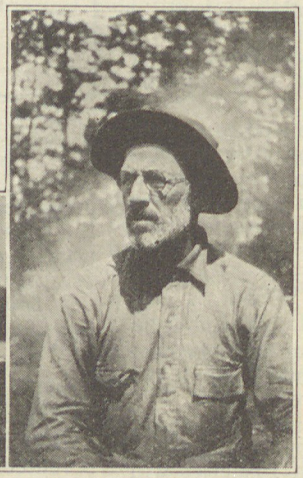
No father fully fills his mission in life unless he aims to make his son a better man than the father has been. My boy is a better sportsman than I am or ever have been.

Harry C. Goodwin

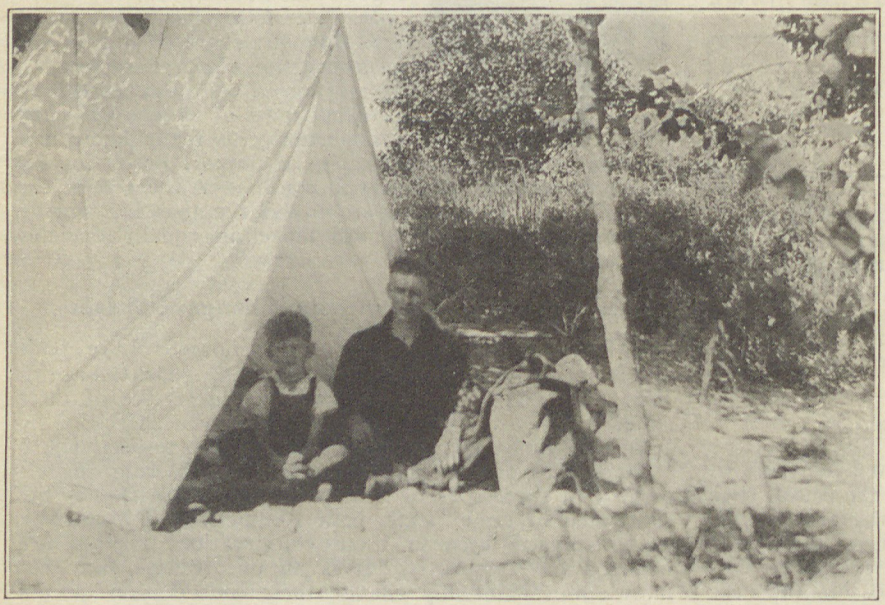
As well as being an outdoor boy, Mr. Goodwin's "boy" at twenty-three has become one of the most distinguished young actors on the American stage. EDITOR.

My Boy.

The Catch.



And I.



AMONG the dunes on Lake Michigan, near Waukegan, we have a little camp. With our trail tent, blankets and grub packed in pack sacks, we go up there many Saturdays and stay over Sunday. Surroundings of scrub oaks and pines hide us and here my son is learning the art of making camp, living outdoors and learning of the birds, trees, flowers and Nature, looking forward to the time he can join me in my trips to the Canadian woods. He is seven and I am thirty-nine. These trips have been made several times a year for the last three years.

H. E. McArthur
Waukegan, Ill.

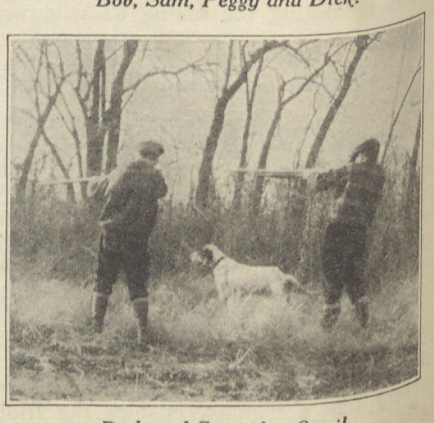
SON Sam is eight. I am forty-two. The day Sam was born I killed two antelope, so if there is anything to this prehumus propaganda, Sam should become a mighty hunter.

Sam has fished and hunted with me many times. We fly-fished our duck pond last week, taking twenty bluegills and black perch, and one two pound bass. Sam has hunted flying quail over dogs, ducks from our blind and rabbits. It seems unfair to try to tell about Sam with one hundred words. Then there's Son Dick, who is eleven and insists upon taking turn-about with Sam.

Guy Von Schriltz
Pittsburg, Kan.

Sam and his Dad.

Bob, Sam, Peggy and Dick.



Dick and Sam after Quail.

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by

JUDGE

GEORGE W. WOOD

THERE are so many things of interest in the woods and along the roadside that one should keep a sharp lookout. A most interesting bird or animal may be watching you from a wayside bush. If your eyes are sharp enough to spy it and your ears trained to hear its call you will have begun an acquaintance which will be a continuing source of pleasure to you. For years I have loved to hear the clear melody of Bob White. It is not difficult to see or near him since he usually chooses the top of a fence post or other exposed place from which to call. If you are listening for his cheery whistle it will come to you through other much louder sounds. These summer mornings as I lie awake listening to the clatter of the heavy footed horse when the milkman drives, the sputtering automobile that the delivery boy whirls so recklessly about my corner, the chattering of the sparrows, I wait expectantly until through all this noise I hear the clear call of a Bob White. I wonder how many people in the busy city hear his music? I believe that he knows this cheery message brings back to me the memories of many tramps through the woods and that he sends me this bit of woodland music in payment for the grain I scattered for him last winter when the sleet covered all of his food. Twice this summer he has left the tangle of brush about the old cemetery where he makes his home, lit in the trees about my house and called to me. I know that his visits were for me since I have watched and listened and have not heard him in any other trees. When I see him flying back I wonder whether he is inviting me to return the call next winter during the heavy snows. I wish that I could tell him that I will be on hand with a well filled bag of grain.

If you miss seeing anything of these little woodland folk you may be sure that they are not overlooking much that you do in the woods. Last winter we had a bad storm commencing with rain. It turned cold, the freezing rain covering everything with a thick coat of ice, making it impossible for the quail to get at any of their food. A friend drove me out to where I had heard quail in the summer. I scattered grain under the bushes and brush piles. My companion feared that the quail would not be able to find the food. The second day I coaxed him away from his busy law office to see whether the quail had discovered our offering. When we reached the woods the grain was all gone. In the melting snow one could see how they had carefully scratched the ground over so that not a single kernel would be missed.

By cultivating your powers of observation you will see all about you things of interest. Many times when my attention has been called to some flower or bird I will find them in my own woods where they have passed unnoticed for many years. I used to go into the woods with an old squirrel hunter. He could see squirrels in a tree which I had looked over, as I thought, most carefully and could not see a trace of one. I had not learned to start with the trunk of the tree and follow the line of every branch covering it completely, watching every moment for some movement or unusual color. I managed to acquire a bit of his skill and could detect the presence of a squirrel by the slightest move among the branches. I thought I had learned to observe everything in the woods. A friend visiting in our home interested us in the study of birds. We sent for a book to aid us. When it came we were looking at the illustrations. We came to the picture of a Maryland yellowthroat, with the little black bandage over his eyes for all the world like the illustrations one sees of the highwaymen on Hounslow heath. In all my wanderings I had never seen this bird. I was astonished to read that it was a native of our locality. I was so certain of my own observations that I made the rash remark that no such bird could be found in our woods or fields. Shortly afterward I heard a call that I did not know. I pushed my way slowly and carefully through the tall weeds until I was very near the little singer. It was a Maryland yellowthroat. He perched on the top of a weed calling "Witchity, wichity." I knew that there must be a nest close by and withdrew carefully so that I would not startle the gallant little gentleman or his mate. I felt that I had made a new friend, for I had seen him and knew his call. When I returned home I was surprised to hear the same call coming from a willow tree a short distance from my home. I found four nests all so near that I could hear them from my front porch. Before my ear was trained to hear them their song had passed unnoticed.

When I see this little olive brown bird dart into a wayside bush it brings not only the pleasure of meeting an old friend, but reminds me that there are still many delightful experiences to be had by the wayside if I only keep my eyes and ears ready. Gilbert White spent forty years in observing the wild life in the little parish of Slebourn and had not exhausted the store. John Burroughs wandered among the hillsides along the Hudson river finding something new every day. He says that he planned to travel and see the world but that as he wandered about his own neighborhood those far off countries through which he wished to travel came to his door. The wavering flight of swans brought to him the bleak coast of Labrador to which they were traveling. The eagle which lit on a floating cake of ice in the river brought to his door the far off mountain crags.

Each changing season brings me new visitors. One day on going into a familiar grove I was surprised to find the branches of the trees filled with strange little birds, all gaily calling to each other from the branches from which they were swinging in wide aerial loops after insects. I did not recognize them and hurried home to consult my book. I found that I had chanced on the flight of the warblers that are with us for but a day or so on their flight to their nesting place in the far north. Now every spring in early May

Photo by Chas. L. Sheely

"MOTHER HUMMINGBIRD AT HOME"

About once every "blue moon" photographers of wild life secure a classic. Here is "Mother Hummingbird at Home" alongside a lake near Spokane, Wash. Hours of patience were necessary to prevent the bird taking fright at the click of the camera shutter. Then there was the question of proper lighting. Sunshine and an ingenious arrangement of large mirrors accomplished this result.

$25.00 in Prizes will be awarded for the three best photographs taken by boys on their Trips Afield. First prize $15.00—Second prize $10.00—Third prize $5.00. Now, you Woods-Boys, go to it. EDITOR.

I am on the lookout, hoping to have a little part in the happy voyage they are making.

When the first cold weather comes I fill my little wire suet basket and hang it out in the tree where I can see it from my bed room window. Before I put the suet into the basket I make a series of parallel cuts first one way then the other, dividing the surface into little squares. I do not know how the birds discover it, but very soon I hear them at work, trying to get the suet out between the bars of the basket. One morning a nuthatch managed to get a little string of the little squares and flew into a neighboring tree, apparently highly elated that he could get the better of the one who tried to keep the suet in a cage. I watched him, wondering if he would have enjoyed it quite so much if he knew he was not really stealing the suet, but that it was put there just for him. Many birds come to my basket, that I had not noticed in my trees or shrubbery before, and I wonder how among so many trees these little woodland folk find the particular spot that offers them food.

I read of the cardinal and immediately commenced to look for him. I first saw one while on a trip through Kansas. Later I commenced to find them in my own woods. I am no longer certain that my own observations are correct. He may have been watching me from the bushes for years and calling me unheard. I had thought the cardinal was a southern bird and did not get so far north. When I came to see them in the woods during the summer I concluded that they were migrating into the more northern woods. In February we had a heavy fall of snow. In driving past a thick grove of cedar trees whose branches were heavily laden with snow I was surprised to see a cardinal dart from one tree to another. Its scarlet coat made a brilliant bit of color against the white and green background. Last spring while on a trip to the woods I found my first bluebird and in the willows along the river I heard the call of a cardinal and soon saw him like a dart of flame flying from one thicket to another. It may be a southern bird but it does occasionally appear during the winter and arrives early in the spring, giving the woods a new interest with its challenging call and its brilliant coat.

When I can get away from my work for a few minutes I go down to the rocks below the dam to fish, and there perched on the concrete retaining wall I find a pair of cedar waxwings who follow me out into the river, flying in circles over my head. I have watched them closely. I do not find any trace of a nest or young and yet for two seasons I have found them there when I go fishing. I wonder what attracts these birds from the woodland to the busiest and noisiest part of the city?

In becoming acquainted with the birds a pair of sharp eyes is the best equipment, but this may be supplemented by a pair of field glasses. If you have difficulty in getting close to a bird the glasses will bring him to you and you may study the shape and color to a much better advantage. I know of no better way to spend a day in May or June than to take a field glass into the woods and watch the birds. A book on birds will help you identify the strangers that you will be sure to meet. If you have a public library you will be able to find books that will help you. There are many books on the market which will assist you. I would commence with one of the little pocket hand books with colored plates which may be had at a very moderate price. A knowledge of the birds will give a new zest to your trips afield. May you go often and find a new friend on every excursion.

Do You Pal With Your Boys?

By RAY DENNIS

LECTURES on "Boyhood," "The Boy Problem," "What Will Become of the Youth of Today?" and others of the sort heard over and over again, have set me wondering if it is possible that the youngsters of today can have gone to the bow wows as suddenly and as completely as some of these platform artists would have one believe. A bit of investigation into the lives of several of the speakers on the boy problem to whom I have listened has disclosed some interesting facts. I found that while their intentions were no doubt of the very best, several of them were not fathers of boys, one was not even married, and still another had a son who, from evidence well substantiated, needed a father at home rather than on the lecture platform.

I have no ambitions to go on the lecture platform advising parents as to successful methods of rearing their sons, but for several years I have been satisfying an ambition to make my own boys my pals.

Our outdoor home.

As a youngster I was the proud "possession" of a father who provided me with every comfort that a son could have. Wrapped up in his work, the management of a large industry in a large city, his whole thought was on getting to his desk as soon as possible every day (Sundays sometimes not excepted). Vacations were things for sick people to take, and father's health was excellent, hence there was no such thing on our family's calendar as a vacation with Dad.

I cannot remember at what age the desire to get a bamboo pole and go fishing took possession of me, but I do know that I was at it at the age of seven, when early trips to the little lakes in the city parks on annual "Fish Day" which marked the opening of the parks, netted me several of the "great big ones" placed in the ponds by the park commissioners.

My dear mother praised the strings of three-inch bullheads and perch that I brought home at night, after a sun-up to sun-set day on the banks of the park lakes. How good those fish tasted after mother had rolled them in bread crumbs and fried them in hot lard!

In between the annual fish days I became the fishing partner of a young man living next door, a man who is today a widely known radio minister in Iowa. It was this pal who first took me to a river and there instructed me in the art of catching bullheads nearly six inches long.

During this time, my father, interested in his factory but not in a fishing trip, finally surprised me one day by agreeing to take me to the river for a whole day of fishing. This was in the days when the automobile was almost unknown, and we had to depend on the old family rig for transportation. I remember the excitement of getting up at three o'clock in the morning, driving to a suburb of the city where we were joined by another man considered an expert Waltonian.

We arrived at the right fishing spot after several hours of driving, although the distance traveled was not over fifteen miles. The net result of the day was one large sucker, which, of course, went home on the stringer, as I had not yet learned the differences in fish qualities.

This occasion is as bright in my memory today as if it occurred last week, due largely to the fact that my father went fishing with me.

I have three boys, two of whom for the past three years have been old enough to want to go fishing with Dad, for angling is still my favorite sport. Three years ago I took them with me on an occasional trip for a day or so and let them get accustomed to being on the water, baiting hooks, and the rudiments of handling a rod.

Three "hits"—three fish.

During the first part of the year I inaugurated a contest between the boys, scoring certain duties in home and school and penalizing things that were not accomplished. The reward for the boy who had the most points at the end of the contest on June first was to be a steel rod, a line and reel. I do not know whether they

plotted against me or not, but at the end of the contest both had the same number of points, thus it was necessary for me to double my prize offer!

That year marked the first real fishing trip with Dad when we loaded up our tent and supplies and went north to a large lake for eight days.

It was on this trip that my boys first met a guide, and he, like myself wanted to have them start their fishing careers right. They received carefully planned instructions on angling for various kinds of fish, were told about the legal lengths; how to carefully unhook undersized fish and return them to the waters. Incidentally, they were told of the dangers of standing up in a boat, how to care for equipment and fish.

Both of the boys had excellent luck, getting several good ones into the boat without any help on the part of the guide or myself. The guide called my attention to a conversation which he overheard between one of the boys and another fisherman on the dock one evening when both were fishing for silver bass. The little fellow was throwing back those whose length he could not span twice with his hands. The older man noting it said: "Say, kid! Whatja mean, throwin' them in agin?"

"Ain't big enough this year," replied the lad, "I'll get them next year."

That became the slogan of the camp—"Ain't big enough—I'll get them next year."

This year the gladness of Christmas had hardly passed before the boys gathered round my chair one night and said:

"Dad, when do we go fishing this year—and are we going to the same place?"

They were not much ahead of Dad in thinking about fishing, for already the pages of outdoor magazines were holding my attention, and I was planning a route that would take in several lakes in a section of the state that the boys had never visited.

We cleaned up our tackle, painted our rods, took down the reels, oiled and packed them again, polished up the spoons and repainted the plugs. Our outfit was ready by the first of June.

Leaving towards the middle of the month we traveled about 225 miles north to a lake about 30 miles long and a mile wide where we set up for a day or so of northern pike fishing and had the good luck to land several of worthwhile size. After preparing and packing them in the ice box we went on to a lake famed for large mouth black bass and wall eyed pike. From this lake we wandered back to the lake of our last year's visit.

Good weather favored us, so putting on our outboard we motored out to the favored spots, taking back to camp every night fine strings of big mouth black bass, small mouth and rock bass, crappies, blue gills, ring perch, and a few northern pike. Each day brought more sport and more knowledge to the boys.

It was with regret that we all found that Father Time was working against us and rapidly bringing to a close the annual vacation period.

My contention is this—that the father who takes time to pal with his boys, who takes them with him on a camping trip learns more of them and they more of him in a short period of time than can be done in the usual home life in many months.

There will be a better nation of manhood in the coming generation if more fathers will father more boys, in place of bemoaning the fact that the present boys are heading for the low path, while letting the care of them rest in the hands of the well known "George."

Deep Waters

(Continued from page 11)

the familiar sight lay before him.

"Why, the blamed place hasn't changed a bit. I'll swear it hasn't. There's the old wheel, the dam, and everything. And there's—"

Suddenly he became aware that he was not alone. Two others had possession of the shrine. Their backs were toward him. Each held a long, bamboo pole, and they were conversing in low tones. Instantly his wife's cutting words rushed through his mind. His hand tightened on the almost forgotten stick, and he started forward.

It was Spider's keen ear that first caught the sound of footsteps. He turned like a flash. One glance was enough. Grabbing Billy by the arm, he jumped to his feet.

"Come on! Hurry up! Run like everythin'! Here comes yer ole man with a club!" he yelled as he dragged the bewildered boy after him. Billy took one frightened look at his father, and needed no further aid from Spider. In a twinkling they disappeared behind the mill.

"Billy!" called his father. "Billy, come here!" But the shouting only made the pair run the faster.

Flushed with anger, and yet wanting to laugh, the man dropped his stick and approached the spot that the boys had vacated so hurriedly.

Two lines from the abandoned poles extended into the spillway. Two corks floated idly on the glassy surface. For a few seconds the man stood watching. Suddenly, and without warning, one of the corks began moving. For a foot or more it slid across the smooth water and then melted into its depths. The man grabbed the pole instinctively and pulled up. Much to his surprise the line failed to come. Again he heaved on the pole, but the results were the same. He could not budge it. "A snag," he thought, but immediately changed his mind. There was an unexpected tug from below followed by a mighty splash. A monstrous bass left the water, shook himself, and disappeared into a seething whirlpool of foam and spray.

"For the love of Heaven!" yelled the astonished man as the big fish went for the bottom. Down, down, down, it went. Down until the very tip of the pole was drawn beneath the surface.

"Oh, Lord!" half groaned the man as he sank to his knees, and leaned far over the bank. "Oh, Lord, if the line only holds!"

In a sudden frenzy, at the thought of losing the big prize, he began jerking madly on the pole, yelling, at the same time, "Come up, you big son-of-a-gun! Come up!"

As if hearing the exclamations, the big fish showed himself again. He cleared the water two feet, and lashed his tail furiously. As he disappeared the second time he did not go to the bottom, but, instead, started for the middle of the stream. The fisherman scrambled to his feet; and, without the least hesitation, followed the darting bronze-back out on the narrow, slippery surface of the dam. Again the bass changed his course, and started down stream. Unable to follow him in his new flight, the impromptu angler did the one thing left—hung on with all his might. The line tightened like a bow string. A half-dozen, quick, powerful jerks from the struggling fish. A sickening little crack as though a match stick had been broken, and the pole parted eight inches from the tip. For a second, almost, the man hung in mid air. His foot slipped ever so slightly. Another mighty splash, and the angler found himself struggling in the cool, deep water above the dam. Swearing, gasping, and spitting, he slowly dragged himself to the bank and sank to the grass completely exhausted.

"Oh, Lord!" he almost sobbed when he had recovered his breath. "What a fish! What a fish! Why, oh why, didn't someone tell me that they were still here! I thought they were gone years ago."

For a while he rested there bemoaning his fate. Then suddenly his bravado came to his aid. He jumped to his feet, and shook his fist in the direction that the big bass had taken.

"Oh, you big son-of-a-gun!" he yelled. "Just you wait; I'll make you pay dearly for that ducking—see if I don't. I'll get you if I have to come up here and stay the rest of my life. I'll show you who's boss. "I'll—I'll—" But his speech left him, and he simply ground his teeth.

Still panting from his struggle, he took off his water-logged coat and began to wring it. Some papers fell to the ground. The ink-blurred writing stirred something within him. For a moment his brow wrinkled as he tried to connect the incident with some recent happening; but the thought was not completed, for his mind was too full of the big fish that had left him so unceremoniously.

After relieving his clothes of some of the water, and emptying his shoes, he went to the bank above the spillway. For a half hour he sat there, living anew some of the pleasant hours of his youth. The thin stream that fell over the dam brought back the pleasant strain of a long forgotten tune with Skeeter Dugan softly whistling the refrain. Presently he noticed that the sun had changed to a deep-red ball, and was boring its way into the distant hills. A few minutes longer he sat there, then methodically picked up the remaining pole, and wound the line, with its baitless hook, carefully around it. He arose and made his way to the loading platform of the mill. Stooping he placed the pole beneath the splintered planking. He felt cautiously about in the dark recess, and a smile broke across his face as he encountered another pole. He drew it forth carefully. It was warped and cracked with age; but, by the fading light, he could still make out the initials "F. W." that he had carved on the butt years before.

Somewhere in the mill a cricket chirped shrilly. He placed his hand on the iron strap that bound the planks of the platform. It was wet. Dew was falling. From far down the stream the reverberating boom of a bull frog told him that night had come. He replaced the pole tenderly, arose with a sigh, and went slowly down the path that led back to the village.

"Frank," came an unusually pleasant voice from the kitchen as the screen door flew shut with a bang, "please, dear, don't slam the door so, and please, won't you hang up your hat?"

For the first time since he had left the dam the man discovered that he was hatless. He smiled slightly as he realized that for once in her life his wife was wrong, but he said nothing.

"Where on earth have you been?" continued the voice from the kitchen in melting tones. "Billy has been home for nearly three hours, and he has the lawn all mowed."

The man had expected a stormy scene, and was at loss to account for his wife's gentle reception. He did not try to figure it out. That the condition existed was enough. His instinct of self-preservation told him to take immediate advantage of it.

(Continued on page 42)

What's What and How—in Conservation

By Seth E. Gordon

Building Fish Ponds

1. What is the best time to build fish ponds for rearing trout, bass, bluegills, etc.? What kind of water supply should we have? B. H. J., Kentucky.

PONDS for use next spring should be ready before May 1st, but it is well to have them built a number of months ahead of the time they are to be used so that the embankments have had ample time to settle and all plans fully completed.

Even though you must wait until next spring before putting them into operation, right now is the time to get busy on them. The summertime or early fall is really the best time to do the work. You can stage one or more big picnics, have all the fellows bring their shovels and picks along, roll up their sleeves and see who can make the most dirt fly. Neighboring farmers will gladly join in the fun, bring their teams, plows, scoops, etc. And the ladies will gladly prepare the luncheon. What a great chance for a real day and what an opportunity to do a real job!

In selecting your site get advice from some nearby fish expert if possible. If you are planning on going into it on a big scale, write National Headquarters in case you don't have a good man in your part of the country and we will see what we can do to have one visit you.

Nursery ponds should always have a controllable water supply, both as to quality and quantity. Never depend upon the average stream for the supply, especially not if it gets very muddy for considerable periods. Take your water from springs or from a clean stream or lake, even though you may have to pump it.

Trout do best in water averaging from 48 degrees to 56 degrees, but can stand somewhat warmer water. Bass and other pond fish prefer water from 60 degrees up.

The volume of water and its depth have a decided bearing upon the temperature question. The higher the temperature, the greater must be the flow for trout.

Ponds should be constructed so that they can be drained completely whenever desirable. Take advantage of natural conditions to save labor and cost of special materials.

If you desire additional advice or if your chapter wants one of my new bulletins on "How to Grow More Fish" just say so. It's yours for the asking.

Paper Mill Wastes

2. Are the paper mills actually trying to keep their terrible pollution out of our streams? Conditions here right now are awful and I am sure remedies can be applied if the mill owners want to do it. W. P., New York.

THE American Pulp and Paper Association, New York City, has employed Mr. C. M. Baker, formerly the Sanitary Engineer in Wisconsin, to coordinate the efforts to eliminate pollution of all the companies belonging to the Association; also to suggest methods of handling their problems.

Mr. Baker was very successful in Wisconsin and has already made a good showing in his new field of endeavor. Just recently a special committee was appointed to study the question of sulphite waste liquor disposal and the development of cooperative research in the paperboard mills. The sulphite liquor problem seems to be the most difficult to handle, but the chemists have done many wonderful things, and I am confident a solution to this vexing problem can be found and applied quite promptly.

The mill owners more and more recognize their responsibility to take care of their wastes, and will clean up just as fast as the public demands clean streams and lakes.

Trout in Alkaline Waters

3. Will trout thrive in alkaline waters? If so, how many parts per million can they stand? E. S. J., Colorado.

WE had this question up with the Federal Government some time ago, and at that time were advised that the term *alkalinity* represents so many different conditions that no definite figures can be cited. Alkalinity in water may be due to any one of a half-dozen different chemicals or different combinations of them, and they all have a bearing upon the extent to which fish can survive in such water.

In general the best way to determine the suitability of a water for supporting trout is to experiment. Waters which are not so alkaline as to be of special note are generally suited for rearing trout. Nothing can be done to rectify a water supply which is too alkaline and of course the matter of supplying food cannot be economically effected upon a large scale. If the water is too barren in respect to its natural food there is very little to be done except to introduce along with the trout the forage minnows and other species of fish upon which they may feed.

Ordinarily it is a waste of time and money to experiment with trout in waters known to be alkaline. They need good clean cold water to thrive best.

Coyotes as Destroyers

4. Do coyotes really kill antelope and other valuable game? Many of my friends argue that they live mostly on mice and rabbits, but when hungry I believe they will kill anything up to a yearling calf. A. K., Wyoming.

I don't know about coyotes killing yearling calves but they are great destroyers of game of all kinds and kill many lambs. The government and most of the western states are cooperating in a campaign to keep the coyotes under control. Many of the government hunters have had unusual opportunities to observe and study the coyote. They are all strongly of the opinion that coyotes should be kept under control.

Predatory animal hunters, W. B. Elley and Ben Kroll of South Dakota had an experience worth repeating at the state antelope park on June 1, their report to the Biological Survey being as follows:

"We received a call the first of June from the keeper of the State Antelope Preserve to send a hunter there, as he was having trouble with a pair of coyotes inside the preserve. Ben Kroll was hired for the work and spent the first two days on the top of a high butte in the center of the preserve, called Antelope Butte, watching the maneuvers of the pair of coyotes that he soon located. By the use of field glasses he could get a good view of everything they did. I will try and give what he saw as nearly as I can.

"Toward evening two coyotes came out of a brushy draw and started working up wind to where a small bunch of antelope were lying down. When the coyotes were within about a hundred yards, they began to separate and work back and forth hunting. The old antelope began to get very nervous and occasionally one would whistle. Several bucks at once came to the bunch and began to chase the coyotes and strike them with their forefeet. The coyotes would dodge the attack and then make a run at the antelope, but the latter would outrun them. As soon as the antelope let up their attack, the coyotes would go hunting again and this would start the antelope to fighting once more. The antelope finally drove the coyotes away. The fight was too fast to venture a shot for fear of hitting an antelope.

"Along the latter part of the evening of the second day one coyote came out to a spot where three female antelope had been for the past two days, with young hidden close by. This coyote tried to hunt out one of the young. There were only three old ones this time to do the fighting. When the old coyote got too close, first one and then another of the antelope would make a mad rush. Several times in dodging, the coyote had to roll over to keep from being cut to pieces by the sharp feet of the antelope. The fight lasted for about half an hour before the coyote was driven away, and while it lasted it was not safe to risk a shot at the coyote.

"The next day I was with Mr. Kroll, and after a short time we located the den not over 60 rods from where he had witnessed the two fights. We got one of the keepers to help dig out the den, and in it were found the remains of three young antelope and the wings and feathers of a number of sage hens and grouse, scattered about near the part where the pups were. We got out six pups and upon examining their stomachs found them to be full of the flesh of young antelope. Traps were placed for the old ones. The next day Mr. Kroll shot the male coyote, and when we examined his stomach we found it full of sage hen eggs—over a quart of them. The old female got out of the preserve and had not returned when I left."

Muskrats in Ponds

5. Do muskrats eat fish? How can we stop them from digging out our fish pond embankments? O. H. J., Massachusetts.

Ordinarily muskrats are vegetarians and do not eat fish, but Harry Canfield, the Superintendent of the Government's hatchery at La Crosse, Wisconsin, says there is no doubt about muskrats eating fish, as he has caught them in the act. However, I doubt whether muskrats eat enough fish to condemn them to death on that score.

It is unfortunate that your pond was not insulated against muskrats when built. The best way to drive them out, according to John Costelow of Kansas City, who has tried it, is to secure about one peck of carbide crystals, and after drilling banks just above the water line, say at intervals of ten feet, place in each hole a good handful of the carbide and close holes with clay. This must be done quickly and be sure that the wind is in your favor. The "rats" will leave and so will you.

Seth Gordon, Conservation Director of the Izaak Walton League, will gladly answer queries on all conservation subjects. Consult him about your conservation problems.

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

SUCH of our readers as follow this section of OUTDOOR AMERICA may recall a review (in the March, 1927, issue) of "Fishing from the Earliest Times," a monumental work of research and erudition, then in its second edition. To that review, brief and inadequate as it was, I am indebted for a correspondence with the author which has developed into a hands-across-the-sea friendship. Believing that American readers of Mr. Radcliffe's famous history would be interested in hearing something of the personality of one whose fame as an angler is secondary only to that of author, tempts me to introduce these brief biographical notes instead of the usual book review.

One day in 1926 he was having a hard fight with a salmon in the Norwegian Topdal that gave him and Mr. Harold Wilson that wonderful catch in 1924 (which, we believe, still holds its own as a record in the circumstances—1,352 salmon and grilse to two rods in 51½ days' fishing, all on fly), according to a writer in "The Field," and after half an hour's battle just above the Middle Foss, whose passage would have meant the fish's escape, he succeeded in landing it at an awkward place on the right bank. Then came sounds of applause from some unknown and unrealized audience established, where no audience ought to be, on a sort of rock island jutting from the left bank. This audience proved later to be two photographic experts who had been sent out by the authorities in Oslo to take films of typical scenes of Norwegian country life to be shown at the schools, etc., in the towns. They were keenly interested, and asked permission to take films of the fishing and river on the following day. The resulting "picture" (with others) has been exhibited widely in America, especially in the Northern States, where the Scandinavian element is very prominent.

This account is preceded by the following sonnet signed H. T. S. (which is shorthand for Sheringham, angling editor of The Field, London).

TO WILLIAM RADCLIFFE

FAME comes this way and that way.
Rare her earning
By deed and word alike. But the skilled hand,
Which coaxed the silvery fish to boat or land
In numbers past our dreams, had known the burning
Of Scholar's midnight lamp and had recorded
Facts in still greater plenty, fables too,
Lore of dead worlds or living, all that grew
From that first capture which first man rewarded.
Famed for thy salmon, famed for thy great History,
Strange Chance now adds star-lustre to thy scroll
By novel arts and films which Life unroll
In Halls of Vision. There must be no mystery—
Let all men know, who on the Picture look,
That he who is the Angler wrote the Book.

Mr. Radcliffe writes: "As a result of reading the sonnet and comments in the 'Field,' the following kindly, if unmerited, lines were at once written by my friend and publisher, Sir John Murray:

"'MEN say that Orpheus, skilled with song and lute,
Could charm the heart of tree and rock and brute,
Could make them leave their homes at his command
And follow in his steps o'er sea or land.
You too, Great Master of the Rod and Pen,
Can lure the hearts of fishes and of men,
Can play them with your fly and hook and line
(Whether of printed text or waxen twine)
Coax *Salmo* from the eddy where he lingers
Or guineas from the most reluctant fingers.'"

"Such a tribute, from so famous a publishing house," comments H. T. S., "makes us wonder whether that new spelling movement should not prevail after all. Sir John Murray's last line (together with those great catches of salmon) would surely justify 'Orpheus with His Loot.'"

Mr. Radcliffe's river, the Topdal, which he holds with his cousin, Mr. Henry Wilson, is what is known as a "small-salmon" river, prolific in numbers but individually not large, and he fishes usually with a light rod and flies as small as 8's and 6's. Several years ago they tried the experiment of introducing salmon ova from "big-fish" rivers and this year Mrs. Radcliffe, enthusiastic and skillful angler, caught the biggest salmon *but one* ever taken in the Topdal (according to the landlord's century-old records) on *rod and line*.

Mr. Radcliffe, recovering from a long illness, restricted himself this season to one and a half hours daily upon the stream, but Providence was good to him, for, as he writes: "I was lucky enough to kill the very biggest by 9 pounds after a fight during which even my atrophied heart found itself not once but thrice in my mouth." The fish was over 29 pounds. "As I was fishing for grilse with my light rod, line and leader, I could not stop Salmo's 'procession' (*a la* Juno, Queen of Heaven, also a female) which was as slow and relentless as a steam roller, down some 400 yards to the bottom of the Sea Pool, where were floating some 150-200 logs (wind and tide stayed). 'In and out and round about' many of these she took my boat and line and then *horresco referens*, the latter twice under the boom. Had not my gillie, accustomed from boyhood to lumber, instantly torn off shoes and socks and jumped onto the 'slithery tore' to which, catlike, he clung with toe nails and a cant-pick (only put into the boat for clearing casual logs the day before) where he twice freed the line from logs while I hand-played the lady and gathered in 85-90 yards, the fish would surely have been lost.

"Now I *must* go a-fishing after begging you to pay for a year's subscription to OUTDOOR AMERICA for which I enclose a check for 17 shillings," etc.

I should add that the closely packed four page letter from which I have quoted was written from the fishing lodge by the Topdal.

I marvel that he could forego the rod for the pen long enough to cast a line across the sea just as I marvel that he could have written "Fishing from the Earliest Times" in a single life-time, but then, I think he must have collected the material for his wonderful history in previous incarnations.

William Radcliffe, England's famous angler and angling writer.

Lafe Laughs Last

(Continued from page 7)

reel and brought his shoulders to bear and turned the handle as fast as he could by main strength, with the pull directly on the line.

Once he paused, and seemed to relax. "It's a question," he said to Paul, "whether I've got the fish or the fish has got me. This will be a record of some kind if I ever land him." And a little later, "Paul, this fish has won his freedom. How about cutting the line? I'm a good sportsman, and I want to let this fish go."

But we cheered the brave fellow on and once more he bent to his task. Foot by foot the fish was brought closer.

"This is the biggest blankety blank fish ever caught," panted Lafe, "get your camera ready."

Paul and Bill and I were in jocose moods, and we plied Lafe with directions for handling the fish. But Lafe had lost his sense of humor. He stuck his tongue in the side of his mouth and cranked. His breath was coming fast now, and he had cast all pretense to the four winds and was frankly exerting every ounce he had toward winding in the fish. Soon we could see the fish cutting through the water, describing a slow arc, not far from the boat. Lafe had established at least one world's record already. He had wound in about seventy-five yards of line, with a fish on the end, in the record time of approximately five minutes.

"There he is!" shouted Paul.

"Get the boat out of the way!" panted Lafe.

"It's a shark!" I hazarded.

"Shark, hell!" muttered Lafe, "shark would be good bait for this fish!"

"It's a kingfish," said Bill, and of course Bill was right. It was a kingfish. Lafe gave a few last cranks on the reel and Bill reached over and used the gaff.

The fish really was a beauty. It was nearly four feet long and built like a racehorse.

When he came in over the gunwale and began to wiggle and show his teeth, Lafe beat a dignified but unmistakable retreat toward the bow of the boat.

Paul grabbed his camera. "Stand up by the fish," he ordered. Lafe looked at the fish. "Take a picture of the fish alone," he suggested. "I want you in it," stormed Paul. "The damn thing's got teeth," pointed out Lafe. But by way of compromising he sort of leaned forward, getting his head closer to the suspended fish, held aloft by Bill, but retreating a couple of inches with the rest of his body. Paul took the picture, the fish was placed in the bottom of the boat, and Lafe mopped his head.

"He's thin," said Bill rolling the fish over with his toe, "looks as though he might have just recovered from a sick spell."

Lafe snorted. "That's the healthiest fish in the Atlantic ocean! I never knew a fish to be in better physical trim. You've got to know how to handle those babies," he added, looking around at the assembled company.

"If he'd been in good shape," continued Bill, "he'd have given you a decent scrap."

"Just because I made it look easy," growled Lafe, mopping his forehead, "is no sign this baby didn't put up the best scrap you ever saw. I handled him like a master. Once when I was fishing for swordfish down along the Florida—" But I caught Lafe's eye and he changed the subject.

My fish, the most remarkable bonita ever caught in the Atlantic ocean.

"He'll go thirty pounds," estimated Bill.

"Ten," I corrected.

"Eighty!" thundered Lafe, "and I ought to know. I hauled him in."

So we set sail from the home dock. Lafe took his position on the deck and waved to passing boats.

"Any luck?" asked an outgoing cruiser.

"One big kingfish!" shouted Lafe, "put up the devil of a —"

"Two fish!" I corrected, in my best voice. "One of them a large and beautiful bonita!"

Thereafter Lafe told everybody that we had one fish. When I became belligerent over the matter he added, "and a pretty bonita!" He explained to me that the bonita isn't recognized by saltwater anglers as a game fish. "The kingfish," he pointed out, "has earned his name. He's the prize sought after by all old timers. I suppose I'll get a button of some sort. You've got to know your ocean to get these fellows." And he'd look lovingly at the fish in the bottom of the boat.

So we went ashore. Lafe had forgotten all about his hunger and his lemonade. He put the fish on the running board of the car and then deliberately gave Paul wrong directions so we'd have to pass through town twice. Once we came upon the American Legion band parading up the street. "See," said Lafe, "how they feel about it when I catch a big fish. The band's out." He gave the band a mighty salute, but at that moment we turned the corner abruptly and the fish slipped from the running board.

"Hey, mister, you lost something!" shouted a newsboy.

"Stop the car!" yelled Lafe and he leaped out. "I'll help you lift him!" he shouted to the boy, who was bending over the fish.

"Never mind," said the boy, and he hoisted the fish by the tail and tossed it to the running board.

"Mighty strong kid," murmured Lafe.

This brought on another argument about weights, and we repaired to Bill's place and got the scales. The kingfish weighed twenty-seven pounds. I didn't bother to weigh my bonita, preferring to let my original estimate stand, for better or for worse.

"That's the trouble with these sea fish," Lafe grumbled. "They lose about a pound a minute after they're dead."

So that was the end of the fishing trip. Lafe had caught the only decent fish. After the excitement was over I cornered Lafe. "Lafe," I said, "speaking as one newspaperman to another, you acted badly about that fish. Anybody could see you never had hooked a fish over ten pounds before. Why didn't you take it cool and calm, like I did?"

Lafe groaned. "Cool and calm! Then tell me why you shouted 'I've got him! I've got him!' when you hooked your minnow?"

"I didn't," I protested indignantly.

Lafe grinned. "The deuce you didn't! And what's more, this is one fishing trip you can't write about. You didn't catch any fish—that is, anything worth mentioning."

"You don't have to catch any fish in order to write about it," I suggested.

"You can't write about my fish," declared Lafe. "This is my story. You started out well, but I had the last laugh."

I hoisted my glass of lemonade and gazed solemnly at the moon.

MR. HOOVER—MR. SMITH AND THE OUTDOORS

By Donald Hough

A timely article on what the coming election means to conservation.

IN NOVEMBER

Tall Tales from Crackerdom

By FRANK WHITMAN

THE feller what first sed "they's a durn sight more to fishin' than jest fishin'" wuz right, I'll tell the wide, wide worl', and' if ennybody don't believe it it's cause they never had a wooden minnie hung in their ear, or a leaky boat founder under 'em in the middle of a lake, or git both matches an' tobacker wet in a shower. Well, sir, I've had all of them things happen to me, together with 9999 others that I ain't a citin' on this occasion. I'm jest tellin' ye the triflin' insidents. Things that effect ye early in yer fishin' life, as twere. As stated, I've had a lotta things happen, an' shure thought I wuz entitled to a life membership in the "I remember" bunch, but if somethin' didn't happen to me last month, diffrunt to ennything ever heerd of afore, then I'm gittin' fergitful 'bout things I've read and heerd.

I've fished quiet an' I've fished strenuous. Sometimes I do one an' sometimes t'other—this heer wuz one of the—well, draw yer own conclushuns. 'Twuz on a Florida east beach, at a place they call "Red Shell"—not so very fur from my home in DeLand. Ye kin take a nice ride on the sand seashore if the tide's out fur enuff, otherwise ye gotta ride on a dirt road that ain't so good. But ye kin git there in good shape under enny conditions. As I never fish alone I had a buddy with me whose front name is Earl. He give me a lotta wise instruckshuns 'bout how to hook an' handle a sea bass, which wuz the kind of fishin' we wuz figgerin' on gittin'. I wuz to let the fish after I felt him pick up my bait run 'bout thirty feet an' then hook him—an' after that it wuz up to me. I lissened to him, o' course, 'cause he wuz younger'n me an' us fishermen must allus bow to the sooperier wizdom o' the young.

I had a surf-casting outfit that cost in the neighborhood o' 85 smackers—meanin' bucks, an' it looked purty good to me, all shiny an' professhunal like. The bait wuz cut mullet an' I wuz supposed to wade out into the surf an' wait until a big roller busted itself on the beach an' cast as near a mile out as I could manage. Then I must back up some, where the water wuzzent quite so durn rough in its tackticks. Earl laffed at my first few casts, but purty soon he woke up to the fack that mebbe I wuzzent so bad at that. Then he grabbed some bait an' started up the beach, after tellin' me to 'member what he tole me 'bout hookin' 'em. Sometimes I hate that feller, but after thinkin' o' the times we've had together I guess mebbe he ain't so worse.

The tide wuz makin' and mebbe haff in, which is a purty good time fer these he-ole bass to come strollin' along. I had a few nibbles o' catfish or whitin', or other bottom fish, an' so I had to bait up every now an' then. I kept a dodgin' the breakers an' at times I'd see fish through the coamers. By-an'-by a big ole shark showed hisself 'bout sixty feet out. I had a good look at him an' I'll bet I know him next time I see him, 'cause—but wait! Be shure yer nerves is all right fer what is now 'bout to happen. I had on a leather thumb drag an' a 21-thread line. I had just dodged a young mountain o' water by turnin' sidewise and jumpin' high as I could—when it happened—the strike! A bass as big as—well, he wuz big, ennyhow—picked up my bait an' started fer some point far at sea. Like lightnin' I thought of what Earl said 'bout lettin' 'em run thirty feet, an he wuz as near right as he ushully is—fer that bass covered 250 feet with all the drag I could put on him in jest nothin' flat! At that I stopped him afore he got all the line I had—which wuz jest a hundred yards. It seemed after that that the breakers doubled in size an' numbers—but I shure fit that fish—even if the whole durn Atlantic oshun riz up to help him. Mighty slow I got him closer in; him a shakin' his head till it rocked me on my feet. That's a habit they have. When I got him to within 'bout fifty feet I see that durn shark in the coamers. Jest a long green shadder he wuz, an' I begin to worry fer fear he'd tear my fish up—which they do lots o' times. I put all the strain on the rod an' line I thought they'd bear when—well the doggone unushul thing happened like I said at first! The reel band slipped down someway and the reel flew up in the air an' hit the water 'bout thirty feet out an' I see that shark come up an' gobble the glitterin' thing! An' there I wuz with a rod in my han' an' a fish on each end o' the line! If enny other fisherman was ever in this posishun I wish they'd speak up an' I'll call 'em a liar! I'll admit I didn't know jest what to do under the circumstances. It wuz what is termed in our best piskytorial circule a unushul situashun. The oshun solved it, though, fer 'long comes a breaker big enough to slap me in the face, lay me on my back, an' from which posishun them two durn fish tore the rod out o' my hands! "Destroyed without trace." An' I tole Earl I loaned the outfit to a frien' what come along, an' who went down the beach. Mebbe he believes me an' mebbe he don't—but he sure wouldn't believe the real truth if I tole it to him!

"Sea bass run purty big off'n the coast here. 'Bout a dozen fellers had their pictures took behind this bunch, but this feller caught 'em!"

Fish—and More Fish

(Continued from page 17)

actively interested in the question of propagating game fish and increasing thereby the supply available for sport. Some have even established small hatcheries or breeding ponds and in more instances have tried to plan for such installations. The Michigan Division I believe has done more work along this line than has any other League Division.

The most serious obstacle to carrying out such plans successfully has been the lack of trained guidance. Many have appealed to the Bureau of Fisheries for assistance and have been accorded the maximum help possible under existing circumstances. The provisions of the White Bill call for an increase in the personnel which would give the Bureau larger means of complying with such requests for aid. A moment's reflection will show the value of such an increase in the staff since thereby the country will gain, without national expense, aid from local sources that will increase at a multitude of different points the agencies working to replenish our sadly depleted streams and lakes. Once that this practice is established and local groups or organizations find it possible to secure technical assistance the plan will be taken up by others and the advantage be multiplied many fold.

(Continued on page 54)

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Work of Ulysses Chapter Shows What League Can Do

By H. W. STUBBS

Ulysses, Kansas, Chapter

HERE is an epic of Waltonism. It gives the experiences of a Kansas chapter in making better outdoor recreation on the prairies. They made fishing where there was no fishing. They planted trees where there were no trees. They brought moisture and shade to the community. They have brought happiness and health to its people. This is real accomplishment. Read it!

IT is my firm belief that the accomplishments of the Ulysses, Kansas, chapter of the Izaak Walton League constitute an exhibit which can be used to show what this League can do in a community with little natural advantages to begin with, and to show the actual application of the whole philosophy of Waltonism.

When I came here about fifteen years ago there was very little permanent water in this county. There are only two streams flowing through it, the Cimmarron and the North Fork of the Cimmarron, and as far as I know there was no fishing whatever in this country.

These streams do not flow except during times of high water, and after a few years some of us conceived the idea of developing a place that would be suitable for fishing and shooting.

We selected a spot on the North Fork of the Cimmarron for three reasons. First: It was only four miles from town and convenient for us. Second: Some public spirited gentleman in an early day had planned quite a cottonwood grove, and these trees have attained considerable size, and it is a very pleasant place for a picnic supper and kindred activities. Third: There were quite a few springs which we were satisfied could be developed so as to furnish some permanent water.

About ten years ago we erected a small dam and were successful in impounding a small amount of water which stayed with us pretty well the year around, and about five years later, some fifteen or twenty sportsmen having become interested in the enterprise, we erected a dam of some size and since that time have had about a mile of water above the dam.

We have also stocked it with bass, croppey and blue gill, and although I have not been fishing this year I am advised that we have very wonderful fly fishing, which the boys tell me is almost equal to trout, as the blue gills take a fly readily and for their size are quite scrappy.

These premises are now owned by Mary R. Sullivan, who is one of the first white women to settle in this county, and on the organization of the Izaak Walton League here she dedicated the use of this particular tract of land to the League for the rest of her life.

We planted something over two hundred trees, which range in height from three to six feet, and were well planted. In addition to this several hundred cottonwood and willow slips were planted along the bank of the river, and these trees have all done exceedingly well.

Take a long look at this picture. It tells a remarkable story. It is the story of the utmost effort by a Walton League Chapter to bring back its outdoors.

There is one other matter that we expect to take up just as quick as possible, and that is the establishing of several refuges in this and the adjoining counties. I believe we have more prairie chicken in this immediate vicinity than any other place in the world, and we have been overrun with hunters from several states, and we very much fear, unless something is done to protect the birds, that they will soon be a thing of the past. We are also getting a nice lot of Bob White quail, but they are not yet numerous enough to justify us in shooting them, and we think that refuges should be established for their protection also. Within the next twelve months we will have established at least a half dozen game refuges in Grant and Kearny Counties, and we are going to protect both chicken and quail.

Accomplishments

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS, CHAPTER.

STOCKED three lakes, a total of 50,000 acres of water, with game fish, after these lakes had been artificially created.

Passed a special law in order to protect the fish in these lakes and installed screens across the spillways.

Planted approximately $206.00 worth of wild duck and fish food plants in the lakes.

Introduced and secured the passage of a state fishing license law.

Secured the location of a fish hatchery costing $40,000.00.

Has erected sign boards and distributed literature in the interests of conservation.

Has four banquets a year.

DAVID CITY, NEBRASKA, CHAPTER.

ORGANIZED with a charter membership of 202 in a city with a population of 2,177, which is a state record.

Have planted over four thousand adult fish in their park lakes.

Established a fish rearing pond of two acres in extent.

Moved the city dump out of town.

Dynamited and opened the springs that feed the park pond, building dams and so forth to raise the water level.

This chapter organized only two months.

* * *

A LETTER FROM BROWN

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Dear Mr. Doellner:

I have intended to write you before this in regard to our trout rearing pool. Will say that we have the pool completed which is about ninety feet long and twenty feet wide with an average depth of six feet. We have stocked this pool with brook trout from six to nine inches in length. These trout are to be planted late this fall in our best streams. We also have a pickerel rearing pool that is coming along fine with several hundred pickerel from three to four inches in length.

We put a great deal of time on the trout pool as we had to riprap most of the banks. The Franklin Forestry Co. furnished us with about one hundred very fine spruce and other trees which have been planted around this pool.

Sincerely,

FRED C. BROWN.

* * *

La Junta Plays Games

THE La Junta, Col., chapter, has an idea of its own for keeping the members active. It has established the whole gamut of outdoor recreational features from a golf course to a horseshoe court, at the Cheraw Lake clubhouse. Tennis, archery, rifle range, are some of the attractions.

"You've got to have recreational features to keep Waltonians busy," declares Winston Gardner, who is largely responsible for

(Continued on page 60)

National Walton Essay Contest Winner

Miss Marjorie Hayward of Battle Creek, Michigan, Wins the 1928 National Walton League Essay Contest and Is Awarded Cup. The Winning Essay Is Printed Below

What Waltonism Means to Michigan

By MISS MARJORIE HAYWARD
Battle Creek, Mich.

NOWHERE has nature dealt more lavishly than in America. When our forefathers discovered this land of ours it was rich with clear sparkling streams, beautiful lakes, densely-wooded hillsides, rolling prairies and majestic mountains. Besides this the air was filled with birds of every description. Wild life roamed our woods and prairies and our waters were filled with fish.

The coming of man has wrought a great change in all this. Civilization, while it has its great benefits, has been very destructive to nature in all its forms. It has polluted the clear rivers, dredged the lakes, drained the swamps and ruthlessly cut away our forests and wasted our wild life. This was all done with no thought of the future. Men did not stop to think that the generations to come would like to go hunting and fishing and to enjoy the beauty of the flowers and everything that grows outdoors.

Only five years ago a few far-seeing men in Chicago formed what is now known as the Izaak Walton League. They realized that unless drastic measures were taken to stop the destruction of our natural resources, fishing and hunting would soon be but a memory. They named their organization after Sir Izaak Walton, a great English angler of the seventeenth century, who wrote a book known as "The Compleat Angler." This is a very interesting work in which he tries to make his readers see that there is more in fishing than just catching fish. He wants them to realize the beauty of the out-of-doors and learn the lessons nature teaches. This movement has grown to great proportions. Almost every state and city in the Union is organized into units and chapters.

Our state has been especially blessed with beautiful forests. But in the past these have been cut down and carelessly burned. In some places there are only blackened stumps where once was a dense woods. A new growth of trees is starting and these are the ones we must preserve, as well as plant new ones.

The forest fire is very destructive, not only to the forests but to all wild life in general as well. It is very unsportsmanlike to be careless about burning matches and fires, and the Izaak Walton League is working to put through more stringent laws to force the careless to be more careful about fires in order that the forests and game may have proper protection.

It is an act of patriotism to conserve our own forests and wild life of every description. The men and women of today are enjoying what the generations before saved for them. Therefore, the men and women of the present should work to save the out-of-doors for the coming generations so they too may enjoy the same privileges and pleasures that we do.

The Izaak Walton League stands for reasonable open seasons to hunt our birds and animals. We also need more strict laws regarding the taking of game during this time. It is a very poor sportsman, indeed,

Miss Marjorie Hayward
She won the 1928 Essay Cup over a large field of competitors from every state in the Union.

that kills more birds, animals or fish than the law allows. Still some will do it, therefore our laws need to be more strictly enforced to save game for others.

Everyone likes to fish, so Michigan should try to keep her fishing good. There are many fish hatcheries throughout the state, but it has been found that about ninety-seven per cent of the little fish die when they are planted into the lakes direct from the hatchery. The cause of this is that they either die of starvation by going directly into the deep water where there is no food, or they are eaten by the big fish before they are large enough to take care of themselves. This information was learned by the league through experiments, and from these experiments it has been found that by planting the fish from the hatcheries into artificial lakes first and letting them grow there to fingerling size, then planting them into the lakes, over fifty per cent of them live. The local chapter of the League built an artificial pond down Lovers' Lane near Gull Lake where they have tried this out and met with great success. The League is now agitating the building of these artificial lakes all over the state of Michigan.

It is deplorable that our beautiful streams have been polluted so that fish cannot live in them. The sewage of cities and the industrial wastes of factories is responsible. The Izaak Walton League is working extremely hard to stop this practice and clean out the lakes and streams that are already polluted. Cities have had to build swimming pools because the natural rivers and lakes are too dirty and unhealthful for bathing. With your help and mine in time this nuisance can be abolished.

Furthermore, dams have been built that hinder the passage of fish up and down the streams. The League is insisting that a passageway be made that will not hinder the fish going up or down streams. Also that no more permits for the building of dams in our rivers be issued unless provision is made for the passage of fish up and down the streams and the natural living places of the fish above and below the dam are not destroyed.

The League is also trying to get the state to control what there is left of our marsh lands and swamps. These are very necessary for breeding places of wild animals as well as wild fowl. The League in Minnesota has secured hundreds of acres of land around the Mississippi River for this purpose. The same plan would be a good one to follow in Michigan.

Every good citizen should join this great movement and take an active part in it. The best ways we can help is through our influence, our vote and our contribution of money to this worthy cause. By joining the local chapter we can keep in closer touch and join hands with the men and women who are working for the same purpose. We must remember that individuals singly can do nothing, but united they can do great things. People that own summer homes at lakes or hunting lodges should be especially willing to aid as it increases the value of their property. Whether you join or not you can help much by saving and not destroying the natural resources we have.

The whole aim of the League is to save and replace and not destroy and the value of the Izaak Walton League in Michigan cannot be overestimated. The things they have accomplished and the things they are bound to do in Michigan are certainly worthwhile and their power is only limited as each one of us helps or hinders them.

After all, the outdoors is a great university which rich and poor alike attend and which is absolutely necessary to health, morals, and building of character. As the Izaak Walton League stands for the preservation of this great school it deserves the support of every man, woman and child in this fair land of ours. Join your local chapter at once and by so doing show your patriotism.

The 1929 Walton League Essay contests soon will be under way. Complete instructions for the local, state, and national contests will soon be sent to all chapter secretaries. Get in touch with your local secretary and prepare to stage a contest in your town.

My First Chamois

(Continued from page 29)

about us; and with the evening meal over and robes spread upon soft banks of springy moss, we were soon wandering in the most glorious of all wonderlands, the limitless empire of our dreams.

Again long before the first faint sign of day our little party was astir; never before, in all my many years of wanderings had I witnessed a display of greater native beauty and magnificence. Lofty spires and pointed minarets, gorgeous in their tinting of red, yellow and green, massive walls and frowning battlements—*and* climbing upon those frowning battlements, feeding upon the luxurious grasses which had taken root in every crack and crevice, were to be seen a countless legion of the royal chamois.

And then, with the feast before me, the hunger and longing of the years gone by could not be denied. Drawing my belt a little closer about me, adjusting my blanket and a generous supply of provisions, with rifle resting easy in the hollow of my arm I bade my thoroughly disgusted companions a smiling adieu and was off. Instructions were left with the guide to await me at the lower camp. And then for eight days I laboured in vain, and for eight nights built my solitary camp low down upon the bleak mountainside.

It finally dawned upon my slightly troubled brain that in my now sadly depleted commissary there still remained six elegant but crumpled ship's biscuit and a full cup of salt while the question was ever crowding to the fore, as to how many good ship's biscuit will it take to bring down my first chamois?

The morning of the ninth day dawned bright and beautiful. The evening before I had changed my plan of campaign. And in a mad riot of doubt and uncertainty, in place of seeking some shelter from the chilling winds low down upon the mountain and making my morning hunt with the chamois above me, I had spread my lone blanket in the unoccupied bed of some ancient chieftain of the klans upon the very brink of a lofty precipice.

The morning sun full in my face awakened me. I was greeted with the most marvelous of panoramas; magnificent mountains were everywhere. The world seemed one vast unbroken wilderness.

For a short space I gave way to feelings of proud satisfaction that I was permitted to be there in the midst of these beauteous surroundings. And then coming back to the realities of the chase, I lay down, prone upon the yellow mosses, and crawling out to the ragged rim of the sheer precipice, looked upon the wild wilderness of rocks below.

As my eyes became more accustomed to a falling range of vision tiny specks of snowy whiteness began to show off against the darker hue of the mountain. And yes, close in at the very base of the cliff upon which I was reclining stood a princely chamois. As he walked out from the shadow of the cliff, and in gaining his morning meal disclosed his every quarter, what lines of beauty were to be seen. What a wondrous store of hidden power was developed and displayed as in gaining some savory morsel, he would bound lightly as a kitten at play from one huge boulder to another; his massive shoulders and that haughty head crowned with those wondrous horns!

In feasting my eyes upon his princely form and magnificent proportions the hardships of the preceding days were all in one brief moment forgotten. And burrowing my hands in the carpet of rich mosses, with bated breath I followed his every movement.

Drawing back from my risky berth at the brink of the towering precipice I took up my rifle and leaving my blanket and ship's biscuit to care for themselves, I crawled from one scant shelter to another, until peering out through the foliage of an ancient cedar I judged that his lordship was again fairly in range. Slowly and carefully the heavy barrel of my rifle found a resting place on a limb of the snaggy and wind torn cedar. The noise of the discharge rolled out upon the mountainside and went thundering from cliff to cliff. The smoke rose in fleecy folds and went floating off upon the soft morning breeze. And I got an unobstructed view—of what? A mountainside thickly strewn with ragged boulders, a few dwarfed and stunted cedars, a pinnacle of rock, and upon its very top, my first chamois. As yet not dead nor dying; but standing, calm and serene in an attitude as it would seem, of great doubt, listening for a repetition of those unusual sounds.

For a short space I forgot that my first chamois was yet to be taken and feasted my eyes upon his noble person. Then I withdrew the empty shell and placed a loaded one in the waiting chamber. Again that faithful old rifle stole its way along a limb of the sheltering cedar. And as the sights were again falling in line, the royal old fellow turned his broadside to me. And as he did so the fact was made plain to me that one of his fore legs was broken. Again for a moment did he pause and listen; and then limping upon three legs, he braved the dangers of that rocky trail.

It must be remembered that this was my first chamois. That for long years I had dreamed of the day when his snowy pelt should trail in the dust of my chariot wheels, and that for eight nights I had spread my lone blanket upon the dark mosses of the bleak mountainside, the while feasting upon savory morsels of age old ship's biscuits, with venison as a side dish roasted in the smoke of a pitchknot fir. Yet it seemed that to shoot him as he made his way in dire distress down the rocky wall would be worse than to lose him. A death shot would only be the means of hanging his glossy pelt in shreds upon the rocks at the foot of that forbidding way.

Resting my rifle in an arm of the ancient cedar and twisting a dried limb from its mooring among the broken rocks I hastened across the intervening space, and at the very base of the lofty pinnacle prepared to bar his further progress.

Although standing immediately before him he appeared not to note my presence, or grant me even so much as a blank stare of disdain. Until, gaining a secure footing upon the uneven floor I prepared for action. As he drew near, trembling with dread and fear lest even yet I lose him, I reared aloft the dried limb and with all the force at my command I brought it thundering across his forehead. For a brief space all was confusion. The dried limb had broken into a thousand pieces. And as the dust and splinters cleared away, there was one short moment of dread indecision; the quiet which precedes the storm.

His eyes were turned full upon me. Such eyes! Deep wells of living fire from which a thousand lightning tongues were madly leaping. Oh, for my rifle! The unnumbered victories of other days and of other climes, were in one brief moment all forgotten; and turning my back upon the snow white pelt which I loved so well, I fled. While close upon me, spurred on by pain and anger, almost beating me down with his hardened hoofs came my first chamois. There was no time for vain regrets at having left my rifle behind, no time for resolving that another occasion presenting itself I would do differently. I concentrated all my thoughts and energies on running. Immediately in front of me was an immense table rock. With one desperate effort I gained its top, and raising a broken and weighty fragment, I turned. Just as my first chamois, calling forth all his reserve force was about to leap upon the rocky platform, I hoisted the heavy boulder high in air and with desperate energy dashed it full in his upturned face.

The battle was fought and the victory won. Stripping the glistening pelt from its ancient resting place I shouldered my valued trophy, and with lengthening strides, forgetful of ship's biscuit and blanket I hastened down the rugged mountain.

As the evening shadows were beginning to gather in the rock walled basin where the rest of the party were awaiting me at the lower camp, my shout of triumph brought forth my now anxious companions; and as they gathered with noisy greetings, I spread upon a bank of moss for their wondering admiration, the pride of my heart, the snow white pelt of my first chamois.

Deep Waters

(Continued from page 35)

"Where have I been!" he boomed. "Where do you suppose I have been—joy riding or something! Why, I've been up at the dam after that kid—that's where I've been. A fine mess I got into, too. It was dark coming home. I slipped into the creek, and got soaked. Where's that boy—that's what I want to know?"

"Oh, Frank, I'm awfully sorry, really I am," said his wife sympathetically as the unhappy-looking Mr. Webster entered the kitchen. "But, Frank, I wouldn't be too hard on Billy; he's so sorry for what he did. The poor little fellow must have cried all the way home and he begged so hard to be forgiven. He knows that he did wrong. Don't punish him too severely, Frank, will you?"

"Don't punish him too severely! Say, have you gone insane! What do you want me to do, buy him some ice cream as a mark of merit?"

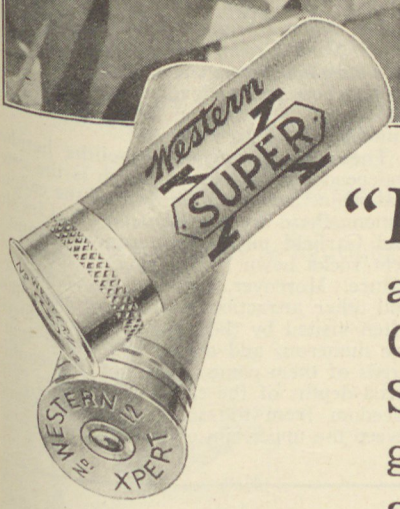
"I know, Frank, but when he came home and sobbed out his story on my knee, I—I just couldn't help feeling sorry for him. He went out and worked so hard on the lawn, too. And, Spider, er, I mean that Houser boy, came in just like a little man and told me it was his fault for coaxing Billy away. I could have shaken him at first, but he was so considerate. He asked me if he couldn't help mow the lawn, and he worked like a trooper. Now, Frank, please do be reasonable—please."

"Well, this is a fine state of affairs—a fine state, indeed," growled the man as the situation became more clear. "For two days you have been raising Cain with me about the atrocities of our son. I lay the law down to him. You scoff at me when he fails to obey, and goad me into chasing to the end of Nowhere after him. He runs away from me. I fall into the creek and get soaked. I lose my ha—er—er my temper. And then you tell me to be reasonable. Ye gods!"

"I know, Frank. I realize how hateful I talked today, and I am sorry. I've been thinking a lot, though, since he came home, and I just wonder if we're not more at fault than he. Perhaps if we'd try to take

(Continued on page 44)

WHEN YOU GET A SHOT YOU GET A DUCK—*with* SUPER-X



"*Here's why* I can pick 'em off at long distances with so few cripples, George. . . . The shot in this Western Super-X long-range load hold together as they travel through the air, instead of stringing out. It means that more pellets reach the bird."

WESTERN *Super-X* gives you 15 to 20 yards greater effective range. Once you've shot alongside a fellow who's pulling down ducks or geese so far away you don't even raise a gun, you'll know it's time to switch to *Super-X*.

As a field load, WESTERN *Xpert* shells are in a class by themselves. Smokeless. Uniform. Dependable. Top quality at a popular price. Write for descriptive literature, including Captain Askin's booklet on WESTERN *Super-X*.

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Deep Waters

(Continued from page 42)

a little more interest in the things he enjoys, we'd all be happier, don't you think?"

"Well—maybe—maybe, but where is he?"

"He's in the woodshed, dear, but please don't be too harsh."

"We'll see," remarked the man in a gentler tone as he shut the kitchen door—without slamming it.

He entered the woodshed, and there, on a pile of cord wood by the light of a lantern, sat his son. His tear-stained face was cupped in a pair of grimy hands, and his elbows rested on his mud-spattered knees.

"Well, young man," queried his father, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothin', I guess, pa, on'y I didn't want Twigs Upson t' know about our place, so I went. I was goin' t' come back an' tell ya all about it up t' the dam, but Spider said ya'd kill me sure; so I come home. We got the lawn all mowed, an' was goin' t' clean the cellar, but ma said we'd done enough, an' it could wait till Monday. Spider's goin' t' help me."

"I don't give a whoop about the lawn, nor the cellar either. We'll take care of them. You ought to have a good thrashing, though, for not telling me about the bass that are in that creek. Why didn't you tell me—say?"

"Well, gee whiz, pa, I started t' tell ya a half-a-dozen times last night; but ya wouldn't let me. Spider found out that they been puttin' bass in that creek fer three years. We caught a big one yesterday, an' I was goin' t' tell ya all about it."

"That's no excuse, young man; you should have told me, anyway. Doggone your skin, Billy, if you ever play a trick like that on me again, I'll lick you within an inch of your life. Now, you yell like thunder while I make some kind of a whacking noise. We got to make this sound real to your mother, for I'm still a little peeved at her."

"Gosh, pa, ain't ya goin' t' lick me then, at all?"

"No, I'm not going to lick you, but I'll tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to see that you get up blamed early tomorrow morning and dig some bait, for we are going up to that dam after a certain big fish that I know of. You might get word to your friend Spider, too, for I believe he'd be a pretty good fellow to have along. Now, are you ready? Well then, start yelling."

The Colorado National Monument

By WORTH C. KNOWLES

MONUMENT CAÑON in Colorado National Monument, not far from Grand Junction, Western Colorado, is now completely fenced in with natural and artificial barriers. The fences, which were erected by John Otto, custodian of the monument, are so constructed that animals may readily enter but escape with difficulty. A band of elk has been released in the enclosure by the Elks lodge of Grand Junction and with numerous deer which have inhabited the region for some time is roaming over the refuge.

The recently completed Point Wilson fence is about the length of two city blocks and is erected through gulches and thickets of pinon and juniper. Many of the long cedar posts used were packed with burros from points on the top bench of Pinon Mesa, a mile or more distant, then dropped from the rimrock with the aid of a 400-foot wire. Three feet of heavy netting and six additional wires above the mesh make a formidable barrier to retain in the enclosure the deer, elk and bison now there.

Government funds were utilized for the building of the Point Wilson fence, while the high fence at the Fruita entrance to the canon was financed earlier by the Grand Junction Chamber of Commerce. A gate to enable horsemen to pass through the Point Wilson Gap in the cañon wall has been built by Mr. Otto and so constructed that it is possible for pedestrians to pass through an aperture without opening the gate.

Custodian Otto is now making plans for the enclosing of the entire area of 14,000 acres including the Monument. The work will embrace the entire top bench to the rim of No Thorofare Cañon and will also include the Fruita Forest of twelve sections.

A forty-acre strip connecting the top of the mesa with the valley region will be fenced and when completed the entire territory will comprise one of the finest national game refuges in the West. According to the altimeter the elevations vary from 4,500 to 10,000 feet above sea level, providing a range suitable for all kinds of wild game. In every way it will be what Custodian Otto calls it—"Uncle Sam's Ranch."

Mr. Otto has long been connected with the Colorado National Monument and his greatest marks have been made on the red walls of Monument, Buffalo, Red, Columbus and No Thorofare Cañons. By long months of labor with pick and giant powder he has made fine trails through these cañons over which even a child may safely wander, protected by the walls along the rim.

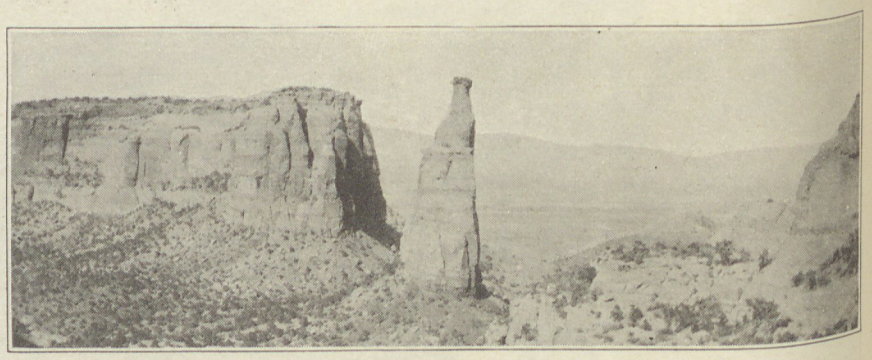
Since Otto became the sole inhabitant of the gulch he has done even more than to build trails. He has succeeded in interesting the Department of the Interior in the protection of the wonderland from the inroads of tourists and souvenir seekers. Signs have been posted throughout the region warning visitors against carrying firearms, taking away flowers or cutting Yule trees within its boundaries. Moreover, he enforces the rules gently, but persistently and takes care to see that visitors do not disturb the animals.

Monument Cañon is the most gorgeous and colorful of all the western monuments and is situated within eight miles of the city of Grand Junction. The rocky escarpment of the monument in the form of a rimrock rising to a height of nearly 2,000 feet is slashed here and there with deep cañons and abrupt gulches. The formation is chiefly in hues of red and pink, some flashily brilliant, others of a more dusky shade.

From the motor road through the sage-brush the Trail of the Serpent leads for a distance of a mile to Independence Rock, a huge monolith 700 feet high, 250 feet long and 100 feet wide at the base. Mr. Otto has installed steps by which this rock may be ascended but few ever achieve the top—less than a dozen have ever reached the crest.

The cañon extends back into the heart of Pinon Mesa, a deep gash in the earth's surface with many irregularities and amphitheaters where nature lovers may spend days exploring nooks never before visited by humans of the present day.

There are numerous monoliths besides Independence Monument which is the central projection above the floor of the cañon. Among these are the Washington, Lincoln and Garfield pillars, grotesquely magnificent rocks hewn by the mighty hands of nature. Moreover, there are caves, springs and other attractions in obscure spots not often visited by the passing tourist. Deer are numerous and during the winter hundreds of them come down into the sequestered depths of the cañon where they find freedom from the snow and cold which sweep the upper rim of the mesa.



Independence Monument and the Grand Valley from Monument Cañon, Colorado National Monument.

Things I Love—By Clarence Ousley

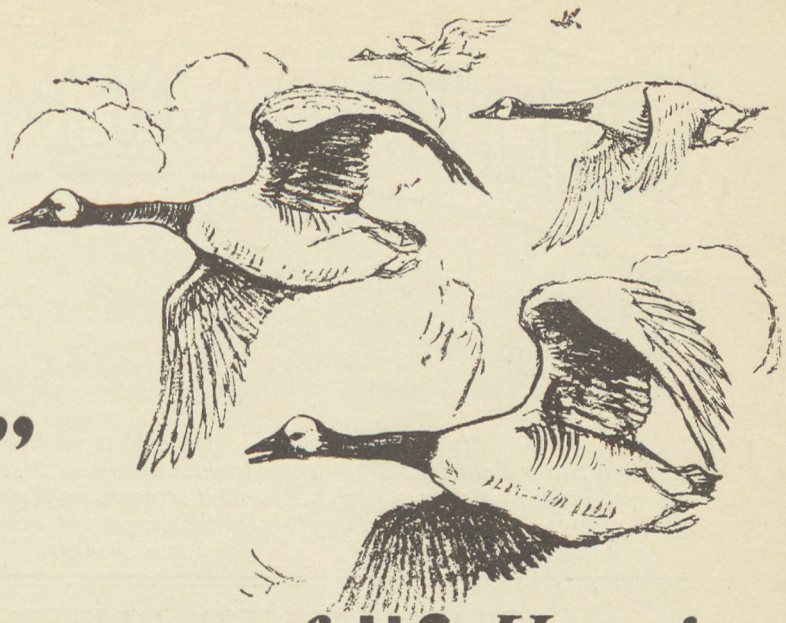
The break of day on a dewy hill,
The scent and moan of a pine,
The whirr of a quail, the flight of a duck,
And beside me she who is mine.

A tall old tree that battles storms
And cuddles nesting birds;
A valley of homes and harvest fields
And soft-eyed browsing herds.

The wind on the lake and a sheltered nook
Where a hungry bass lies snug.
The song of the reel, the feel of the strike
And the bend of the rod to the tug.

The spring of a horse between my legs
On the river road at night,
A whippoorwill, a dash of rain
And a sprint to the homing light.

"On Top of the World"



but in range of US Heavies

HERE'S the proper "medicine" for high-flying ducks and geese and other sky-scrapers . . . US Heavies. These powerful, long-range shells "fold 'em up" at unbelievable distances. With Ajax Heavies or Climax Heavies, you don't wait for the high-flyers to come down . . . you *bring* them down.

Ajax Heavies are "packed with the power of the thunderbolt." They give you added yards of effectiveness . . . added range that means a clean kill, instead of a clear miss, at long distances. Veteran gunners say that they have never seen a standard-length shell with a longer reach.

Climax Heavies are the "Ajax Heavies" of long-range loads in the moderate-price class. They're lightning-fast . . . loads of power that deliver a smashing pattern at extreme ranges.

At their price, it is difficult to find another shell of equal speed, reach and killing power.

Test US Heavies in your own gun . . . in your own way. You'll quickly see why these long-range shells mean better gunning and fewer empty game bags.

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General Selling Agents: National Lead Company, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia; Merchants Hardware Limited, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, and Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Ajax Heavies—*Black paper case; high, rugged brass base; progressive-burning, smokeless powder; 12, 16, and 20 gauges . . . "packed with the power of the thunderbolt."*

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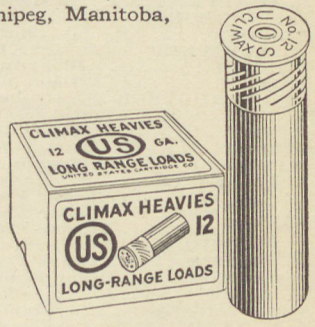
For general use in the field, for trap and Skeet shooting, the US Line offers you two good shells . . . two *mighty good* shells as follows:

Climax—A stalwart, medium-priced shell for all-round use. Bulk or dense smokeless powder. All gauges including .410 . . . and as reliable as an old hunting dog.

Defiance—A high-grade, smokeless shell at a low price. 12, 16 and 20 gauges . . . loads for Skeet, trap and field use. The shell they're all shooting.



Climax Heavies—*Red paper case; generous brass base; progressive-burning, smokeless powder; 10, 12, 16, 20, and .410 gauges (with choice of Oval, Herco or D-X in 12 gauge).*

US SHOT-SHELLS

A load for every purpose—A shell for every purse

AS special marks of distinction in the great "Do and Grow" program, which it has undertaken, the League is awarding a Silver Founder's Button (the highest award in Waltonism) to those who organize new chapters, and special silver and bronze watch fobs, designed for this occasion, to those who get five or ten new members. On this page of OUTDOOR AMERICA, *our magazine, are printed the names of those who qualify for one or more of these distinguished service badges.*

THE "SILVER BUTTON CIRCLE"

HERE ARE THE ELECT IN WALTONISM. EACH HAS FOUNDED A NEW CHAPTER

D. A. BURSON.....Fayetteville, Ark.
G. B. WAKELEY.....Harvard, Ill.
OMAR PIPER.....Sesser, Ill.
J. C. MARTIN.....Morgan City, La.
FRED WADELL.....Marcellus, Mich.
WM. PERRIN.....Marcellus, Mich.
H. J. SUNDERLAND.....Midland, Mich.
J. E. HOY.....Midland, Mich.
LEW CONLEY.....Kilkenny, Minn.
WARD COSGROVE.....Lindsay, Nebr.
C. W. GRISWOLD.....Wolcott, N. Y.
E. L. INMAN.....Clyde, N. Y.
MISS ELIZABETH PHELPS.....North Bay, N. Y.
G. A. NICOLL.....New Bern, N. C.
JOS. A. GRAY.....Welling, Okla.

W. I. LACEY.....Anadarko, Okla.
E. J. RIMBY.....Cheyenne, Okla.
WM. M. CHRISTIE.....Arnett, Okla.
FRED RIBELIN.....Shattuck, Okla.
E. C. HUDDLESTON.....Forgan, Okla.
C. B. VOILES.....Hooker, Okla.
D. D. COULSON.....Newberg, Ore.
F. M. PAINTER.....Marshfield, Ore.
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H. G. HAWKINS.....Rogersville, Tenn.
C. S. JOHNSON.....Lebanon, Wash.
J. QUINLAN.....Montesano, Wis.
JUDGE G. H. CROWNS.....Kewaunee, Wis.
DALE COX.....Hazel Green,

ROLL OF THE "MERIT MEN"

Those who have been awarded the Silver Fob for obtaining ten new members are shown in black type. The others have earned the Bronze Fob by turning in five new members.

E. H. NETT.....San Bernardino, Cal.
H. W. ISBESTER.....Pueblo, Colo.
R. O. SCHUPE.....La Junta, Colo.
W. E. ORNDORFF.....Mattoon, Ill.
R. ELLIOTT.....Mattoon, Ill.
R. G. SCHIVEER.....Crete, Ill.
W. HENSEL.....Bloomington, Ill.
W. SHEWE.....Bloomington, Ill.
L. NEADERHOUSER.....Berne, Ind.
G. V. GREEN.....South Whitley, Ind.
G. P. BAKER.....South Whitley, Ind.
G. O. RODMAN.....New Albany, Ind.
P. MITCHELL.....Maquoketa, Iowa
E. A. HANEY (12).....Manson, Iowa
COLE.....Cedar Falls, Iowa
W. W. COOMBS.....Cedar Falls, Iowa
J. SMITH (13).....Cedar Falls, Iowa
C. J. BISHOP.....Cedar Falls, Iowa
W. L. MARCH.....Cedar Falls, Iowa
R. CORNING.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
T. V. ADAMS.....Sedan, Kans.
C. SCHUMACKER.....Claplin, Kans.
N. F. WINTER (14).....Agawam, Mass.

R. A. VAN ALSTYNE.....
.....Great Barrington, Mass.
T. L. STORY (6).....South Bridge, Mass.
F. H. WRIGHT.....
.....Great Barrington, Mass.
A. E. JOHNSON.....Plymouth, Mass.
W. W. EMMERTON (27).....Nevada, Mo.
W. C. LIESER.....St. Louis, Mo.
H. J. SUNDERLAND.....Midland, Mich.
A. E. ANDERSON.....Duluth, Minn.
H. E. BOWERS.....Benson, Minn.
G. NARDIN.....Mora, Minn.
J. OLSON (25).....Norfolk, Neb.
G. H. NICHOLS (14).....Norfolk, Neb.
F. S. GATENBY (33).....Norfolk, Neb.
W. F. CHAMBERS (21).....Norfolk, Neb.
E. COX.....South Omaha, Neb.
A. L. FAHRENHOLZ.....Talmage, Neb.
DR. L. C. JOHNSON (6).....Norfolk, Neb.
T. A. BECK (6).....Norfolk, Neb.
B. McCRALKEN.....Norfolk, Neb.
C. E. BENDORF (13).....Camden, N. J.
W. F. HOWELL.....Freehold, N. J.

F. PUFFER.....Inlet, N. Y.
G. A. KENWELL.....Inlet, N. Y.
H. MANN.....Clyde, N. Y.
D. A. EATON.....Newark, N. Y.
A. H. GORDON.....Clyde, N. Y.
L. NARDI.....Kingston, N. Y.
A. E. SAUSTER.....Clyde, N. Y.
C. L. HALFORD.....Salamanca, N. Y.
R. PRESTINE.....Lancaster, N. H.
G. HIGHT (15).....Weare, N. C.
F. A. MUTZBERG (12).Fort Bragg,
DR. A. C. HIRSHFIELD.....
.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
C. C. COPELAND.....Cordell, Okla.
F. E. WELKER...Oklahoma City, Okla.
H. T. WHEELER.....Custer City, Okla.
W. H. THOMAS.....Beaver, Okla.
B. F. MARKLAND.....Buymon, Okla.
I. W. DUWALL.....Laverne, Ohio
C. E. ANDERSON (13).....Alliance, Ohio
C. L. ECKLE.....Quinton, Okla.
G. F. SCOTT.....Baltimore, Ohio
C. L. SHEELY.....Spokane, Wash.

Attention Waltonians and Good Americans

Again—comes the opportunity to help this great cause of conservation.

You gave during the great war, and necessary though it was the price of victory was blood destruction and death.

Give now!—No such a price but simply a bit of time and effort. Help Waltonism whose victories bring joy not grief—beauty not wreck—life and plenty not death and want.

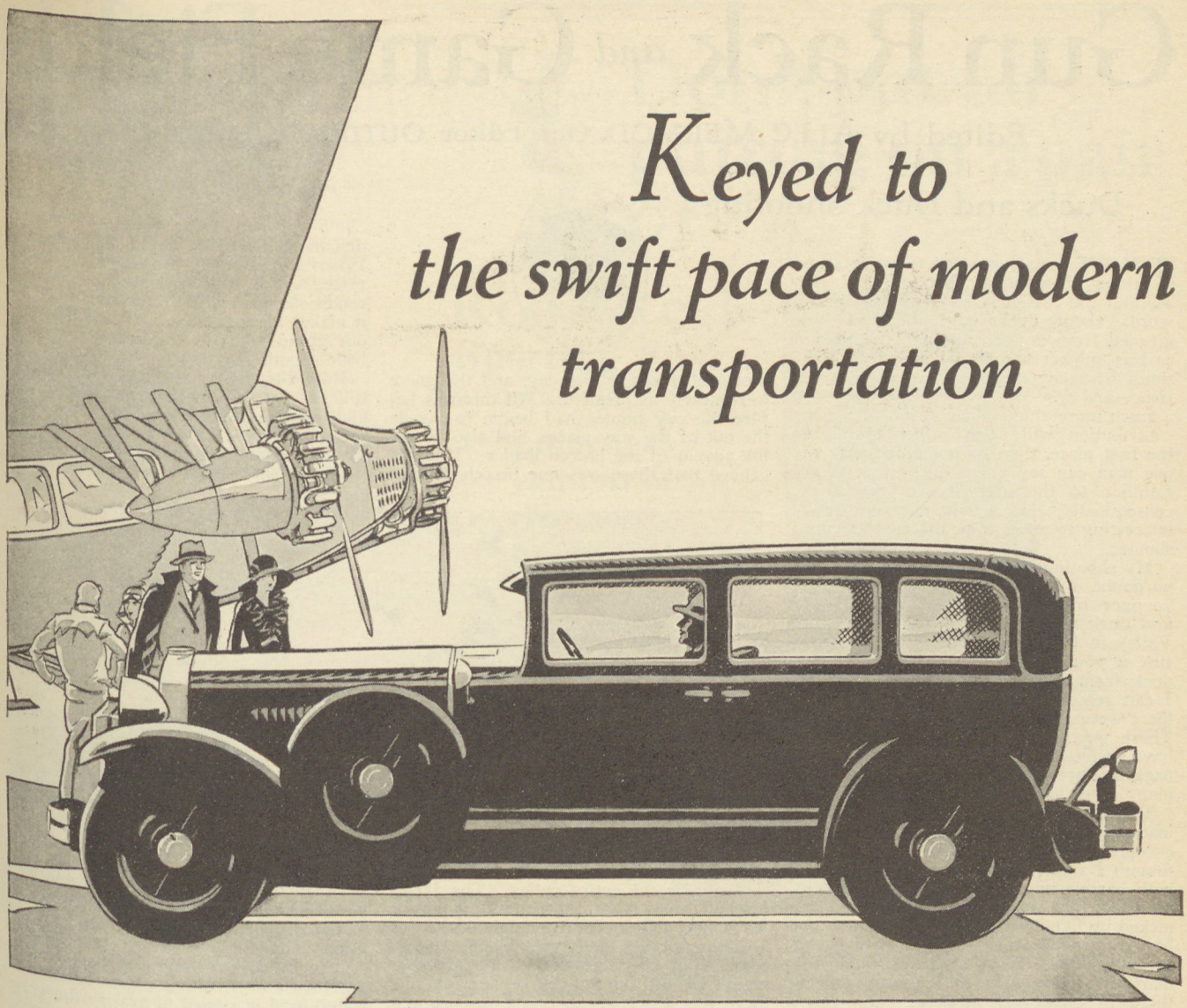
Conservation—especially creative conservation, the Waltonian brand—aims to rebuild—to set our people to work to increase the supply of those natural treasures man has depleted but needs so he may continue to live, prosper and enjoy life.

For four hundred years all men have been wasting our store of nature. To overcome this great destruction before too late will require the interest, support and actual effort of an awakened America and a great Waltonian army.

This is an appeal to each right thinking member and all red blooded Americans.

HELP THIS LEAGUE GROW SO IT MAY SERVE YOU BETTER!

Some Waltonians have added hundreds of members, won't YOU add ten—five—or at least some members every month to help attain our 1928 goal which is an increase of 50,000 members by December 31st.



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HUPMOBILE
1929 CENTURY
SIX AND EIGHT

Gun Rack and Game Fields

Edited by ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Ducks and Duck Shooting

I HAVE been requested to write something about duck shooting, and now that the season is on, I will say a few words about ducks and duck shooting gleaned from my personal experiences, but as this subject has been handled so many times by men who have had more experience and who can express themselves in a much more able manner, I am afraid my contribution will seem rather tame. In the first place, there is not much that any one man can say about ducks that is not familiar to the majority of sportsmen; consequently, this article may not prove interesting to any except the inexperienced shooter.

My shooting extends back 50 years, and, no doubt, I have had experiences that the younger hunters have not enjoyed. My first duck shooting was in the Sacramento Valley in California in 1875, when I was just a youngster, and did not know one duck from another, though as I look back I can remember that among the number there were Mallards, Spoon Bills, and Teal. There were several other varieties but I have no idea what they were. I must have bagged, during my stay in the valley, as many as eight different kinds.

My gun was an old wornout muzzle loader, about 14 gauge, and with very few exceptions I killed my ducks "on the sit," though I recall one instance where I fired both barrels into a flock of about a thousand teal that were flying into a marsh. I picked up five ducks and thought I was the best shot in the world. Never have I seen as many ducks in one flight, except in the marshes of Louisiana, as I used to see out there in California in those early days. There were days when the sky would be darkened by the immense flocks of ducks. I do not believe I am exaggerating when I say that I have seen as many as a hundred thousand ducks in one day, and the geese were nearly as plentiful. All this was before the city hunter had begun to invade the out of the way places, and also before the advent of the breech loader. I do not believe that there was one breech loading shot gun in the entire valley. The farmers and small town hunters would go out for a half day and kill enough ducks for a dozen families, and when every one became tired of a duck diet the shooters would lay off for a week or two. While there was a demand in San Francisco and Sacramento for game, which at that time was sold in the open market, the market hunter need go only a short distance from either city to get all the birds the city demanded. Ducks could be bought in Frisco for 10c each, 25c was about the top price. As I look back and compare the conditions then with those existing today it makes me heartsick, and I wonder what our grandchildren's children will do for a little shooting.

Notwithstanding the fact that dreadful toll has been taken by the market hunter, and through the introduction of the deadly magazine guns, we cannot lay the entire blame to these conditions. The fault lies with our shortsighted government officials who sanction the draining of swamp lands by the land promoters, some honest but many dishonest, with only one idea in mind, *"Dollars."*

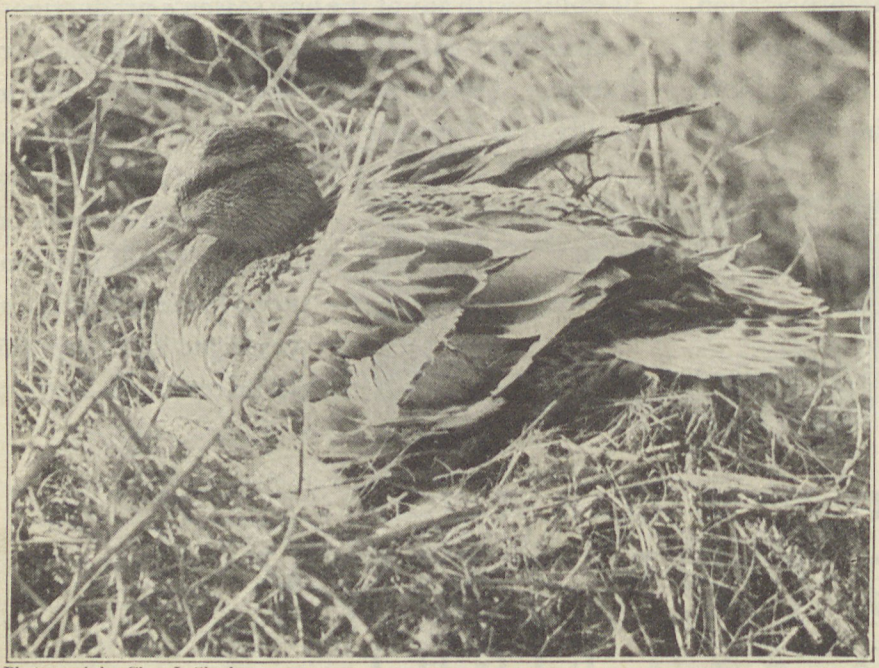
Just Leaving or Just Coming In?

A large tract of land and water, affording food and a resting place for our wild water fowl is ruined to gratify the grasping desires of some thoughtless or dishonest promoter who sells his sour land to some unsuspecting, would-be farmer, who, after a year or two, discovers he is out of luck trying to raise a crop on a piece of ground the Lord intended should be a perpetual game refuge.

Due, very largely, to the efforts of the Izaak Walton League, our government has just begun to wake up, and some thought is being given to the protection of our wild life, and some one now thinks twice before sanctioning a big drainage project. By conservation and propagation we *can* restore many of our upland game birds, but, unless drastic steps are taken to preserve feeding and resting waters, our migratory birds are doomed. (I refer to the water fowl.) Ducks are more persistently hunted by more men than any other game bird, and since the practice of baiting has been popular, more ducks are being killed than would be possible were the shooting confined to natural feeding places.

This baiting originated with the duck shooting clubs in the West, where the water was collected in artificial lakes, which contained no natural food. This idea gradually worked East, and now has been adopted by nearly all the duck shooting clubs in the Central States. Many farmers living near the Illinois and Sangamon Rivers in Illinois have obtained nearly as much money from the duck shooters as they have on their farm products.

A man owning a hundred acres will dig out a few holes about 40 feet square, allow



Photograph by Chas. L. Sheeley.

Wild Mallard on Nest.

these holes to fill with water from the natural drainage, or else pump in the water as needed, and a pen for live decoys is placed at each one of these holes, a comfortable blind is also established, and as soon as the flight is on from the North the feeding commences, then, when the ducks have become familiar with these man-made feeding places the shooting begins.

These farmers charge from $10.00 to $15.00 a day per man.

The shooter does not have to bother with waders or even short boots, for he sits in a comfortable blind built on dry ground, and, when the flight is on in full force, an ordinary shot can get his limit in an hour.

As the ducks are so plentiful, a great many hunters make a practice of shooting only the male mallards, thus prolonging their shooting. Personally, I do not favor this practice, for, if it is kept up to any extent, we will have a surplus of hens, and not enough drakes to go round.

The shots should be taken as they come, regardless of sex.

I do not care for the shooting in these baited holes, as I much prefer the natural feeding places, where the food consists of smart weed, acorns and chinkapins. First, because I like to match my wits against the ducks, and next because the duck feeding constantly on corn soon loses that game flavor.

When living in Colorado, I was an invited guest, on several occasions, of an exclusive shooting club near Denver, and while I enjoyed the shooting from a perfectly dry blind, I did not derive the pleasure experienced when shooting from a hastily thrown up blind on a natural body of water, where the ducks come in just fast enough to keep a man from being bored. The club near Denver allowed shooting only one day a week, and from sun-up till eleven o'clock, so the place was never burnt out. A record was kept of each day's kill, designating the number and variety bagged by each shooter.

I killed very few Mallards at this resort, but a great many Gadwall, Widgeon and Golden Eye. I believe the most enjoyable duck shooting I ever experienced was in the famous San Luis Valley in Colorado, for the conditions were ideal. Just enough work and hardship to make it interesting.

I recall two afternoons' shooting on the Star Ranch, where there was a chain of lakes close to the foothills. These lakes contained plenty of feed, and were dotted with muskrat houses.

The ducks started moving each afternoon at 4:30 and the flight lasted about an hour, as they were going from their feeding grounds to their roosts.

On the first day I posted myself against a rat house, and for 30 minutes had the best shooting of my life. The ducks would come sailing by at terrific speed, and I missed more than I killed, but that only added to the zest of the sport, for when I did stop one of these swift fliers I felt I had done something.

Mallard, Gadwall, Widgeon and Teal kept up a continuous stream, coming so close together that I did not have time to load my gun to get in a shot at every bunch.

There was one drawback, and that was I was losing too many cripples, for there was quite a bit of vegetation in this lake, so the next day I rigged up a makeshift blind of soap weed on a patch of bare ground at the far end of this lake, and had no more trouble, for the ducks fell immediately in front of me or else on this bare ground so that I lost no more cripples.

I enjoy this pass shooting much more than that over decoys, for every duck is in full flight and all shots are difficult.

Don't put off putting on a pair *of*

'Rod and Reel' Sporting Boot

The "OZARK RIPLEY" Model

Enjoy real comfort on that next hunting trip

Ounces lighter than ordinary boots because correct design eliminates all excess rubber without sacrificing long wear.

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Converse-made footwear includes leather and duck tops to suit the weather and the occasion. Ask to see "Chinook" the rubber hunting pac. If your dealer cannot show you Big "C" Footwear, write our nearest office.

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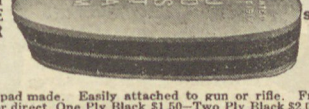

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In the excitement of the day's shooting, you pay little attention to the drizzle that soaks your valuable gun—and you!

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Dept. 314, Richmond, Va.

The easiest shooting I ever had was in New Mexico, and it was there that I killed the greatest variety.

In one day I bagged Mallards, Widgeon, Red Head, Spoonbill, Pintail, Blue Wing, Green Wing and Cinnamon Teal, Golden Eye, and Butter Ball and a very small chunky duck with a robin colored breast, that the natives called Ruddy duck. I have never seen this duck anywhere else nor have I seen it described in any work on natural history.

The Cinnamon Teal breeds in Western U. S. and is seldom seen further East than close to the eastern slope of the Rockies. I have killed a few in Colorado and West Texas, and they were very abundant in New Mexico along the Rio Pecos and Black River.

The Cinnamon is a bit larger than either the Green or the Blue Wing, and the drake is a handsome chap with the head, neck and breast a bright cinnamon color, with wings similar to the Blue Wing. The female Cinnamon is quite like the female Blue Wing, though the feathers of the underpart are quite a bit darker.

In the early fall of 1892, while on a fishing trip at Cottonwood Lake, I killed a drake that was absolutely unfamiliar to me, as I had never seen or even heard of such a duck. Afterwards, looking it up in a work on natural history, I found it listed as Harlequin. The markings, as I remember, were very distinctive, head was dark with a white half moon shape spot in front of eyes and another white spot behind the eye. The back was a slaty blue with white markings.

I was not enough of a taxidermist to prepare this skin for mounting, and was too far from any town where the work might have been done properly. I did skin the duck as well as I could, but when we broke camp it was left behind.

That was the only duck of this species I have ever seen, nor have I run across any shooter who has killed a Harlequin.

More Duck Philosophy

By H. Victor Hart

THE article, "Duck Philosophy," by Kenneth Reed, in your issue of June, 1928, may be either fact or fiction, but to an old timer, like myself, who has shot ducks for many years on lakes, marsh and rivers of the great mallard country, it sounds to me as though "Clint Moran" is a hero in real life.

Looking back over the years I can readily call to mind all of Mr. Reed's characters and actors in their various scenes: the "gang" around the red-hot woodstove on a cold blustering night recounting their experiences with red-head, canvas-back, mallard, sprig, teal, widgeon, and what-not—all of these to the manner born, duck hunters all!

To them, the redding sky and the whir of wings is an oft told tale: the crash of Ballestite and the thud of feathered bodies is an old, old story.

And the fellow, too, with a five-shot automatic, who always picks "five" out of a bunch—and gets 'em!

I've seen 'em also—and heard 'em, too! And, in all my shooting—and for the last twenty years, I also, used an automatic, and precious few times have I ever picked "five" out of a bunch! I have also seen "Clint" "cheerful beginner," with his nice,

shiny, spick-and-span hunting coat, hip waders, nicely blued twelve gauge, and miraculous duck-call—at the sound of which I have seen mallards speed up from sixty to six hundred miles an hour—getting away!

When I was a youngster I also had a duck "caller" and was a past-master in scaring 'em away, but later on I became an adept "caller" without recourse to the manufactured product, and have had the pleasurable thrill of seeing thousands of ducks coming in to my gun—and it is a thrill, too, to see a flock of ducks a half mile away, swing to your call and seek out your blind with many a swing and circle, with the final bowed wings, and then—roast duck!

And the "Killer"—I have seen him many, many times—never mind the "limit."

If the ducks are flying, shoot till the shells are gone!

Twenty-five, fifty, one hundred and fifty! And I do not claim clean skirts.

Forty years ago, my father, an ardent sportsman, and I—then a boy—spent two falls in Northwest Minnesota and Dakota the "Duck-Heaven" of America, and it was then not at all unusual for the two of us to kill one hundred and fifty ducks for a full day's shoot.

Well, that's a by-gone day—and, happily too, for, as time grew apace, we began to realize that the crime of "slaughter" was a "crime," and governed ourselves accordingly.

Twenty years ago, the writer began to agitate the question of protection for migrating birds and especially the abolition of "Spring Shooting" as being the only salvation for the preservation of Wild-fowl and has been most happy to see this becoming a National Law, with a consequent vast increase in the number of ducks encountered in their fall migration southward so that our boys of today who love the Great Outdoors, can almost have the same sport with the feathered tribe as their dads had thirty years ago.

Every time ONE hen mallard goes North in the spring, EIGHT more Mallards come down in the fall, and conversely, every time one hen mallard is killed in her northward spring flight, when she is mating, then it naturally follows, that NINE *less* ducks come down in the fall.

Protection-Conservation, therefore, is our clarion call.

The Rifle Club,
% Outdoor America,
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Please send me information on organizing a gun club. I am interested in rifle and revolver shooting. . . . .
Skeet and trap shooting. . . . .
(check in which you are interested.)

Due to "vacation days" we go to press this month without the Scientific Angling department. Look for it in extra large measure in November.

Editor.

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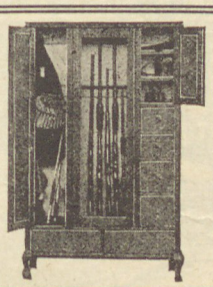

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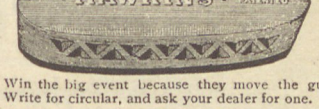

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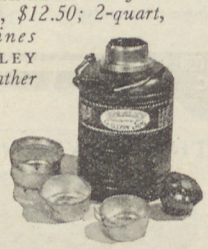

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A Cottontail Tale

By ROSCOE C. KAERCHER

Drawings by Ralph K. Hilson

THE hunting of big game and birds with either gun or camera seems to be the most popular hunting topic for writers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. In justice, therefore, to one little quadruped, quite neglected in that respect, this article will be devoted.

When winter skies have lowered, and the last mallard has reluctantly left the corn fields and little open spaces of water in the Big Lake, where is the sportsman who has not enjoyed the most invigorating and thrilling pastime of hunting the meek cottontail? And who of us, dreaming by the fireplace on a stormy night in winter, cannot bring back fond memories of the rabbit hunts we have had?

Personally, my favorite sport is duck hunting, very natural, of course, on account of living in the famous duck country of Western Minnesota, and following that sport since the time 25 years or more gone by when my first gun, a single barrel shot gun was acquired in a trade for an old watch. During the duck season mention of rabbit hunting brings very little enthusiasm and the sport looks tame. But when the ducks are gone and the first blanket of snow falls, the old longing for a tramp after Mr. Bunny returns and away we go.

One hunting pal suffices for a real good time and more actual fun and friendly rivalry follow than with a large party on a drive. Snow pacs laced on, a snack of lunch in our pocket and away we tramp, my pal and I, to the Minnesota River bottoms, or along the wooded and brushy ravines of Big Stone Lake, to the haunts of Bunny, the little game animal who has cost many a good shell and furnished winter sport for so many winter weary hunters.

As we shuffle our way along through the soft snow, down a dried up run, tramping on each likely bunch of grass and brush pile, we are pleased to find that no other hunters have preceded us. The snow lays deep, marked only by rabbit and pheasant tracks and we know that we are on promising ground. The day is lovely, and the quiet of the woods unbroken except for the occasional harsh cry of the blue jay, and we enjoy the exhilaration of spirit and peace of mind that comes only to the lover of nature and those favored mortals who are possessed of "that something" in their natures, perhaps better defined as the sportsman's instinct.

Reminiscences are exchanged. Hunting incidents of ten or twenty years ago are discussed. Of those times not so long back, before the timber was thinned and when the bottoms were more brushy, we enjoyed quail shooting on these very grounds. Grounds that now only occasionally hear the call of the Bob White.

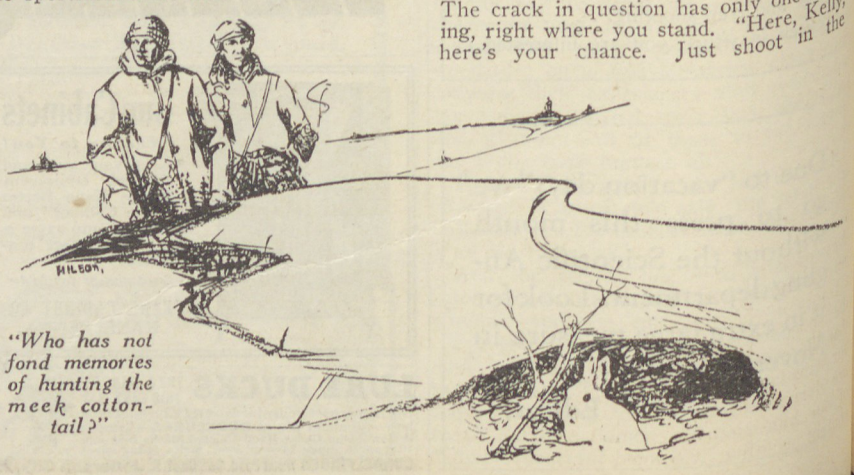
We have had a wonderful chance at an old rooster pheasant, which, flushed from under our very feet, nearly startled us out of our boots as he zoomed his way over the brush like a miniature aeroplane, but we master our temptation, remembering that the season is closed on this wonderful bird, and resume our hunt. We are after rabbits.

Our tramp down the dry run has been unsuccessful so far as game is concerned, and coming out of the run at its junction with the Minnesota River, still open except for its shelves of frozen shore line, we recall that we have "walked a mile" and pause for enjoyment of a nationally advertised smoke, and remember the time when under like circumstances we would quench our thirst in the clean waters of this historic river, now polluted with untreated sewerage from the city at its source. We satisfy ourselves with a mouthful of clean snow and changing our course follow the uncultivated margin of ground around an abandoned stone quarry.

We are approaching some cover that should yield rabbits. A bet is on for the first miss or kill, with the rule to be religiously followed, that no rabbit is to be shot "on the set." Tramp we go through the snow with fresh tracks to speculate on. Are they fresh tracks? How many rabbits does it take to make so many tracks? Bang! Partner jumps a rabbit and misses. Nasty remarks about ammunition and insinuating questions such as "Waiting for him to stop, Kelly?"

Kelly explains nothing, but remarks that another rabbit would be committing suicide by jumping within range, and something about the next rabbit he saw would be spared the trials of a hard winter, and so on.

And then, after more tramping and the discovery of the fact that your knees are getting wet from the deep snow, you and partner Kelly come to a big rock, about the size of a hay stack. And chancing to look into a deep crack in the rock you discover a cottontail, snug and warm in his nest. The crack in question has only one opening, right where you stand. "Here, Kelly, here's your chance. Just shoot in the



"Who has not fond memories of hunting the meek cottontail?"

crack. You can't miss him." Your pal Kelly, who is actually conceded to be a crack shot on chickens and pheasants, mutters words to the effect that if you poke the rabbit out with a stick, he will show you exactly how rabbits should be shot. A long willow is cut and the poking process begins. "Here he comes, Kelly." And there he goes. Into an open field, and the mighty Kelly strikes out. Five times he blazes away yet the frightened quarry scurries to safety under a neighboring rock pile.

Poor Kelly! And to make life more unpleasant you call him up on the phone that night, after you feel sure he is in bed and seriously inform him that there is a cottontail rabbit sitting out by Sampson's pasture gate and would he just as soon go out with his gun and "spare it the trials of a hard winter."

In recounting the tale to your friends of brother Kelly, you, of course, make no mention of the fact that you didn't have such good luck yourself that day, and you do not boast about the fact that you added to the income of the cartridge makers by your own poorly placed shots.

What lover of the great outdoors has not had similar experiences? Episodes in our lives as hunters that often bring back pleasant memories that no power on earth save loss of reason can steal away from us.

And on another, a very recent rabbit hunting trip, really the inspiration for this, the writer's first offense as an author, comes the opportunity of satisfying to a greater degree, the faith of your little eight year old daughter, that you are the best hunter in the whole wide world. To be exact, on a beautiful Thanksgiving day afternoon, you decide to better your time and ease the distress caused by too much "turkey and stuffing," by a trip through the brush after rabbits. Your little daughter bids you goodbye and asks you to bring her a rabbit. A real live one. You lightly promise to try, and she is satisfied you will. Whereupon you forget all about it until in the course of your sport you spy a cottontail under an overhanging rock on the side of a bank. Your first impulse is to call to your pal to be ready to shoot. Then you remember that the rabbits are lying close that day. The snow is heavy and the day is warm. And you recall the little girl's request and your promise. Cautiously you approach the rock and decide that it can be done. You are within grabbing distance and you grab. Joy of joys, you have him. Alive and unhurt. You already have eight dead rabbits for the afternoon's sport, (never mind who shot the most of them), so you decide to call it a day and hurry along home with your game.

"Oh, Daddy! Daddy! I knew you would bring me a bunny." Then after allowing the little girl to hold and stroke the frightened little fellow, and hearing her ask if it is not "Uncle Wiggily" himself, you persuade her to give it its freedom so that he can go back to "Mrs. Wiggily." Who can say that such a day was not well spent, and where is the man who has not had his business cares lightened by such experiences?

It is in the hope and belief that this article, on behalf of the meek little cottontail, will awaken memories of similar incidents which must have happened in the lives of all sportsmen who are readers hereof, and inspire them to sally forth for a tramp in the woods and fields to enjoy the sport herein described, remembering that the size of the bag brought home on our trips counts less than the actual pleasure derived in the hunt, the association of our hunting partners and the joy and contentment that it brings.

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Memories of a Quail Hunter

(Continued from page 27)

shooting grounds. A blizzard had struck the country and frozen hard all the waters and the wary air voyageurs had whipped through to Dixie without stopping. Still, according to a statistician who was very versatile in compiling quail statistics, announcement was made that every duck hunter had slaughtered twenty-five birds!

During early days quail shooting visitors were wont to drop in on me to guide them. The easterner came without notice in advance and thought the payment of a daily salary was the only necessary card of introduction. One night a middle-aged chap arrived from the East with a tremendously glorious outfit and announced that he was going hunting with me. That night, according to his narrative, I learned that he had shot everywhere on this hemisphere. If the number of guns he had brought was the measure of attesting the performance, he had it in abundance. He told me what a great shot he was and emphasized it by the startling announcement that he had never missed a bird. For plenitude and miscellany, his shooting goods defied enumeration and description.

The morning he presented himself at table for breakfast preparatory to the hunt, I had to pinch myself to distinguish for what he was so strangely sartorially decorated. A bright gray silk vest, with big silver buttons, confined his heroic chest. A fine tan leather coat covering this showed bright scarlet outer trimmings all around. Then came trousers, while his feet were encased in a pair of high-topped, polished russet boots, made somewhat akin to the riding kind but with soles and heels to facilitate walking. A broad red stock almost hid his pink shirt and soft negligee collar of the same color. A little green hat he carried jauntily in one hand and the tall black feather in it somehow gave me not the least clue to the wherefore of his arrangements or why he had so generously waxed his tiny blond mustache, which was undiscernible unless you were quite close to him.

I was on the point of asking him who he was and where he was going when the egregious apparition, grinning its self-esteem, asked me if I did not think he was togged out fine for the sport and hadn't I better hurry to dress? I "dress" for the sport, when, with a single exception, the dirty canvas trousers I wore were the only ones I possessed, and my tattered hunting coat persistently played the solitary role in my equipment.

I took a second look and had to bolt an entire Ozark pancake with lubricating sorghum molasses to choke down my violent tendency to laugh aloud. For, all the time, I was visualizing what would happen to this fantastic fashion plate of a sportsman when he got into the cockleburrs and the tangles of greenbriar.

Suffice to say that my visitor's shooting was not up to his powers of recital. We were in a big, open, timbered region known as Turkey Pen Hollow where bevy after bevy was found by the dogs. Somehow, nothing was right for the visiting hunter. The birds got up too quickly for him, I thought, as his safety was never in the right notch, or he fired after they were a hundred yards away. Politeness forbade me to give him advice and I let him go his own way, to perdition, mentally I added, for he was giving me the princely sum of two and a half dollars a day.

One of my dogs, a big, indifferent performing pointer, snapped into point, I thought, on a single far to my left. I told my beautiful companion to go after it, which he did, in great haste. But the dog crowded in, flushed the bird, then, to my surprise, roaded into a running bevy near some second growth black gums. They were very young birds, flushed wild and, as sometimes happens early in the season or when snow is on the ground, flew into a low tree. Then I was treated to the sight of my life. That great hunter dropped to one knee, as they do in the movies, sighted along the barrel for at least two minutes and then fired!

Simultaneously I heard my amazing hunting friend shout with all his might, as he ran and picked up a dead quail: "Hurrah! Wasn't that a beautiful shot?"

I dropped on my stomach and then rolled ten feet in a fit of hysterical laughter.

Continued in November

Fish—and More Fish

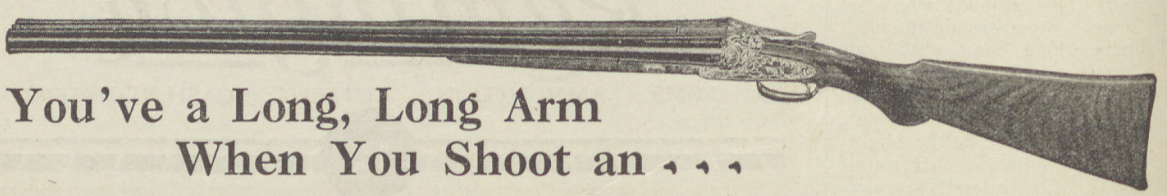
(Continued from page 39)

A striking, but less well known feature of the present situation, is our lack of knowledge concerning the life and habits of fish. Thanks to the work of Jordan, Gilbert, Evermann, Dean and others, something is known of the structure, distribution, and relationship of fishes, but fish physiology and psychology are almost untouched fields. Yet effective plans for raising, feeding, or handling fish must be based on the knowledge obtained in just such studies. The Bureau badly needs men and money for research. For this work the provisions of the White Bill are sadly inadequate, and yet they form the first step in the right direction. Of particular worth are the fisheries laboratories proposed for the state of Washington and for Alaska. Already 45% of our supply of fish food comes from Alaska and the Pacific Coast. It is of the greatest importance for the future that this splendid natural resource be protected and developed along safe lines.

It may be timely to comment on the fact that perhaps by lack of seeming necessity or for other reasons the United States has lagged behind other prominent nations in the world in the amount and character of the work done for the improvement and maintenance of its fisheries. Fish cultural stations are frequent and well manned in continental Europe. The training of men for such work is an established function of institutions of higher learning.

The use of fish as food is more general unquestionably in Europe than in our own country and the attention paid to the industry has been of significant value to the people at large in maintaining a relatively abundant food supply of high value at extremely reasonable prices

The White Five Year Fisheries program was passed by Congress during the closing days of the last session, but President Coolidge was compelled to give it the "pocket veto" because the plan was submitted too late to provide necessary funds in any of the appropriation measures. It will be introduced early in the next session, *and should be passed without delay.* It is a constructive five year plan instead of the old obsolete hit-or-miss method.



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Haunted Ducks

(Continued from page 15)

We met at the edge of the marsh and I gave him my coat which he promptly put on and feeling in the pockets asked, "Where's the ducks?"

"Well," I confessed, "the darn birds seemed awful hard to hit down in the Greathead. Lots of 'em there, but I just couldn't seem to connect with 'em."

"Huh," he boastfully answered, "I don't like that Godforsaken Greathead country, but if any canvasbacks on that lake come in range of my artillery we won't be eating hamburger for supper, believe me."

Not for many bags of gold would I have told him of the fears and thoughts that I harbored in my mind. Rather would I take an unmerciful razzing for being a bum shot than be kidded the rest of my life about spooks and hobgoblins.

So with his chest still extended he turned the car back over my tracks and I went out to the rat house where I picked up his dead ducks and donned his shooting coat.

In the next two hours I had about a dozen singles come in to me and succeeded in dropping nine of them. This in a measure restored some of my confidence but I was still far from being in a happy frame of mind when I saw the old car grinding up the edge of the marsh in the twilight.

After I had staggered in and unloaded the ducks in the back of the car John stepped out of the front seat and motioned for me to get in and drive. We had traveled nearly a mile in utter silence before I finally screwed up enough courage to ask the question which was uppermost in my mind. "Did you get any?"

His answer came in short sentences like gusts of wind through a broken window pane. "Don't understand it.—Darn place gives me the Willies.—Ducks all around me.—Kept shooting.—Couldn't hit a one. —Laughed in my face.—Wouldn't go back to that lousy place for a million."

They say an honest admission is good for the soul, so I poured out my tale of woe and strangely for once in his life, John didn't jeer at me.

After supper, like two small children who have been into mischief and feel that they must confess their sin, we both cornered Ben Yount, our host, and told him the entire story omitting none of the details, taking full blame for being rotten shots, but entreating him to prescribe some kind of treatment to put us out of our misery from the harrowing experience we had been through.

At the first part of the story he grinned and then a peculiar expression came over his face.

"Did you boys," he asked, "by chance take those two boxes of red 'Heavy Eastern Duck Loads' that lay over there in the cupboard?"

"Yes," I answered, "but we can't alibi the shells because we both killed ducks on the Wilson with them and killed 'em dead."

"Wait a minute," burst in John excitedly, "Remember you used those in the Greathead and then we changed coats at the rat house. Were those shells phony, Ben?"

"Oh, you poor devils," lamented Ben, "Elmer Johnson and Dan Whitney brought a lot of those heavy blank loads up here last year to fool the natives with. They sound and act like a real shell, but you guys never fired an ounce of lead at those ducks in the Greathead. Take a bunch of real ammunition with you tomorrow right down in the same place and you will have the shoot of a life time, 'ghosts or no ghosts.'"

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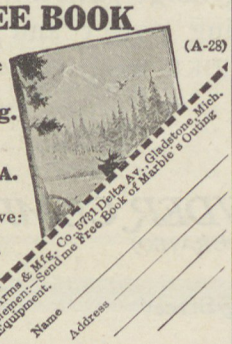
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Revolver Shooting

By BOB LIMBERT

The second of a series of twelve articles by Bob Limbert, one of the best and most famous revolver shots in the world.

Here is a man who speaks casually of the sights he uses in hitting common pins, glass beads, and pennies tossed in the air, cutting calling cards in two, splitting bullets on the blade of an axe, etc. Oh, boy, read and learn. EDITOR.

Revolver Sights and Sighting

REVOLVER sights as they are made today embrace a wide variety of styles and designs, many of which will not stand up under field conditions. The generally accepted idea of a proper set of sights is to have the smallest possible rear notch and a proportionately fine knife edged front sight.

It is my belief that the reason for this is that the manufacturer sends out his guns with a fine rear notch expecting the user to adjust things to his own particular needs and this he generally does by filing down the front sight until it will suitably center the notch for him.

The great trouble is that one is apt, after a few sighting shots at a stationary target, to select the wrong set of sights in preference to those which may be best for him. The main thing to be considered is that the sights be such as to be caught quickly by the eye, something impossible to do with a fine notched rear sight and a thin knife edged front sight.

During the past few years our revolver manufacturers, notably the Smith & Wesson and the Colts, are equipping the weapons with the coarse Patridge Sights. This is a step in the right direction if the purchaser of the gun would only carry out the manufacturers' idea and work the rear sight out until it properly suited his particular eyes. Most of these sights as sent out have a heavy coarse front sight and a rear sight of such a width that when the gun is extended and aimed, the front sight practically fills the rear notch from side to side. With this sighting arrangement good deliberate target shooting can be accomplished but it is utterly impractical to use in quick snap shooting, because it is almost impossible to line them up in the fractional part of a second allowed for so doing.

The sights most commonly in use are the common "Military Sight;" the "Paine Sights" designed by Chevalier Ira Paine, formerly a well known exhibition shooter; the "Patridge Sights," designed by E. E. Patridge of Boston, and the "Winans Front Sight," designed by Walter Winans, also a former exhibition shooter and recognized authority on revolvers and revolver shooting. The Winans front sight, as will be observed in the outline drawings has a notch at the extreme upper sight edge which is either straight or perpendicular or else slanting slightly forward as is preferred.

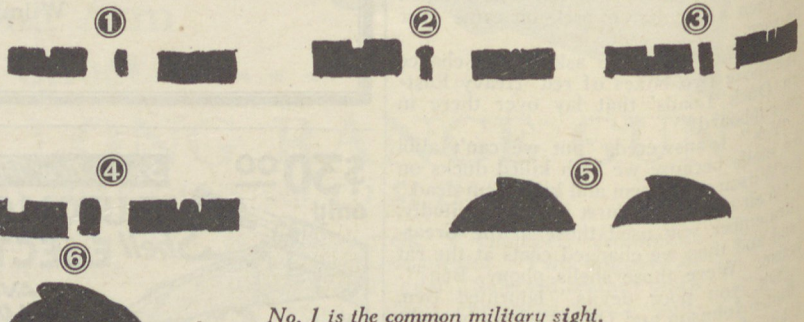
The sight combination which I prefer is the Winans front having the front edge slanting and a sort of a cross between the Patridge and the Paine sight for a rear sight except that it is much wider as is described herein.

Most people when they look through a set of coarse sights for the first time exclaim, "How can you hit anything with sights like that? I never could do it!" and so centered are they upon this belief that they won't even try.

The one thing which has always struck me as peculiar is that the manufacturers in making the same model of gun in the various calibers vary the sights almost as much as they do the caliber. Why this is done is beyond me. When a person is doing much shooting the changing from one size and style of sights in using guns of the same model in 22 and 38 calibers is very annoying to say the least.

If one will stop and think, it stands to reason that wide open and coarse sights are much easier to center quickly than fine ones. Nowhere is this more noticeable than in shooting at a tossed or moving object which only allows you a fraction of a second in which to shoot.

The sights which I use in all my shooting measure exactly 3/16 inch across for the front sight and 2/16 of an inch across for the rear sight. I have had people liken them to looking through a pair of double doors for a rear sight with a single door for a front sight. With this sight I do such shooting as hitting common pins, glass beads, and pennies tossed in the air;



No. 1 is the common military sight.

No. 2 is the Haines sight.

No. 3 is the Patridge sight.

No. 4 is the heavy coarse sights, exact size the same as I use.

No. 5 is the Winans front sight.

No. 6 is the front sight which I use. It is very similar to the Winans sight, except that it is a little heavier and the top of the sight has been slightly rounded so that it will not take a shaving of leather off my holsters every time it is drawn.

cutting calling cards in two; splitting bullets on the blade of an axe, etc. Shots which call for real accuracy.

Recently, while I was in Chicago, I was the guest of the Oak Park Revolver Club and during the evening several of the members in trying out my guns liked my sights so well they asked me to widen the rear notch on their guns. Happening to have a file along I did, with the result that there was a noticeable increase in the accuracy of their shooting. If I remember rightly there were fully a dozen or fifteen guns resighted that night with fully as many more shooters who said they were going to do likewise.

I am illustrating what I mean with outline drawings of several of the common types of revolver sights and also showing the style which I use and which for the want of a better name I am going to call for the first time the "Limbert Sight."

You will notice that the bottoms of the inside corners are slightly rounded and not square as they are in the Patridge sight. They are also shallower. This I find helps me in the quick centering of the front sight better than if the bottom were square across. In working on the front sight with a file there are a number of things to be remembered. For instance, the side of the sight away from the eye of the shooter wants to be concaved or beveled. This will make the outline of the rear sight *look clear and not fuzzy* as is often the case.

Remember, in filing sights, that it is easy to overdo the matter and very hard to rectify the matter once it is overdone. In other words, go easy, cautious and slow. Do not, under any circumstances, make the rear sight notch too deep or you will have trouble with a "fuzzy" or blurry aim, especially if the gun gets a little bit hot. Remember, filing at the bottom of your rear notch or raising your front sight makes you shoot lower and lowering your front sight either by filing or by means of adjusting screws makes you shoot higher. Filing on the side of your rear notch makes you shoot *towards* the side on which you filed. Do your work a trifle at a time and carefully. It is a good idea to put your gun in a vise clamped between two pieces of soft wood when doing this work. Be careful also that the filings do not fall down into the action.

There are several things to be borne in mind when sighting a gun which depend largely on what you are going to do with it. For instance, if it is for police work it is not good policy to have a front sight which comes up straight or overhangs the least bit towards the shooter, as many target sights do. I mention this because such a sight is apt to hang or catch in the clothing if the gun is drawn quickly. Neglect of this point cost a good many men their lives during the early days of the "Old West." It is all right, however, for use with a holster, but even then I round the tip top edge which faces me on the guns which I use for quick draw work, for the least catch or hang is fatal to shots of this kind.

The files to use for this work are a fine round jeweler's file and a fine square or straight sided jeweler's file. The common small round or square files sold commonly at hardware stores are worthless for this work. After you have done your filing by all means reblue your sights if it should happen in your filing that you have left some shiny filed places facing towards the rear. A number of fine blueing solutions are and have been advertised in this and other sporting magazines.

In working on your sights you should from time to time fire test shots, holding your gun at arm's length and shooting it exactly as you intend to use it in actual practice. If you don't believe this, take

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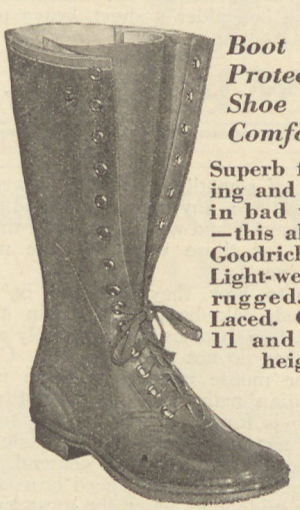

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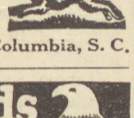

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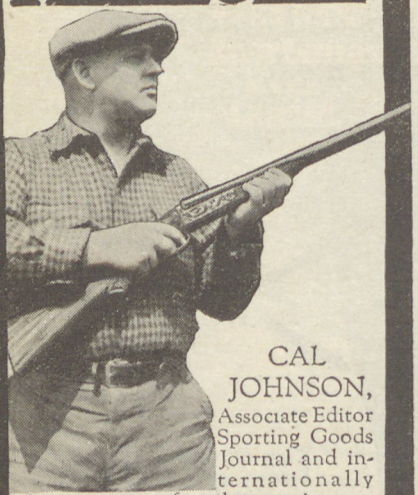

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your gun and holding the grip in both hands rest the muzzle on a shelf or projection of any kind, aim and fire it. You will be surprised to see that you will shoot at least three to four inches lower than what you do when you hold the gun with the arm extended. In other words in sighting in your gun use the same identical conditions you expect to use in field shooting. You will also find that in gripping the gun butt with two hands and extending it in front of you does not make the difference which you find in using a muzzle rest. I might also add that peep sights on a revolver are impractical both in use and in theory and on account of this they are barred from national matches.

My next article will deal with holsters and the various methods of "packing" a gun.

The Lunker

(Continued from page 21)

Up surged the Lunker in a welter of flying spray, shaking its great body in mid-air as a dog shakes off water.

The Lunker had smashed the hook out.

Tim waded ashore. His breath came short and tremulously. His hand shook as it released the tangled fly. "Golly!" he breathed, "what a fish!"

For many minutes Tim sat motionless, his thoughts—I know not what. But at length, as he sat there gazing at the pool with a strangely bright and wistful eye, he got to his feet and fished out of the water from among the branches of the leaning box alder a short, heavy pole that had a copper wire attached. It was the snare. And now, as Tim looked at the snare, his eye grew brighter, more wistful and eager.

It was a business-like manner in which Tim doubled the wire and made a noose at one end; in which, with the snare in his hand, he crawled out along the trunk of the box alder and lay down over the submerged boulder. An hour went by.

So intent was Tim on his business at hand that he knew nothing of Majors, who stood at the foot of the pool pondering the sight of Tim with a snare at the hangout of the Lunker. Majors saw Tim heave up on the heavy pole; saw, in the next instant, Tim slide into the pool; saw, in the next couple of moments, a wild commotion of splashed and flying water; and then saw Tim make his way to the shore of the pool with a vise-like grip on the under jaw of the Lunker.

"Well, Tim," Majors said, when he had overtaken the boy at some distance above the pool; "so—you've caught the Lunker."

"Yeah, I got him," Tim said simply.

"Why did you snare him, Tim?" Majors asked. "Him, the old Lunker!"

Tim started to speak, but his words were cut off by a roar—a heavy, thundering roar which shook the river. Majors started, and then said, with a curse:

"That was dynamite!"

"Yeah, that was dynamite," Tim echoed. He dropped the Lunker into the river and stood watching the big fish as it swam off.

"I reckon it was them—Pap and Joel," Tim went on. "They've blowed Deer Creek Pool. . . . But they didn't git the Lunker, Mr. Majors. Nossir! They didn't git him."

Isle Royale Moose Trails

(Continued from page 13)

favor of something midway between these figures. At any rate the island abounds with moose, and what a paradise they make of it for those who love the unspoiled wilderness.

As to how they came to be on this isolated, lake-bound island in the first place, two theories are commonly advanced and they do not differ greatly. Certain it is, the moose must have come from the Canadian mainland, the nearest point of which is fourteen miles distant, for moose were not originally native to Isle Royale.

There are those who contend the first pioneers of the island herd crossed on the ice in midwinter. For the most part, however, this belief is scouted. Moose yard up for the winter and do not move about to any extent while the snow is deep. Too, it is not often that the Lake Superior channel between the island and the mainland freezes solidly enough to permit the passage of even a dog across the ice.

Far more plausible is the belief that the animals swam the lake, perhaps to escape a harassing pack of timber wolves, perhaps because they had seen the mountainous island from the mainland and desired new range. The swim is not too great for an adult moose under favorable weather conditions, according to North Country tradition, and indeed within recent years bands of the animals have been seen to attempt it in an effort to make the return journey.

Twice fishermen from the island have headed off such wanderers and driven them back. On one other occasion the fishermen declare a lone bull swam nine miles out before changing his mind and returning of his own accord. Each time the moose chose a day without wind and seemed not at all concerned about the length of the trip. Also they seemed to know definitely in which direction the nearest mainland shore was to be reached. So it is considered on the island quite possible, indeed even likely, that bands of them still make the crossing unseen, both to and from the island, exactly as their forebears probably made it, years ago.

Isle Royale was originally the home of vast herds of woodland caribou, that roamed its inaccessible ridges and found excellent feeding range in the acres of reindeer moss that carpet the rocky slopes.

At that time there were probably no moose inhabiting the island, for recent experience would prove that the two animals do not fraternize to any extent in close quarters, and will not live together on such a limited range. Today the caribou are believed to be driven out to the last one, evicted, island residents declare, by the invading hordes of moose. Where they went or what became of them, no one knows. At any rate, the moose apparently rule the wilderness island undisturbed at present, whatever feuds may be buried in the unwritten history of their past.

They are permanently protected by the state of Michigan, and if the day comes when Isle Royale is added to the list of our national parks, as has been frequently discussed of recent years, the great moose herd will be there, one of America's finest wild life assets.

Indeed, in such a case, as the moose of the Canadian wilderness retreat farther and farther north before the encroachment of hunters and civilization, Isle Royale seems likely to become a final rendezvous for these monarchs of our wilderness, one place in the Eastern United States where the summer vacationist may watch them at home, stalking their broad trails as unafraid as in the days before the white man first came to their forests.

Fast Quail and Romance

(Continued from page 19)

who in the summer braved the rough road to reach Old Matt's homestead, occupied a place not unlike a medieval castle, and I thought to myself that its occupants must lead a life as free as a lord's, and doubtlessly happier, though their dwelling was isolated and their existence must be dreary at times.

Down the hillside from the house was a group of three or four men engaged in sawing a giant elm, from which, we learned, they planned to obtain wood enough to last them through the winter. It was a congenial crowd, and they suspended operations for a full hour as they said it was not every day that outsiders dropped in.

Charlie, youngest son of a bewhiskered patriarch who apparently had been engineering the wood-sawing, had two invaluable possessions—a sleek, brown horse and a sombrero. The western hat struck me as being unusual head gear for a Missouri farm boy, but I retained common sense by making no remarks except to state that the horse looked like a thoroughbred.

Striking the old trail, which winds down the north slope from Matt's cabin, we followed the worn way as it led us out of the hollow and up to the north ridge, from where it makes its way to the outside.

Somewhere on the trail we passed the spot where Young Matt and Wash Gibbs met in battle. It was the same old trail which was traveled so often during the course of the novel by Young Matt and his sweetheart, Sammy Lane. It is strange how a path can hold brilliance merely because characters of fiction were made to walk upon it by a writer.

A chilly wind from the northwest changed our plans of sleeping beneath the stars and, as the old cabin was vacated, we turned the car around and sought a more populated country. We found a spot wild enough to harbor quail, which was only an hour's drive from Mutton Hollow, where we spent the rest of our hunting days on the bank of the James. We slept in warm beds, dressed before roaring fires, ate meals cooked by someone else, but enjoyed life.

Many quail were seen during our days on the James, and many were killed, but the crowning feature of the trip was the descent into Mutton Hollow and the following of the old, old trail, deeply worn in places, "that is, nobody knows how old."

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story reminds us of the keen interest Harold Bell Wright has for years held in the progress of the Izaak Walton League and of OUTDOOR AMERICA. In the June issue he wrote:

When I observe the steadily growing interest in the things for which the Izaak Walton League stands; when I see the cause of conservation gaining converts, and consider the work accomplished by those who labor to save America's outdoor life, I am heartened. In the ideals, and teachings of those who have heard the call of the out-of-doors God, and who have known the healing power of woods and hills and lakes and streams, there is hope. To these disciples of healthful outdoor sanity we may look for that saving relief from the destructive forces which are driving us to death.

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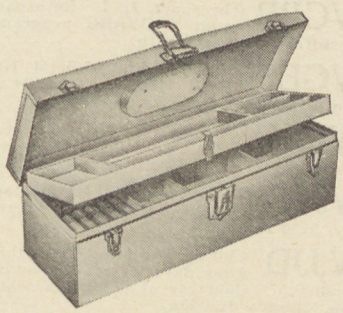

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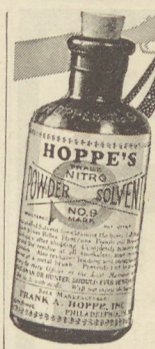

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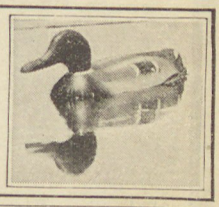

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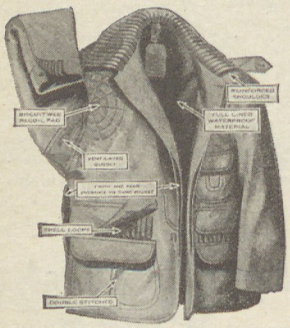

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Refer to page 76 for

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 40)

the innovation. President E. C. Glenn echoes these sentiments, and between the two of them, the Walton clubhouse at Cheraw Lake, with its duck shooting and the menu of sports and games offered, including the golf course, is a real center of outdoor activity.

Radio Column

TUNE in, hear your fellow Waltonians on the air, then write to the stations and tell them how you liked it.

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Third Saturday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Friday, 7:30 P.M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo chapter. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane, Wash., Spokane chapter. Tuesday, 8:30 P. M., Pacific time. Courtesy Louis Wasmer, station owner.

KNRC Los Angeles, Cal. 5 to 6 P. M. every evening. "Sporting Outdoor Hour." 500 watts. 375 meters.

WABC Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn chapter. Every Wednesday, 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Auspices of J. Miles Flynn. Station through courtesy of Alfred H. Grebe, WABC.

WASH Grand Rapids, Mich. Grand Rapids chapter. Every Saturday, 7 P.M.

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WFBG Cable-Tribune, Altoona, Pa. Altoona chapter. Every Thursday 7:30 P.M. 267.7 meters.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. Re-broadcast of WABC programs on different wave length.

WGES Chicago, Ill. Official National Headquarters station. Courtesy WGES.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Friday, 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy Arthur F. Ferriss.

WJBZ Chicago Heights, Ill. Chicago Heights chapter. Every Tuesday, 8:30 P.M.

WJJD Chicago. First and third Thursdays of each month, 12:30 P.M. Courtesy of WJJD radio station. Illinois division.

WMBC Detroit, Mich. Greater Detroit Chapter. Every Monday at 8 P.M.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WOC Davenport, Iowa. Davenport chapter. Schedule undetermined.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Saturday 9 P. M. Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WSM Nashville, Tenn., schedule undetermined.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:35 P.M. to 1 P.M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College.

WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis. Every Wednesday, 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Courtesy the Gillette Rubber Co.

WTAX Streator, Ill., schedule undetermined.

State Division Notes

New Hampshire Division
Annual Convention
Franconia, Sept. 21 and 22.*

New York Division
Annual Convention
Jamestown, Sept. 20, 21, and 22.

Pennsylvania Division
Annual Convention
Harrisburg, October 8 and 9.

Indiana Division
Annual Convention
Fort Wayne, Oct. 18, 19.

Ohio Division
Annual Convention
Toledo, Oct. 25 and 26

*Corrected date.

Missouri Activities

From "Fins, Fur and Feathers"

The best report during the last 30 days from any of the chapters has come from Poplar Bluff with the most successful picnic and activity shown throughout their section. Mr. Holland, director of the Third District is getting his counties and chapters into splendid shape. We hope the other directors will follow suit and do as well.

The St. Louis Chapter has a splendid showing. The following men have sent in five or more new members: R. E. Blake, 24; Frank Wielandy, 17; A. H. Handlon, 16; Alec Mermod, 9; John A. Love, 8; Herman Stiefel, 6; Theo. Rubaden, 6; W. P. Mason, 6; Geo. S. Johns, 6; W. A. Lisser, 5; E. P. Dierkes, 5; H. J. Stenmesch, 5.

Kansas City Chapter. Jack Cunningham of Kansas City has just sent in a nice bunch of new members. The Kansas City boys go strong and are always on the job.

St. Joseph Chapter. Arthur Petri of St. Joseph has had an uphill battle but recently he sent in 27 members and has gotten things started again and we hope before long the list of new members will continue to flow in.

Mindenmines Chapter has gone 100 per cent on renewals for both May and June. The members of this chapter are on the job and some of the larger chapters of the state can follow their example in keeping renewals up to 100 per cent and, incidentally, they have sent in a few new members now and then.

Wellsville Chapter for the month of May sent virtually 100 per cent on renewals.

The chapter that is active and going forward is the one that gives its members something to do—such as planning and promoting fish ponds, game refuges, tree planting, bird house building, etc. Mr. President and Secretary—please give your members some work. If nothing else, see that each member goes and brings in a new member, and see the results you will get. GET BUSY, KEEP BUSY—MAKE THINGS HUM.

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

Edited by
PAUL BURRESS

The Outboard Goes "Native"

THE outboard motor started its rather amazing and meteoric career as a toy for the amusement of lake cottagers. It developed into the fisherman's best friend, it took on speed, silence, and appearance, until now outboard motoring ranks as a major phase of aquatic sport throughout America.

That the outboard motor has proved itself is indicated not so much by its speed records or its general development as it is by its acceptance as working equipment by men who live at a distance from civilization.

All outdoor equipment that is worth anything either is developed in the woods by "working outdoormen" and spreads to the sportsman, or is developed in more civilized laboratories and is accepted by the hard boiled gentry whose outdoor equipment constitutes the staff of life.

The canoe, the packsack, the ski, the snowshoe, the moccasin, hob-nailed boots, are a few of the items that have come to us out of the woods and have been adopted as sporting equipment. The canoe is the outstanding example of this. Such things as air mattresses, certain fishing lures, canvas clothing, silk tents, are examples of equipment starting with the sportsman and ending in the packsacks of the woodsmen.

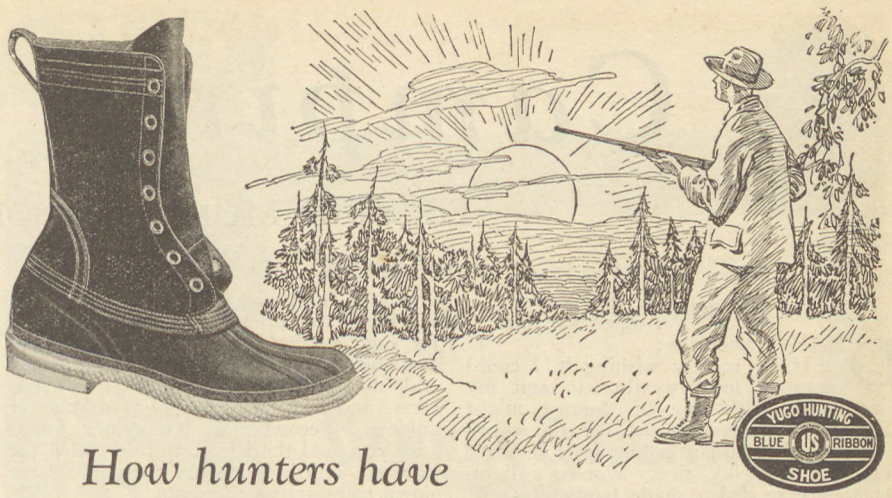
It seems that all equipment that is to become standard—that is, equipment of a basic nature—has to go through the mill until it is adopted by both classes of outdoorsmen. The air mattress, for example, had a rather terrible struggle breaking into the favor of the woodsmen. It was scoffed at for some years, but its solid worth carried it through until it now is usual equipment with the hardest boiled guides, trappers, and forest rangers. So with the outboard motor. For some years it seemed destined to be used by white pants sportsmen or suburban anglers. But today it has found its way into the boathouses of the most remote outpost, and into the hearts of the most recalcitrant woodsmen.

A friend of mine recently returned from a canoe trip in the Superior National Forest, up in the northeastern part of Minnesota. Here's what he told me—

"We shipped our canoes to Ely, and when we pushed off into the first of a long series of lakes and channels that would take us through the heart of the forest, we kissed civilization goodbye. We were going to get back to nature with the Indians, northern pike and beaver.

"We had our canoes well loaded, and with the wind against us we labored mightily up Basswood Lake. It was tough on the muscles, and Jim mentioned some-

(Continued on page 66)



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more comfortable feet

Trade Mark

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The Yugo is built on a special sportsman's last—light, comfortable, and shaped to hug the heel to prevent chafing. The upper is of the finest elkskin, always soft and pliable. The rubber sole is corrugated for sure footing. The Yugo is waterproof and snow-proof—ideal for skis and snowshoes.

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Enclosed is $.....
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
**Shoes will be sent with heel unless otherwise specified.*

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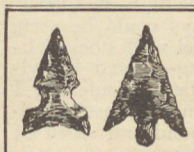

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Camping

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open

Edited by MURDO GIBSON

Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

In camp, Lake of the Woods,
August 5th, 1928.

DEAR Waltonians:

If, by merely wishing it, I could arrange local weather to suit my fancy, this fifth day of August might serve as a perfect model for the entire summer. Its salient points are: brilliant sunshine, blue sky, fleecy clouds, a light, steady breeze and a shade temperature of seventy-five degrees, Fahrenheit. These specifications, of course, describe the day's delightfulness about as adequately as a printed list of her faultless measurements portrays the charming loveliness of a radiant Miss America. But the reader may surmise those other qualities which, though difficult to define, supply the finishing touches to a flawless, Sunday-school picnic day.

Appreciation of my present beatific situation may be somewhat keener than usual—if such a thing is possible. There is good reason therefor. I have just returned from a wretchedly tedious two weeks in town, where, in twelve days the postman disappointed me twenty-four times, thus causing me to miss seeing several interesting transformations, or metamorphoses, scheduled to occur on Black Jack Island, during that period.

My dissatisfaction with urban life increased every day my departure was delayed. Despite screened rooms, tub baths, clean linen, varied menus, friendly hosts and cheerful service, I longed unceasingly for my wilderness home. For every pleasing aspect of hotel existence, I thought of at least two objectionable features, until, by the end of the first week, I was wondering how anyone could, voluntarily, choose to live in *any* town.

Of course, I realized my supersensitiveness and the chief cause thereof. But that didn't deodorize the polluted atmosphere, deaden the infernal noises of motor traffic nor lend interest to the inanities of sidewalk conversations. Neither did it soften the contrast between the natural, undefiled beauty of nearby islands and the filthy, fly-infested ugliness of neglected alleys and some parts of the waterfront.

Under favorable circumstances, I can thoroughly enjoy a limited stay in a large city. For years, I have dreamed of spending a month—one each side of every Christmas—where the best plays could be seen, the finest music heard and well stocked libraries searched for long-coveted knowledge. But, for permanent residence, I want a modest shelter in a forested wilderness, beyond sight, sound and smell of any other human habitation.

"All things come to him who waits"—even Special Delivery letters. Finally, the time came when I was free to leave the distracting "busyness" of Kenora and paddle the little canoe back to my island camp. Immediately, the world looked brighter. As I passed group after group of merry bathers, the uppermost thought in my mind was: that my own happiness equalled that of any frolicker on Lake of the Woods.

While I was in town, the weather was rather hot and humid, with almost daily thunderstorms. One of these assumed near-hurricane proportions and was featured on front pages of Winnipeg newspapers. As no preparations had been made for such a long absence, I was apprehensive about the welfare of the outfit. Several things might have caused damage. First, and most probable, was mould, or mildew. Second, the porcupines might have revisited the island and despoiled the pantry. Third, the big wind might have blown trees across the tent.

Fortunately, none of these calamities occurred. I found everything in good condition and it was evident, from the appearance of rain-smoothed paths, that no one had travelled them since I left.

There was one change, however, and it has caused me more than a little sadness. All the small birds were gone. Only the crows remained. Even the phoebe, whose second clutch was almost ready to hatch, deserted her nest. The eggs were cold.

This was something to which I had given no thought. Without positive knowledge of the matter, I now think these birds nested here because they wanted to be near a human being and went away when they decided I was not coming back. Whether they were afraid to stay without human protection or became lonesome, I don't know. Perhaps some ornithologist will inform me.

The crows are as interesting as ever. It amuses me to listen to their "language" lessons. The mother shows admirable patience and repeats certain calls, scores of times, while the youngsters give the best imitations they can. But even my dull ears can easily note the difference between the "proper" inflection, as given by the mother, and the immature accentings of the "squabs."

In addition to their intricate and comprehensive code of caws, which seems to be used, chiefly for broadcasting, the parent crows have a conversational jargon that sounds to me as Eskimo words look. They frequently talk to each other in this gibberish and, whatever the subject under discussion, the dialogues are carried on in much the same manner as two human gossips exchanging news and comment.

Last evening, another porcupine invaded my clearing. When I discovered him, he was headed directly for the provision boxes. To make him understand he was unwelcome and likely to receive rough treatment if he repeated the call, I slapped his face a few times with the fly swatter. As the swatter was made from a piece of rather heavy rubber tubing, I feel sure this poor, bewildered animal will keep away from here, in future. I think it strange so many porcupines have landed here lately. There were none, before last month. It may be wanderlust, or they might have smelled the salt and craved to gnaw a nice, soft, salty board. Likely, it is a combination of both. At any rate, I am glad they didn't come while I was absent.

INEVITABLY, while in town, I am asked: "Why do you camp alone? Don't you ever feel lonesome? What do you do to kill time? Wouldn't a dog be good company for you? Don't you miss the newspapers and the movies?"

I camp alone because any companion would limit my freedom and, for me, freedom seems necessary to happiness. For many years, I had an ideal chum and, while he lived, we were almost inseparable. When he died, I was too old and too set in my ways to readily adjust myself to another man's peculiarities, so I gradually became accustomed to going alone.

The only times I miss human companionship are when I want to avail myself of a naturalist's knowledge. I could put up with considerable inconvenience in exchange for accurate information concerning flowers, plants, birds, bugs and insects. Text books are not a perfect substitute for a flesh and blood teacher.

As for "killing time": that is the very least of my problems. The incredible speed at which the days pass causes me more distress than all other things combined. Almost every evening, I wonder at the shortness of the day and conscience generally berates me for insignificant accomplishment.

A dog would be good company, but in my case, its disadvantages would outweigh its undoubted value as a pet. It would frighten away birds and animals I want to be friendly with and it would attract more flies than I could swat. That would force me to wear clothes and I wouldn't exchange the luxury of nudity for all the dogs in the world. There are other reasons why a dog is a nuisance around camp but the ones mentioned are sufficient to answer the question.

I do miss the newspapers. But, by reading the reviews and a few of the better magazines, I get most of the worth while news, without the exaggerations, partisan bias and sensational slush that mar the average, metropolitan newspaper. The few small-town newspapers I see are mere shopping guides, with a few columns of "locals" and "boiler plate" sandwiched between the advertisements. Judging from

Into the Open

By MAY ARNO

OUT of the din, the dust of the street,
Out of the jail of the stifling heat,
Out in search of a cool retreat,
Into the open.

OUT of the gray and smoky night,
Out of the hurry, and scurry, and fight,
Out of the mass that crowds you tight,
Into the open.

INTO the laughing cooling breeze,
Into the music of the trees,
Into the heart of drifting ease,
Into the open.

INTO the soul of natural things,
Into the hills on joyous wings,
Where sky, and earth, and nature sings,
Into the open.

the innocuous banality of the editorial matter, their policy is: "Safety First" and their slogan: "Never print anything that might offend a customer."

Being deprived of the "Movies" causes me no regrets. With such magnificent, ever-changing panoramas as I see from here, what sort of man could yearn for the paltry illusions of a photoplay? Not a day passes but I gaze on many pictures that transcend anything that could be shown on an artificial screen. To view them, I need not conform to any man's rules and regulations. I don't even have to leave my fireside. So far as I know, these gorgeous spectacles are presented for my sole benefit and I may choose my own time for watching them. Really I would feel guilty of sacrilege, if I even thought of a cinema picture, while beholding a Lake of the Woods sunset.

But, in summer, the question most frequently asked me is: "Don't you find the flies and mosquitoes an awful pest?" To this I usually make some such reply as: "Yes, they do annoy me, occasionally, but never seriously nor for very long. Generally, I can take effective measures to protect myself."

Although that is the literal truth, conservatively stated, it seldom convinces the questioners. Experienced campers, especially, shake their heads in good-natured unbelief. But I have revenge, when one of those skeptical oldtimers visits my fly-free camp. Invariably, he confesses astonishment and eager curiosity, regarding details of my system.

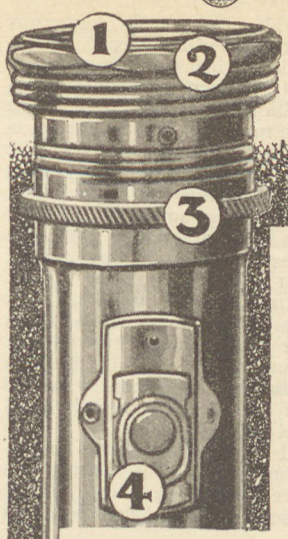
Expedients for eliminating insect pests from a wilderness campsite vary according to locality, time of year, size of party, length of stay and principal object of the trip. In former numbers of OUTDOOR AMERICA I have described methods that were successful at other camps, but the subject is of such vital and recurring interest to all campers, possible repetition needs no apology. It is quite likely that a brief statement of the measures adopted at this camp may help some hesitating Waltonian to overcome a perplexing feature of northwoods camping that deters thousands from enjoying one of the most delightful experiences imaginable, a midsummer outing in a forested wilderness.

The island I am camped on has an area of a little less than three acres. Although there are no marshy spots, much of it is brushy, and the branchy tops of fallen spruce trees afford plenty of hiding places for insects. But, with proper management, I believed I could kill the flies as fast as they appeared and also prevent any great number of mosquitoes from fingering around the tent. Results proved I was right.

In clearing the site, it was necessary to cut a good deal of brush. This I piled, as reserve fuel for future bonfires. By making a big blaze, just after sunset, about a hundred feet from the tent, I hoped to attract to their death most of the island's mosquitoes. The flames, I knew, would singe a great many and the warmth of the resulting ashes be alluring enough to keep the others from leaving the immediate vicinity.

Mosquitoes are not nearly so active as most persons imagine. Normally—that is, when not disturbed—they remain quiescent during, at least, twenty hours of the day. It is only for a short time, at dawn and dusk, or when rain threatens, that they deliberately go forth in search of human blood.

But neither time of day nor weather conditions—unless too cold—prevents them from following the person who disturbs them. That, I think, is the reason the vast majority of campers believe them con-



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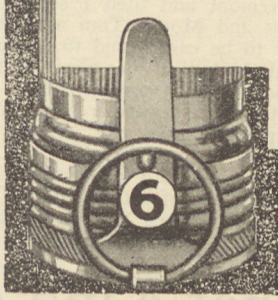

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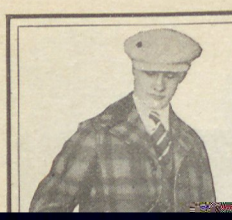

Such Comfort!

Man, here's *the* coat for outdoor

stantly alert and vicious. On numerous occasions I have landed on a bare strand, after dark, made my bed below high-water mark and slept, without annoyance, until daybreak. Millions of mosquitoes might be resting in the moss and bushes but I was careful not to go near them. My favorite observation post, on this island, is less than ten feet from a fringe of bushes that

by mosquitoes. Were it not for the warm ashes of the comparatively distant bonfire, the mosquitoes driven from the tent would be waiting for me, at the cooking fireplace and I would have to protect myself with dope or clothes.

At night, on lighting the lantern and before sitting down to write, I sprayed under the bunk and dislodged any mosquitoes that might be waiting there for a

when once focused for the distance will also be in correct focus for objects as close as 20-25 feet.

Central Focus versus Individual Eye-cup Adjustment—There is much misunderstanding as to the relative value of the central focussing screw as against the separate eye-cup focussing device. If you are buying a glass primarily to accommodate your friends rather than to suit your own personal needs, then you should get a glass with central focussing screw. That is, if you want to lend your glass to your friends every few moments, and the adjustment has to be continually changed first to suit your eyes, then your friends, then back again, the central focussing screw will be convenient; but, as you will be making your adjustment often and rapidly, you will for the most part be getting haphazard accommodation to your eyes. If you want a glass so designed that it is always absolutely correctly set for your own eyes, and never needs readjustment of any kind, make a point of getting a glass with separate eye-cup adjustment that also possesses the valuable feature of "universal focus."

Moreover, it is a recognized fact that glasses with separate eye-cup adjustment are of tighter construction, and hence very much more moisture and dust proof than the other type.

Prism Construction—I have been speaking mostly of *prism* binoculars, because for most purposes for which a sportsman would use glasses they are more desirable than the old style straight or "Galilean" field glasses. A 6X or 8X Galilean glass, to be any good, must be of enormous size and weight, as prisms make for greater compactness. The prism construction also very greatly increases the field of view, which is obviously a big advantage.

It requires, however, far more care and accuracy in manufacture to make reasonably good prism glasses than good Galilean glasses; Galilean glasses can be fairly well used even if they are a little out of gear, but prism glasses not perfectly aligned are ruinous to the eyes and would cause very serious eye-strain. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance, when selecting a prism glass, to make sure that you are getting a glass really well constructed—in which the prisms are set in so firmly that they cannot shake loose.

When buying a binocular get a good one, as a poorly constructed glass will cause you endless trouble and eye-strain and probably fail you when you need it most, whereas a really good glass will last a lifetime; also bear in mind that when out in the field two things are of vital importance, firstly, convenience in carrying, and secondly the speed with which a glass can be brought into play without preliminary manipulation.

The Lure of the Bucktail

By Harry C. Goodwin

JIM PETERS had the reputation of being the biggest liar in seventeen counties and was proud of it.

Whenever a new invention came along Jim always declared that it was his idea and then would tell a story to prove it.

One day a city fellow who had come to Petersville every year for his fishing came in with a string of beautiful small mouth bass. Jim looked the catch over and asked:

"What kind o' bait?"

Upon being told the fisherman had used a bucktail lure Jim spat twice, drew his hand across his lips and said:

"Yep. Good bait. I was the first man to use it hereabouts and my grandfather teached the Indians how to do it.

"When I was a young feller, I probably shot more deer in my time than any man who ever drew his eye over the barrel of a rifle. Killed a deer one day that was standing out in the lake. Drew him up on shore and as I did so a tuft of his tail slipped off, floated across the water and bang! A bass took it.

"Grandad was standing by and when he saw the look on my face just kind o' smiled. Well, I rigged up a hook with some bucktail hairs on it and tried my luck. Had to call my father down to club off the bass that'd climb right up the bank to get at the bait.

"Father, o' course, bragged to grandad that I was a pretty smart boy. Grandad came right back with the story that he'd teached the same thing to the Indians. Maybe he did and maybe he didn't. Grandad was an awful liar. You couldn't believe a word he said.

"His trying to belittle me made me sore and I set my mind to work. Finally I had it all thought out and waited until next spring when I could catch a fawn. I have quite a way with animals and it wa'n't long before the fawn would swim out into the lake and retrieve a stick just like a dog. I noticed that every time the deer went out into the lake the bass bothered him by jumping for his tail.

"That was jest what I wanted. I got a dozen hooks and fixed 'em up so they'd drag out behind the deer. You know, a man can't think of everything and the first time I sent that deer in he liked to drown. Yes, sir. So darn many big bass made a grab fer his tail, missed and got caught on the hook that the deer was weighted down and dad and I had to go out with a boat and help him in.

"The bass in the lake averaged about three pounds and I saw right away I'd have to give that deer extra training. First I put on three hooks. A few weeks later two more and so on. As the deer got stronger I ran it up to ten hooks which always meant ten bass.

"Being 'round with me, that deer picked up a lot of stuff. He found it was easier to bring in a string of stunned fish than a mess of fighting bass. You can imagine my surprise when that deer kicked straight out behind every time he got a strike, killed the bass and waited for the next strike.

"In them days ye could sell bass. I made enough in two summers to buy this place."

"Why only two summers?" asked the fisherman.

"Well, it was this way," answered Jim after a bit of thought and realizing that he must find a way out. "One day the deer got an unusually big bass out in the middle of the lake. He kicked at him, missed and threw his leg out of joint. I was all alone that day and afore I could get out to him the deer sank. It's quite a job to train a deer to do sech work and I been too busy with other things since to bother with another.

"Yep, bucktail makes a good bait."

The fisherman didn't answer. He was speechless.

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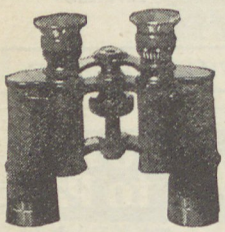

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10 Lenses

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The Outboard Goes "Native"

(Continued from page 61)

thing about an outboard motor, but of course we laughed at the idea of even temporary woodsmen resorting to such a softening influence.

"Before long we heard the purr of an outboard. And a few minutes later a canoe swept around a point and bore down on us. As it drew nearer we saw that it was piloted by an Indian. He sat at ease in the stern, his light craft bounded along past us as he gave us a rather superior and disdainful wave of the hand."

The use of the outboard motor by Indians—and this is by no means rare in the north woods—indicates the final step of its acceptance by outdoor people. The motor has taken its place in federal and state forest service equipment also. In the Superior Forest the canoe is still used for some of the work, but even these are towed in strings over the long stretches of water by outboard motors when on the way to combat forest fires.

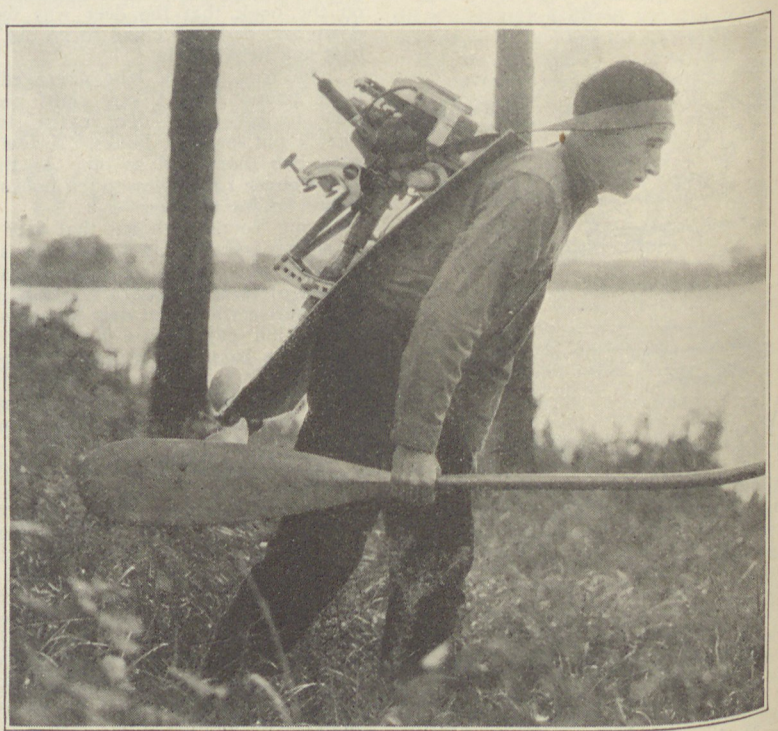
Of course the outboard is standard equipment with explorers in all parts of the world. It has penetrated to the most remote corners everywhere. It is used by prospectors in the Hudson's Bay region in negotiating the turbulent rivers of that section, and it purrs up the tropical rivers of the southern continents.

The vacationist who goes into the north woods for a water cruise often takes the motor with him. This has resulted in ingenious devices for transporting it. The portages are many, and at first this stumped the traveler. But American inventiveness would not be denied, and all sorts of strange contraptions were fashioned. The usual carrying equipment consists of a broad board fitted with shoulder straps and a tump line. The motor is strapped to this with short straps fastened to the board, and the whole thing hoisted to the back just like a packsack. Since the smaller motors weigh in the neighborhood of thirty-five or forty pounds, they are portaged in this manner as easily as an ordinary pack.

The carrying case is not practical for this sort of travel. The nature of the portage trails, which are not only rough but very narrow, eliminates the possibility of carrying anything that travels by the side of the portager—as so many vacationists have learned. Neither is it practical for two men to carry a single piece of baggage. Portaging in the north woods is strictly a one-man job, and everything that goes over the trail must go on somebody's back, leaving the legs and arms entirely free and out of range of bumping, cumbersome side bundles or anything that ties up the arms.

The portaging of gasoline represents another problem in transportation. At least five gallons, and often ten, must be taken into the woods on trips of the usual length. A friend of mine reports that he has seen a can made somewhat on the plan of the hip flask, oblong in shape, about a foot thick, and curved to fit the back. This was carried in a pack harness, and the side of the can next to the back of the portager was heavily padded with a folded blanket.

In this connection, two things are evident. First, that it will be some time before flat, shallow, rounded cans will be made commercially at a nominal price. The demand is small, and distribution would be largely guess work, so it is reasonable to presume that such cans must be made to order for a few years more. Secondly, it is plain that such a device must be perfected and taken along if the outboard is to be used with comfort in the woods. A couple of gasoline cans of the round variety can be taken in the canoe, but they are mighty difficult to pack in the boat after the torture of lugging them



Paul Burress himself portaging an outboard. The tump line is best for portaging an outboard motor over northern trails. It is best to strap the motor to a board to keep the back from getting chewed up.

across even a good portage trail has been accomplished.

Of course the board arrangement for the motor is more simple to procure. It can be made by the worst mechanic in the world in an hour, and any pack harness can be adapted to it.

The time required to portage these things is out of all proportion to the time they save when in use. A motor and a can of gasoline means another trip across every portage. But what of it? The actual time required is small. The amount of time saved by the motor is a great deal.

Time saved is time earned. The vacationist who seeks the wilderness is of course not concerned with time in the same meaning that applies to the forest ranger. The vacationist is not trying to break a record or put out a fire. He is traveling, not for speed, but for fun. But the one who can travel fastest on his way into the wilderness, obviously has more time to spend in the wilderness. Once in his chosen location, he can take his time—perhaps put the outboard away and resort to the paddle.

But the outboard has a very definite place in the woods, and the man who wants to take things the easiest, who hates to hurry, is the one to whom it is especially valuable. There is an old saying that the lazy man works hardest—in order to rest longer. In the same way does the modern vacationist, going into the wilderness for a period of rest and ease, find the greatest need for speed in getting from one place to another and away from the contacts with civilization.

The motor has been perfected to such a stage that the operator need know little or nothing about "machinery" in order to trust himself on long trips with one. Like the automobile engine, it has been made virtually fool proof. With this accomplished, and with transportation of gasoline and motor over portages made easy by the new light weight of the motor and by the use of tump line and board and special gas cans, the outboard is taking its place very securely as an all-round item of equipment acceptable to all classes of men who traverse the wilderness and semi-wilderness areas.

Lost—a Canoeist

By Howard Preston Bartram

I AM Johnathan Reginald Pike of New York
And I know all about a canoe;
And I care not a fig for your asinine guides
Nor a whit for the warning of you.

I SHALL leap in the stern of my frolicsome craft
And with speed and the grace of a kite;
With a bow riding high to a sun-blazoned sky
I shall paddle with rhythm and might.

AND when I have journeyed as far as I choose
I shall splendidly circle about;
And with foam in the teeth of the shattering gale
Shall return in the way I went out.

* * *

WE buried him deep by the cedar-walled shore,
And this is the sign that we raised o'er his grave

* * *

I AM Johnathan Reginald Pike of New York
And I know all about a canoe;
But nothing at all of the tricks of the squall
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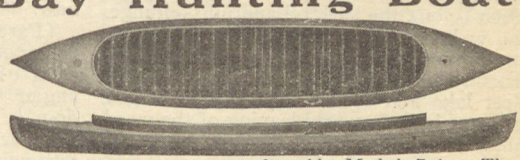

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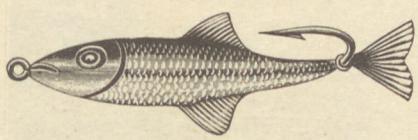

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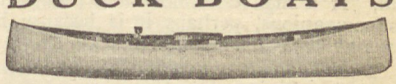

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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Preliminary Cast

Soon the "frost will be on the punkin, and the fodder in the shock," many an angler putting away his rod and reel and taking up the shotgun, thinking angling at an end. However, such is not the case. There is no mid-summer angling to compare with that which arrives with Jack Frost. "Perfect days" may come in June, but ideal days arrive in October, golden, smiling October.

IF there is one fish more dearly loved by me than another, it is the subject of this sketch, usually called "wall-eye pike," or where the true northern pike is found, "pickerel." It has many other local names: "dore'" or "dory," "jack," "okow," "blow-fish," "blue-fin," etc., the derivation of some of the vernacular names being difficult to trace. The book name for the fish is pike-perch, and is good inasmuch as it calls attention to its pike-like characteristics, as well as its perch-*ean* characteristics. But why "pike" at all it is exceedingly hard to determine. The wall-eye is not a pike, nor remotely connected with the family to which belong the pickerel and muskellunge. The wall-eye is a perch, closely related to our common, everyday yellow perch, whose "Tartar clans" are found in every Middle West lake and stream. In my writing I have consistently urged leaving of the word "pike," and calling the fish simply "wall-eye" as is my practice, though scientific gentlemen have taken me to task, kindly and otherwise, for my unblushing temerity. Oh, well, if you don't say anything, or do anything, you will get along sweetly enough in this world; criticism and unpopularity is one of the prices you must pay if you would be yourself. As Thoreau long ago said, "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears another drummer."

The wall-eye is quite widely distributed, from western New York, west to the Mississippi Valley, and north into Canada, where it is "pickerel" or "jack," south to Alabama. Wherever it is found, it is always the same fish, courageous, free-biter, delicious in the pan. One can not well confuse it with any other freshwater fish for it is distinctive in shape and marking. By the way, in the lower Mississippi Valley there is a smaller form of the wall-eye known as the sauger, and very like it in marking, though ordinarily more of an olive-gray than its larger relative, which is usually distinctly brassy, a sort of golden-brassy, if you get what I mean. While the sauger never grows as large as the wall-eye, one can always tell the two apart, when of the same size, by remembering that the true wall-eye has a black spot or splash on the roots of the three rearmost dorsal spines, which never appears on the sauger. Another and certain means of identification, is to look for the "pyloric coeca," blind sacks found at the posterior end of the stomach; in the wall-eye there are three, of equal length and about as long as the stomach itself, while in the sauger from five to seven, and of unequal length, looking like a "bunch of worms." This "internal evidence" is certain. But let all this pass for now.

(Parenthetically: [By now, readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA know I am inordinately fond of parentheses.] It is good for the angler to remember that nowhere in fishdom is color a determining factor in the identification of species, being largely determined by environment and perhaps food. We have it on good scientific authority that the matter of color is largely controlled by the fish themselves, especially so in shallow water fishes like the pickerel. We all know that perch from one lake will be a light green or blue in color, while those from a contiguous lake will be richly golden. So we have "blue pike" from certain portions of the Great Lakes, the commercial fishermen being absolutely certain that they belong to different species from the dore'. The angler should absolutely forget all about color, remembering some anatomical difference and that only, if he would be sure of his identification. Just paste this in your fishing hat, or better, in the front of some good book on American fresh water fishes. It is better not to know so many things than to know so many things that are not so.)

To get back to our long neglected fishing, having forgotten for the nonce that we were under pledge not to be technical nor scientific in the Note Book. I have become utterly weary of the average angling article, dealing with facts, facts, facts, so utterly certain that this thing, or that thing is absolutely the only thing to use in fishing, to use something else being "unsportsmanlike." Now, frankly, while I am a lover of good tackle, possess more than my share of it, from famous reels to expensive rods, still, and all, it is not the tackle nor yet the fish, even the scientific study of the latter, that makes me an angler and a fisherman both, but the woo and the lure of God's Out-o'-Doors. Because of God's Out-o'-Doors I am fighting in the ranks of the Izaak Walton League to preserve some of it for posterity. As I have said over and over again this past year, both from the platform and through the press: *"My personal rights leave off, just where the rights of posterity begin."*

"What has all that to do with wall-eye fishing?" You are too matter of fact, Theresa. Nothing or everything, as you prefer to look at it. Merely this: from now on we are just going to play, while we fish for wall-eyes, not giving a hang whether we catch one or not, whether we use a cane pole and twisted cotton line, or a fly-rod and double tapered enameled line which cost a mint of money. It is neither the tackle in hand nor the fish on the hook which matters, it is what you are on the inside, Theresa, and that is a matter for you personally to determine.

I have fished for wall-eyes, using the cane pole rig of boyhood, and enjoyed the fishing, too, for the migrating birds sang and twittered as sweetly, the gorgeously painted sumac and maple were just as beautiful. The other day I lay on my oars, a forgotten "double-built" famous fly-rod in the end of the boat, while I drank in the ravishing colors of a maple-crowned shore, so golden that I gasped in sheer delight. The only gold which is worth while, after all. I knew the wall-eyes were waiting to take my live-minnows, a pail of which reposed under the center seat, but what did I care about bait and fish, when I could lave my world-weary soul in the beauties of paradise, knowing that Inness in "The Autumn Wood" had not approximated the beauty of coloring before me? And I have heard people say of the painting in the Art Institute, Chicago, "It was all in his eye: such colors do not exist in Nature." Sure, it was in his eye, but pray the gods, you may have such an eye. That is what fishing for wall-eyes in the Autumn means to me. And as I have pointed out again and again through the pages of the NOTE BOOK, because fish, a full creel,

The Upper St. Croix, Wisconsin, is good wall-eye fishing.

is not the end of my fishing, the Red Gods tumble all over themselves to fill my creel.

It is altogether too bad that in some sections fishing for wall-eyes is allowed when the fish are going up stream to spawn in the spring, but in such localities it is as much as your life is worth to raise your voice in protest. Then, too, it seems unwise that so many wall-eyes are taken through the ice in winter. Where lakes have been closed to ice-fishing, the summer fishing has immediately begun to improve. But the fellows who fish through the ice ought not to be privileged to fish the lakes where the community outlaws winter fishing for the good of summer fishermen. Last winter I received letters from all over the Mississippi Valley where ice fishing is indulged in, telling of great catches, and how the wall-eyes were extended with spawn. Still, it is unpopular to say a word against winter fishing or angling for wall-eyes in the spring before they have deposited their spawn, because, forsooth, "we have always fished when we pleased."

The wall-eye is a depth-loving fish, and should be fished for, when live-bait is used—and he is a lover of minnows—in water from 12 to 15 feet. In midsummer, he goes down for cool water and the angler must needs go down after him. He takes an artificial lure—"plug"—with avidity, shaking it, and surging this way and that on the line until the casting-rod bends in anguish. And some writers say, "The 'wall-eyed pike' puts up a poor battle." They must have been using heavy tackle. I have caught 8 pound wall-eyes on casting plugs that have kept me busy, highly busy, for twenty minutes. Of course I might have pulled them out by main strength and awkwardness, but who wants to? Of course there is a chance the fish might escape, though generally he is well hooked, but if he does it is a fairly good thing for him, is it not? "How many did you catch?" is just as pagan a question as, "How much is he worth?" A man's intrinsic worth is no more to be measured by his possessions, than an angler's catch is to be measured by the contents of his creel!

When Autumn comes along, and Jack Frost comes stealing down out of the northland, sowing diamonds over-night, painting the leaves red and gold, cooling and settling the water, then the wall-eyes take on new life. The man, or woman as for that, unacquainted with Autumn fishing for this great perch, has missed out in the most intriguing angling of the year. The Autumn tints are mirrored in the water, until one's boat seem floating in a golden forest. More than once, casting back into the reflected colors, and hooking a fish, I have found myself believing that I was disembodied, fishing in the realm of spirits. I know this, no casting over the River of Life—and I expect to fish There—will be one whit more ravishing. When the line rips through the water, disturbing the reflections, it seems almost as though it were cutting through a golden forest. Just how an individual can be a mere fish-taker in such glorious environment is more than I can understand.

Just how large a wall-eye pike may grow, we dare not say. "American Food and Game Fishes" gives 25 pounds as the maximum weight, but few of my readers ever caught one that large. I saw one taken some years ago which weighed exactly 18 pounds, but it was neither beautifully nor symmetrically formed, too gross, if you get what I mean, like a man who has fed not wisely but too well. An 8 or 9 pound wall-eye is a good fish, and it is worth remembering that the large specimens are more often taken in the Autumn when fishermen are not overly numerous and the world is painted especially for the appreciative. I generally employ my regulation casting rod with either lures or live-bait, though upon occasion I go to artificial flies, for the wall-eye will take the fuzzie wuzzies, using a rather heavy fly-rod. Fly-fishing for wall-eyes should be attempted only when the fish are feeding near the surface, as sometimes happens in the Autumn when the frost-smitten leaves come eddying down to kiss the surface of lake and stream. Oh, when going up-stream to spawn, they may be so captured, but, well, *they are going up to provide fish for the future!* A single spring female will lay enough eggs to—well, we won't discuss it here.

I have had most enjoyable wall-eye fishing in rivers, below dams, or where incoming creeks offer minnows for their delectation. At the edge of evening, when the wall-eyes gather to the evening feast, a circumspectly cast fly, a large buck-tail for instance, or one of the newer spinners, is pretty sure to be taken, and O boy, what joy to set back on the rod, knowing you are connected up with a very gentleman amid fishes, a fish which fights like a gentleman, and if overcome, will prove mighty tasty, fried up crisp and brown in sweet bacon fat. The wall-eye, like his near relative, the yellow-perch, is one of the most delicious of fresh water fishes. I had rather eat wall-eye in the Autumn, than—. That reminds me, I'll go and catch one, just one, right now. Selah!

SITTING IN THE SHADE

IT'S too hot to fish, so we sit here under the shade of this wonderful old tree, commenting upon everything ichthyic, engaging in friendly repartee and "swapping lies." The tree is large, the shade generous, there is room for more.

WHAT IS A "WATER-GLASS"?

Dear O. W.: In the August number you mention a "water-glass," and now pray tell me what that is?—L. F. C., Ind.

Sir: Perhaps I was not explicit enough in describing the use of a "water-glass." Simply it is an instrument for studying the bottom of a lake, where the water is not too deep. There may be some contrivance of the kind upon the market, but I have never seen one. It is an oblong, water-tight box, with a glass over the lower end, and a contrivance for shutting out the light from above so that one can study the depths unhindered. Mine, home-made of course, is a foot square at the bottom, tapering to two inches by six at the upper end, and three feet long. I have shaped the eye-end to fit my face, sometimes throwing a coat or other cloth over my head to more effectually shut out the light. It is truly surprising how wonderfully clear the bottom appears through such a glass. One could easily arrange a mirror so that he could look into the side of the instrument instead of bending over the water as I do.—O. W.

A ONE PIECE FLY-ROD

My Dear O. W.: What is your opinion of a one piece fly-rod?—L. J., Ky.

Sir: I understand that a new one piece fly-rod was exhibited at some of the sportsmen's shows this spring, and that it excited considerable favorable comment from anglers. I have not had the advantage of inspecting or using the rod, but I am reasonably certain it would prove perfectly all right. Now the disadvantage of such a rod is its unportability of course, then, too, if the tip is broken the rod is ruined; while in the case of the three piece, a broken joint can be replaced, and the rod is just as good as new. The great advantage of a one piece would be its action, for that should be perfect, no ferrules or metal-work to interfere. I should dearly love to possess one for my cottage, it being distinctly a house-rod of course. The storing as well as transporting of it would be something of a problem. You know some of our English cousins still employ spliced rods instead of ferrule jointed, thinking, perhaps rightly, that they get better action with the former. Anyhow, here is something to live for, a chance to go fly-fishing with a one piece rod.—O. W.

(Continued on page 74)

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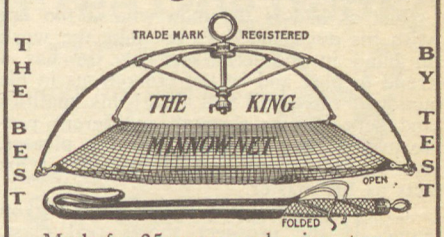

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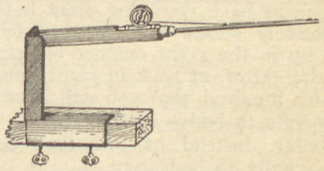

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Your Dog And Mine

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

Starting the Youngster

DURING the first day with a young dog afield, it is advisable for the trainer not to take himself too seriously. Proceeding along this line will cause him to see many things that would otherwise escape him; also, it is a splendid way to learn to control the temper—for he will need it—as there are many exasperating moments ahead of him. The man who takes himself too seriously is regarded by his dog as a joke, and the same acceptance is accorded him by his friends. The best cure for this is to try to get a humourous slant of affairs all around and you will be much the better for it, and, at the same time, be respected by your companions. Thereafter, they will see the human in you, and so will the dog.

The great fault with men who take themselves too seriously is that they are too exacting with the young dog with the result that it is made an automaton. The animal becomes dependent on his master's brains, not his own. Furthermore, men who take themselves too seriously invariably cause their dogs to steady down to point and wing before the point is a high class one. This sort of handler does not stop to think whether his dog is stopping to footscent or bodyscent. He has only one thing in his mind; that the dog must point steadily, because he is making game, and a flush, at the moment, is nothing short of criminal.

Just as bad is the man who is too lax with his dogs and does not take the work in hand in the least seriously, or has a trend to play and be too humourous in his actions. His pupil will absorb his qualities and reflect them through indifferent performance. He will do as he pleases, eventually having the same regard for his acts as his master.

Every amateur starting his bird dog on game, if the prospect shows real class, ought to ask himself if he wants a real classy dog or not, granting that he has the material in the making. While one can offer suggestions and describe a high class dog and the reverse, there is no foretelling of tastes in the owner. He may consider very ordinary performance of the highest type.

This thing of the actual point—and quality of point combined—is the crux of the matter to the amateur and to many professionals, too, who really are not aware of it. You just have to say to yourself that you want the point of your dog to be of the highest order, or the reverse. It is with you to do as you please. If you are in haste to have your dog point before he instinctively shows a natural tendency to come up in the right manner on game, be sure thereafter, at least in eighty instances out of a hundred, that you will have a dog that points to body—and footscent, mostly the latter, instead of one that confines itself wholly to bodyscent.

Long hours in the early days, so long as it can stand the going, will not affect the performance of the youngster in whom you do not care whether he has range or speed. But if you do want range and speed, you might over tax his physical qualities. Even a youngster naturally gifted with speed and style will lose it by overwork, particularly in a country where heavy cover abounds.

It might be well to interlude here by way of explanation that we advise beginners to work their dog in the open for no other reason than that it can be more easily handled there. The use of the lead is facilitated as an instrument of command and each act of the dog is under the immediate eye of the instructor, unless it is one of those big goers with a compelling urge to bolt.

There is one sign which announces that a dog is ready to be stopped on point and when it can be done with the most benefit, retaining style and bodyscenting quality. With some dogs it appears very early; with others no manifestations are observed until their second or even their third year. Nevertheless, it is bound to occur, although an intense hunting instinct has shown greater heretofore than the pointing instinct, as is quite frequent in modern pointers and setters of field trial parentage.

The average amateur thinks of pointing in advance of everything else, even to teaching his dog to hunt properly. Very few consider hunting on the part of the dog of vast import, before they get down to the business of having them stick fast on game.

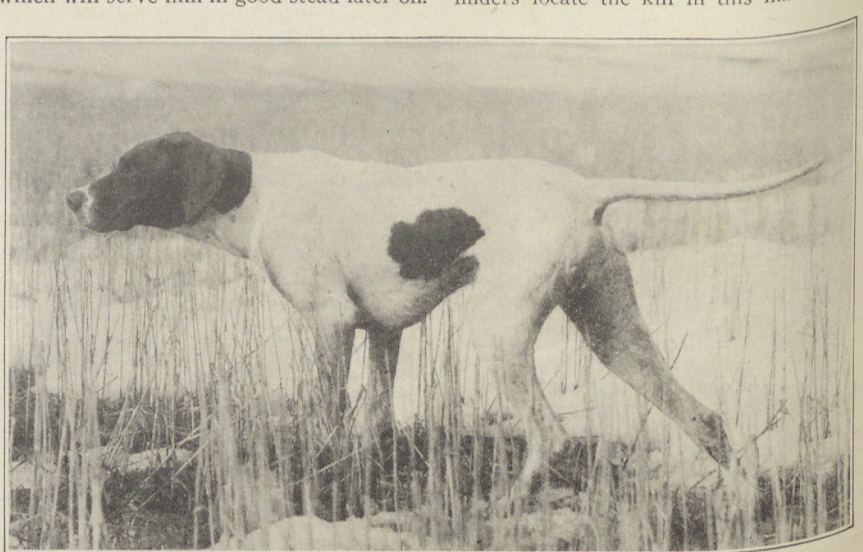
The more chances a young dog gets on game, the better will be his hunting development and ultimate finding of game. It will pay the young trainer to make every possible effort to do his work in a game country. He may want a speedy or a slow dog, cramped, modest or extreme range. If he trains in a territory where those things are demanded by the terrain, all his endeavors for success will be facilitated and, though for some time the youngster may show a slowness in coming to point, nothing has been lost. All the while, in the right localities, the dog has been cultivating bird sense, storing in his busy brain information as to where birds stay most, which will serve him in good stead later on.

If the idea of the owner is to develop a big going dog, he must choose territory that is open, so that the dog will not be lost from his sight. Close growing timber is not advisable under these circumstances. If the dog has no inclination to be a bolter, he will often accidentally get out of sight and ultimately be seeking for you, and finally get in a habit of hunting all the time where he can see you. Thereafter, cutting back—something that is not desired in a wide ranger—will occur and become second nature. Many men wish it in their close ranger. Yet a slow dog can range well in the bush, always keeping his master in sight, not getting farther ahead than wanted by adopting a special gait, which is acquired by constantly working the animal under cover conditions, the master always going forward instead of dodging back and forth.

Your time is not worth wasting on a slow dog without the natural gift of range in your endeavor to make a wide goer out of it. Always, truly, you can increase range some but, if it is not natural in the dog, it ultimately will not amount to much. Furthermore, when the dog you desire to go wide exhibits such a tendency, for the time being, do not hack it on single birds, trying to make it find every one that goes to cover. It is all right to let him pick up the lone single that comes his way. But keep going a straightaway course in your hunting all the time, without cutbacks on your part, which, if once indulged in, will make your imitative dog do likewise.

Get the habit of invariably putting your young dog down against wind, though it will often cause some scheming on your part and many unexpected deviations in your itinerary. A youngster finding his bird for the first time in the wind—against wind—will ultimately strive for achievement in that way. When he gets the wind habit, the matter of locating game by bodyscent instead of trailing will come easy.

This way of working against wind applies to the cover shooting dog. When he learns the potential in the air and takes advantage of it, he will in every way increase in value to you. I have seen great dead bird finders locate the kill in this manner, the



"Manitoba Short Cut" owned by Ed. S. Hoag, Spokane, Wash.

speed and accuracy with which they did it surpassing in every way that of the foot-scenters. I have seen a bodyscenting dog come up to a place where a dead bird had fallen and find it instantly, though it had never previously worked on one; and two dogs, "rakers," whose owners had been working them back and forth over the territory for half an hour, did not find it.

Bird sense is one of the greatest assets in a pointer or setter. It comes to them quickly in the proportion that the young trainer handles their going. He should always work them from one likely-looking place to another, dodge quickly barren places, and refuse to lose moments by making the dogs hunt back and forth, from one side to another in a spot where birds are seldom to be found.

A dog learns to quarter when you quarter, and it is surprising how quickly he absorbs the idea in going from one birdy looking spot to another. In all this matter, your dog will quickly recognize where you wish him to go if you wave either hand high, left or right, for the direction you wish. Do this each time you change your direction. It is not hard to see how easily you can change to issuing your commands with a whistle, announcing by a blast or two your change in direction. The worst thing about using the whistle entirely for all commands—stop, go, to the right, to the left—is that the human element seeps in, and the whistle calls are often sent forth to the confusion of the dog; for the master often gets going strong on the blowing stunt and is prone to overdo the matter on many occasions and issue the wrong command.

In the South, especially in the level or fairly level countries, the hunters ride horse while after quails. They dismount to shoot when a point is made. Rangy dogs are very desirable with them. Many sportsmen do not care for single bird shooting when the birds go to the coverts, and, on the other hand, there are many who want, as nearly as possible, a combined bevy and single bird dog. When hunting, too, the wide goer naturally works out his destiny as a bevy finder and, upon the slower sort, dependence is placed for the singles in coverts or sedge. Very few combined single and bevy dogs exist. Developing as a crack in either performance sacrifices something of the excellence in the others.

The reason that so many southern dogs surpass their northern brethren in bird sense is that they are given greater latitude in the matter and are permitted to discover the art of bird finding without the questionable help of less sophisticated men. Of course, there is also this fact, which enters as an arch regulator, that there are more opportunities in the South under varying conditions to teach the dog than in the North. The open seasons, too, are much longer and the mild winters—or the periods between the fall and the mating time of the birds—provide innumerable occasions for educating dogs.

I cite this while referring to bird sense because so many ask the reason that so many slow southern dogs learn how to handle ruffed grouse so quickly and capably while only occasionally does a grouse dog get going smoothly on quails in a short time. They do not have the occasion to work on grouse as often as a southern dog does on quails.

This angle of the number of opportunities a dog has on game birds is never negligible. So many spaniels and other valuable breeds used in retrieving never display real greatness without it. They have inherent bird brains for their particular task the same as setters and pointers. This accounts for their eagerness in work. Many a case of sudden addiction to water shyness can be traced to forcing them to retrieve inanimate objects.

SPRINGER VS. COCKER

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a black Cocker-Springer puppy three months old—dam, black cocker. Robinhurst strain both sides. Sire black and white springer by Imp Horsford Hussar and Imp Horsford Hoft.

Will you tell me the difference between the hunting qualities of the Cocker and Springer and advise me on what game this pup might work best?

Very respectfully,
RALPH W. BECKER,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Becker:

The hunting qualities of springers and cockers are about the same, though the springer is larger and stronger, and is used more for a general purpose dog.

You can work your dog on snipe, woodcock, grouse, rabbits, pheasants and ducks.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

RUNNING FITS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Will you be so kind as to suggest a remedy for my fox hound pup. He is about 7 months old and I think he has running fits. When he gets these spells he tugs at his chain and cries and shivers all over. When he is let loose he runs around wildly.

Yours truly,
ALFRED SCHEREN,
Waukesha, Wis.

Dear Mr. Scheren:

Your dog doubtless has running fits. Put him through a treatment of carbon tetrachloride, which can be procured at any large drug store, or from advertisers in Outdoor America, and after you have rid him of the hook worms which cause the fits keep him on a meat diet for at least eight weeks.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

YARD TRAINING, ETC.

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have recently bought a young female English Setter. She is fourteen months old and as far as I know, she has never been in the field. What training would you suggest that I give her between now and the hunting season? I have been reading your articles and notice you mention "yard training," and while I have some ideas, yet I would like to have any suggestions you can give me on this training.

Do you consider a female English Setter as good for grouse, pheasants and quail, as a male dog? Does having them spayed make them lazy or otherwise damage them for hunting? Do you think I could teach her to retrieve ducks? Or do Setters take to the water at all? I live in a small town here, have a good pen about 12 feet by 30 feet, besides a door yard with four foot wire fence. Do you think I should try to confine her to this pen and yard? She seems very well satisfied to stay in, but it occurred to me that she would not get enough exercise.

Assuring you I appreciate your articles in Outdoor America, I am

Yours very truly,
P. D. NORTON,
Eatonville, Wash.

Dear Mr. Norton:

There is no difference in the field qualities of a male and female dog for hunting or any other purposes. Spaying is not to be recommended; usually it ruins the bitch for hunting purposes and takes all the required fire out of it, the animal growing fat and sluggish.

Your bitch is a nice age to start training. Yard work is nothing else than teaching a dog the ordinary commands used in hunting. Steady, come in, and down if you wish, as well as heel. This is done with a lead, and stopping the dog when at end of it at the same time uttering the word of command. To come in draw the dog back toward you as you say the word. For down take hold of dog at coupling of the back with your hand, forcing it down and saying down at the same time. If your dog is not a natural retriever you will have to teach it force retrieving. Space is lacking here to go into more details. The pen you have is OK, but the dog ought to have daily exercise outside of it. Take her afield and get her to love hunting, then renew your commands in the field on game, and you will soon have her pointing steady to wing, and remaining steady to shot if from the start you exact obedience.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

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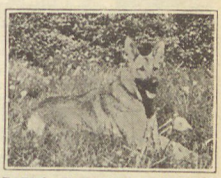

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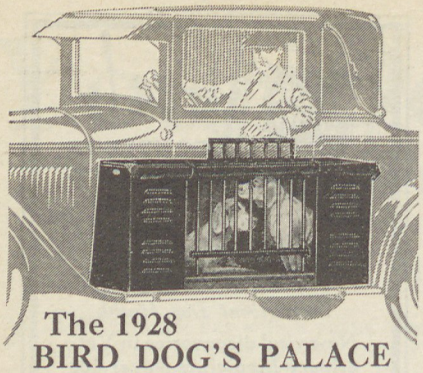

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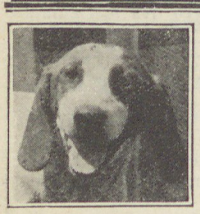

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FORCE RETRIEVING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have two English setter pups and would like to know how to teach them to retrieve and what age should they be when I start teaching them. Should I teach them together or separately? I have another English setter almost two years old and she retrieves only part of the time. How should I teach her so she would retrieve constantly?

Yours respectfully,
IRA NORTON,
Mildred, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Norton:

If your dogs are natural retrievers the art of retrieving needs little further thought, except that you must insist on promptness and obedience. If they do not retrieve naturally you will have to teach them force retrieving just the same as you will with the older dog that retrieves only part of the time.

Be sure and teach your dogs separately. You will have to provide yourself with a lead and force collar to teach force retrieving, placing the spikes very close to the ears and applying punishment very slightly when inclination is displayed to disobey your commands. First teach the dog to hold an object in his mouth, then to carry it around the room and hold it until you tell him to drop it. Then to pick it up off the floor and bring it to you. It takes firmness and a cool head to teach force retrieving and every phase of it could not be combined in a single letter.

Be regular in your teaching, and do not extend the time of instruction over fifteen minutes each day, but do it every day, and success will crown your efforts.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

BARKING FITS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I enjoy the monthly visits of "Outdoor America" and especially your page.

I have two small beagle hounds and both of them have barking fits. Will you please advise me what will cure them?

Sincerely,
O. B. EATON,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Dear Mr. Eaton:

Worm your dogs with one of the carbon tetrachloride preparations, such as is sold at prominent drug and sporting goods stores. Your dogs are afflicted with hook worms, which set up in the system poisonous matter causing the fits.

After worming your dogs place them immediately on a diet composed of as much fresh meat as they will eat. Do not feed any heating food such as cornmeal. Your dogs will then recover their former good health.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

"ALL-PURPOSE" DOG

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I would like to have your advice as to what kind of dog is an "all-purpose" dog. I would like to buy a dog that I can use on both rabbits and birds with good success. I have been thinking of either an English Setter or a Spaniel of some kind. It would help me a great deal if you could suggest the dog that will best fill my needs.

As you are well acquainted with dog breeders you could perhaps tell me where I could buy the dog.

Thanking you, I am, yours truly,
H. E. STYVE,
Lake Mills, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Styve:

A springer spaniel will be your best bet for the purpose you want. You would ruin setter for other hunting by using it on rabbits.

For buying a dog note the advertising columns of Outdoor America, and demand of seller ten days approval of dog in case you make a purchase.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

TIMIDITY

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a springer spaniel which is now 14 months old. I got him when he was seven months old from a kennel. I understood that the original owner sold the dog to a party and as the party did not pay for the dog the kennel owner took the dog back. He is the most peculiar dog one would wish to see. We have not mistreated him but I think that the man who first removed him from the kennel must have mistreated him badly.

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He is afraid of all strangers, any noise frightens him, such as chopping wood, shuffle of feet, scratching of a match, splashing in the water, and the noise of any kind of detonation. When he is called by me he comes so far and then lies down, I may be able to go up to him and maybe not. When I go home in the evening I blow my car horn and he will run out to meet me and jump all over me, but after the newness has worn off he becomes very distant. We have tried to be kind to him since last December, but it seems to be of no avail. When we brought him into the house this spring, he would always sneak off in the house to stay by himself. He has to be coaxed to his pan to eat and is continually on the alert should some one come near him. There is not a mean streak in him, the children can take bones away from him when eating without even a growl. By himself he is not afraid of the water, going into it and lying down. I was in hopes of making a duck dog out of him, but my patience is about at the end and I have threatened that if he does not show up better in the next few weeks I would introduce him to the business end of my shot gun.

If you think there is hope for such a dumbbell, I would do anything possible to make something of him, and if not, I think I will send him to dog heaven.

Sincerely,
ALLEN T. AGNEW,
International Falls, Minn.

Dear Doctor Agnew:

You sure have a timid chap on your hands, but I do not think him incurable. This timidness will not affect his hunting or field ability. Take him hunting and cause him to love the sport and associate you with all of it and though it will take time, his present behavior will wear off through anxiety to be with you.

Be kind with the dog in every way possible, but you and those who are near him, ought not to make the advances for friendship. Treat him all the time as if you were unaware of his presence, and do no petting or excessive coaxing until the dog seeks it. Excessive petting before timidness wears off frequently causes dogs to feel as if there were reasons for apprehensiveness.

One time I trained a field trial pointer out of Cincinnati Nat. I could not put my hands on her or get near her. I began entirely ignoring her, permitting her to follow me afield if she wished. I won several trials with the little bitch, who cured herself in this way I have suggested to you.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

INTERBREEDING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

We have a very good nick in Irish setters. We have bred three litters and all those that have been given a chance are real bird dogs. Three of them are very exceptional. Now we have a litter of pups and I am wondering if you would advise breeding a sister to a brother. It seems to me that if this were done that we would intensify the hunting quality and if it did I am thinking we would have some Irishmen that would make the best of them step. Now I can breed a female from this last litter to either of two of the outstanding ones. That these dogs are exceptional is an opinion not held by myself alone as several dog owners and trainers hold the same opinion.

Kindly let me know what you think of the above breeding arrangements.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES L. FARRELL,
Lake Andes, So. Dakota.

Dear Doctor Farrell:

You are one who has sufficient courage to try intensive inbreeding with hunting material. If I were you I certainly would try it, and then with the best prospect of the lot go to line breeding once. I should like to see the results and believe probably something good will come from it. Select the best and most rugged type.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

A CLOSE CHOICE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Will you please furnish me with some information regarding the most satisfactory duck dog, one that can be used most anywhere in the United States? I'm a Naval Officer and may be ordered anywhere within the United States, therefore, I need an all around dog for my duck shooting. I'm considering the three following breeds: Chesapeakes, Irish

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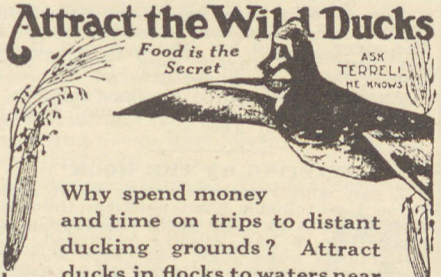

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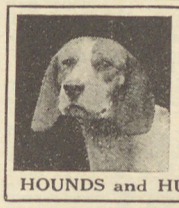

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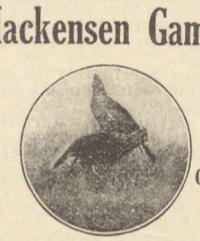

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Water Spaniels and English Springers. (1) Which of the three breeds is the easiest to break? (2) Which is the brainiest? (3) Which is the strongest swimmer?

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM HUGH MOORE,
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Mr. Moore:
My personal opinion is that the Irish Water spaniel is one of the brainiest of the trio you mention, though Chesapeakes and Labradors are close competitors, with lots of things to recommend them. They all are about the same in tractability and thus breaking is easy, though an unduly hard one to educate is likely to crop out any time. They are all about the same in strength of swimming; that depends upon the individual as much as the breed. Whichever you get will satisfy you, and above all, whichever breed you choose, have faith in it. The springer cannot be classed as a strictly retrieving duck breed, but will do it well, nevertheless.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

TOENAIL CUTTING

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a beagle hound whose nails are so long that they are turning his toes over. Please advise me as to the best method of cutting them.

Respectfully,
HENRY WALTER,
S. Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Mr. Walter:
Shave nails down to right size, blunt, with a safety razor blade, doing it gently. Then give your dog plenty of exercise in rocky territory.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

The Angler's Notebook

(Continued from page 69)

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

Not so very long ago, says "Angler's News," an angler took a novice down to the river, baited his line and cast it in for him. It wasn't long before the novice's float disappeared.

Angler: Look out, your float's gone!

Novice: Gone? Where's it gone? It was there a moment ago.

SPITTING ON THE HOOK

I can well remember with what surprise I watched a man perform the rite a few years ago. Rite is right! Up to that time I had always regarded the thing as a huge joke, but there was no lightness nor hint of levity in his manner, as he, after carefully coiling a worm on the steel, spat upon it with all the solemnity in the world. There was no question in his mind but that the "anointing" would be efficacious. Understand he was not the storied yokel, but a staid, level-headed business man.

So I went on a still hunt for the origin of the strange custom, and the trail led back and back, until I found myself in that misty region behind history. Among the ancients, spittle was esteemed a charm against all evil, though why we are unable to determine, for there is no recorded history back there. In the days of Pliny, the sage says that spitting was one of the means the superstitious employed to avert the influences of witchcraft. Theocritus (Third Century, B. C.), says, "Thrice on my breast I spit to guard me safe from fascinating charm." The boxers, we are told, always spit into their hands to insure success in all their undertakings.

So, spitting on money is a hang-over from the time when bodies and property were "anointed with the grease of animals as a sign of ownership and affluence." That is, spitting was one mode of setting apart, anointing, strange as it may seem. Gradually it became accepted as a method of propitiating evil, insuring good luck. When the woodsman spits on his hands prior to taking hold of his axe-helve, and the batter so anoints his hands before grasping his ball-club, it is not, as they think, simply to prevent slipping, but they are paying unconscious tribute to an age-old superstition.

As a dog, turning 'round several times before he lies down, is paying unconscious tribute to a habit of his wild progenitors, so the fisherman, spitting on his bait before casting it out into the water, is doing so because man before the dawn of history regarded spittle as a powerful incantation. Think of all this, Oh ye disciples of Walton, the next time you see a fisherman spitting on his hook, for of course you never do yourself!

A POETICAL ANGLER

My Dear O. W.: Is there a collection of angling poems on the market?—N. W., Ohio.

Sir: I have in my library two such collections. One, "Songs for Fishermen," by Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams, was gotten out in '22 by Stewart Kidd, since taken over by D. Appleton's. Contains something over 200 poems, I should say, covering a wide range of topics and from earliest times until today. The other volume, "Fishermen's Verse," by Wm. Haynes and J. L. Harrison, was published by the Duffield Co., in 1911, and while it is not as large a collection as the former volume, it is a splendid selection. There have been some recent newspaper verse, of course not included in either volume, very much worth while because so understanding. One of the best things I have seen recently is that parody on "The Three Fishers," the last verse of which runs on this wise:

"Three fishers came into the town at night,
And their 'speckled beauties' were fair to see;
They talked of the 'sport' with keen delight—
The envy of all the fraternity.
For men will fish and men will lie,
And what they can't catch they are sure to buy,
To make their tale good in the morning."

I would suggest that you make your own collection of fishing verse, keeping your eye upon newspapers and trade literature. I have such a collection and it is wonderfully satisfactory.—O.W.

A TROUT FISHING ENCYCLOPAEDIA

(For obvious reasons I can't give all the questions room, being so crowded for space to answer.—O. W.)

Sir: You have asked so many questions that I am afraid you will be disappointed in my answers. You see, you would help yourself and the Angling Editor, if you would confine yourself to a single subject or at most two at a time. As busy a man as an Angling Editor likes to have the questions come straight and singly. The worms in all members of the bass group—sunfish—as well as perch at times—are a parasite and their eradication is a matter for a trained ichthyologist. Warm and polluted water seems to render the fish more subject to the disease. Fish from clear, cool, pure water are not often so affected. As to why those trout in the Black Hills creek do not take flies, it is impossible for me to say, probably because of the habit of feeding on worms exclusively. Just the same, I have never seen the trout yet that refused to rise to the right fly. It is up to you to try different flies until you find the one the trout want. I take it for granted that you are an experienced fly-fisherman of course. No, it is impossible to salt trout down, then, by soaking bring them back to anywhere near original condition. To me a salted trout is pretty poor stuff. The only satisfactory way is to salt and smoke, but that is not altogether satisfactory either. Just how to transport trout 800 miles, unless alive, and have them reach their destination in sweet condition is something of a problem. To prevent trout from curling in the fry-pan, thrust through the back-bone in two or three places, completely severing back-bone. Where trout are dressed as soon as caught, and carried in moist ferns for an hour or longer they will not curl. Fly lines go by size, not weight. Think the sample sent is H., though can't be sure, too frayed. There undoubtedly was a white fly upon the surface upon which the trout were feeding, therefore your white artificial won.. Steel vine, so called, is but select bamboo, and a good rod is good,—O. W.

OBVIOUS

"I've brought back that second-hand rod I bought yesterday."

"What's the matter, Parson, couldn't you lay a fly with it?"

"Not and stay in the ministry."

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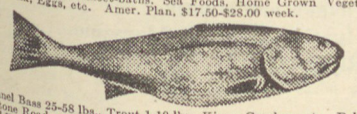

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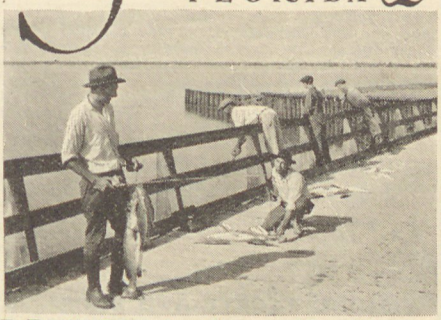

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FOR SALE: Chesapeake Puppies, dead grass color. Eligible. Great Puppies from working parents. Females twenty. Males twenty-five. Dr. Landreth, Tilden, Nebraska.

CHESAPEAKE Females 10 mo. Puppies 4 mo. Price $25. Papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-12)

REGISTERED Chesapeake Pups, Males $10, females $8. Gus Nuesse, 1774 So. Hibbing, Minn.

Collies

COLLIE Puppies that must please. With grit and quality. Honest prices. Floyd Hale, Farmersville, Ohio. (3-11)

Dalmatians

DALMATIANS. Guard home and automobile with a coach dog. Choice puppies for sale. Price reasonable. Regal Dalmatian Kennels, Nevada, Ohio. (3-12)

COACH puppies. Eligible to registration. Registered dogs at stud. Kane, Leland, Ill. (3-10)

Hounds

FOR SALE: My old fashioned long eared coonhound Jim. He really looks for a coon, has good voice, fast on trail, trees hard, stays with it in swamps or dry land, with dogs or alone. Trial given. If you are willing to pay $50.00 for my coon dog, I pay the express. Noble Cross, Mayfield, Ky.

LOOK. Look. I offer you my pair of 2½ year old Rabbit Hounds, male and female, medium size. OK in every respect. Breeding Ky. English strain. All day hunters neither man nor gun shy. $17.50 either or $30.00 pair. COD. Fifteen days trial. I. W. Wilson, Murray, Ky. (3-11)

FRYE'S Kennels, Finger, Tenn., offers for sale thoroughly broken coonhounds, $50.00 and up; rabbit hounds, $25.00; setters and pointers. Try the best first. Get catalog and how I pay express. (3-12)

PURE-BRED American Foxhounds, suitable for coon, opossum, skunk, mink, fox, wolves and rabbits. Trained and untrained. Price list free. J. E. Adams, New Florence, Missouri. (3-12)

A FEW choice coon, skunk and possum hounds. Also Walker Fox Hounds. Trial. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (4-1)

SWAP hunting hounds for guns. Will Elton Beck, Herrick, Ill.

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

ARKANSAS Hounds—hunted and trained in Ozark Mountains of Arkansas. Extra high class straight coonhounds $75.00; No. 1 Coonhounds $50.00. Extra high class combination tree hounds $40.00. No. 1 combination tree hounds $30.00. Extra high class foxhounds $75.00. No. 1 foxhounds $50.00. High class Deer Hounds $50.00 and $75.00. Average deer hounds $30.00. Mixed breed hounds $25.00 and $35.00. Old tree hounds $25.00. Champion rabbit hounds $15.00. Youngster any breed $10.00 each. Allowed 10 day trial. Reference and list free. T. J. Bradley, Alma, Arkansas. (3-12)

ARKANSAS best hunting hounds. A-No. 1 Cooners $75.00 and $100.00. A-No. 1 Combination tree hounds $50.00 and $75.00. Average tree hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Old cooners good for a season or two $20.00. Coonhound pups $10.00 each. Champion rabbit hounds $20.00. Trial allowed. References in your state. Henry Fort, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

FOR Sale: We have a good lot gunning dogs on rabbits: some well broken, others partly broken. All broken in Blue Ridge Mountains. Some with papers. Write your address plainly. Stamp for reply. Blue Hill Kennels. W. J. Shatzer, Owner, Waynesboro, Pa. Bell 'phone 216-J. (3-11)

HUNTERS take notice. I have for sale the best hunting hounds money will buy. Trained and ready to go. All full blooded hounds. No trash. Every dog tested before shipped. Catalogue, photo free. V. Langdon, Dressor, Ill. (10x28)

NOW offering Ozark's best coon, opossum, skunk, fox, squirrel and rabbit hounds at bargain prices. Early buying will save you money. Reference your state. Stamp please. Clyde Blevins, Combs, Ark. (3-10)

ARKANSAS best coon, skunk, opossum, fox, cat, rabbit hounds. Also partly trained hounds. 15 days' trial. Edd. Ferguson, Booneville, Ark. (3-11)

FOR SALE: Fullblood hounds, black and tans, bluetick. Spotted Walker strains. Good night dogs also rabbit dogs. Write for prices. W. O. Henson, Xenia, Illinois.

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Cheap. Free Trial. Collars. Feed medicine supply Catalogue. Beck Kennels, OC10, Herrick, Ill.

REGISTERED Russian Wolfhound puppies and grown dogs. Old Time Long-eared Black and Tan registered Foxhounds. E. B. Kulbeck, Havre, Montana. (3-10)

COON, opossum, skunk, rabbit hounds. Blacktans, blueticks, redbones. Cheap. Trial. Joe Sarver, Herrick, Ill.

FOR Sale: Jim, a real coonhound at ½ price on 30 days' trial, on terms to please you. Lube Beadles, S401, Dyersburg, Tenn.

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Cheap. Free Trial. Collars. Feed medicine supply catalogue. Beck Kennels, OC10, Herrick, Ill.

MANY Fox, Coon, Possum, Rabbit, Skunk Hounds Reasonable. Trial. Riverside Kennels, Decatur, Ill. (3-12)

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-10)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Cheap. Free Trial. Collars. Feed medicine supply Catalogue. Beck Kennels, OC10, Herrick, Ill.

Miscellaneous Dogs

OORANG Airedale and Lingorue hunting dogs, watch-dogs, and trained companions; also Coonhounds, Foxhounds and Rabbit-hounds. Trained dogs $50.00 to $200.00. Pedigreed puppies $25.00 to $50.00. We solicit correspondence from sportsmen who are interested in the better class of dogs. Please state your wants clearly so we may give you an intelligent answer. Lingorue Kennels, Box 7, La Rue, Ohio.

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; Cracker Jack rabbit hounds; high-class pointers and setters. Young dogs nicely started on game at $15.00 each. All dogs shipped on trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum hounds, Bear and Lion hounds, Varmint and Rabbit hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

BEAGLES, Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds. Grown stock. Also pups ready to ship and train. Dogs at Public Stud. Photos, .10c stamps. Stanford Kennels, Bangall, N. Y. (3-11)

Dogs

Miscellaneous Dogs—Continued

THOROUGHBRED Eskimo Puppies. Males $15.00. Females $10.00. Satisfaction. Safe delivery guaranteed. Esther Shelton, Morristown, Indiana. (3-12)

ESKIMO Spitz Pups $5.00 to $10.00. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wisconsin. (3-11)

Newfoundlands

FOR Sale: Several fine female Newfoundland pups from large, black, curly, registered stock. $8 each. Make trustworthy watch dogs and wonderful "pals." Otto Fritz, Columbus, Wis.

Pointers and Setters

BROKEN Pointer dog 3 years old. Staunch on points Retriever. Good nose. White and liver spotted. $50.00, broken setter dog. 3 year old. Staunch on points. Retriever. White and black spotted. $50.00. Will ship C.O.D. on 5 days' trial. You pay express charges if returned. We have others. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tenn. (3-11)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

BROKEN Pointer dogs and bitch 3 years old. The kind to kill the limit over. Also setters. $65. each. C. O. D. 3 days trial. Guy W. Moore, R. 5, Box 185, Memphis, Tenn.

IRISH Setter Puppies. Sire, Ch. Deans Tipperary Eamon. Dam, her Grand Sire Ch. Mike Law. Past two months old. $25.00 each. R. W. Funk, R. R. 2, Casey, Ill.

SETTERS, Setters, Setters. Young stock, Brood Matrons, Trained Dogs, January Futurities, bred in the purple, $30.00 to $350.00. Dr. Charles Thornton, Missoula, Montana. (3-11)

BUY your bird dog from hunters. We ship on trial. Write us your wants, enclosing stamps. McLister Bros., Brighton, Tennessee. (3-12)

POINTER Pups, fifth generation own proven hunting blood. Registered, $25.00 up. C. Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-12)

PEDIGREED English Setter puppies. Price $25 each. Also a litter of Water Spaniels. Price $15 each. F. H. Adams, Hartley, Ia. (3-10)

REGISTERED English Setter dogs, highly bred, farm raised. We guarantee Satisfaction. Willis A. White, Geneva, New York. (3-11)

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffons, finest all-around bird and duck dog. Eligible youngsters at $60. Dr. Dratz, Missoula, Montana. (2x28)

DARK red Irish Setters, age 9 mo. $25. Papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-12)

FOR Sale: A few choice registered bird dogs. Rufus Bennett, Clearwater, Neb. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Fur dog. Irish Setters. Eligible. Shipman, Burket, Indiana.

REGISTERED pointers for sale at a bargain. W. F. Herron, Houston, Mo.

SELLING out, Pointer and Setter pups for fall hunting. I. G. Howe, Belmont, N. Y.

Police Dogs

60 POLICE puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. None better bred, all colors. Females $15.00. Males $25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (3-11)

50 ALL white police pups. All ages. $25.00 up. Express prepaid. Gulden's Kennels, Englevale, N. D. (3-12)

POLICE Pups—Imported winning stock. Males, $15.00; females, $10.00. David Schmidt, Cologne, Minn. (3-10)

Spaniels

SPRINGER Spaniels, Beautiful youngsters, born March 3rd, 1928. Sired by "Firesqual" Imported, the greatest Field Trial Springer in America today. Dam, "Trent Valley Diana," a finished field dog. This is the first litter of pups Sired by "Firesqual" in the United States. Papers furnished. Homer D. Timson, Caledonia, Ohio. (3-10)

BEAUTIFUL registered Springers. Sell cheap or trade for anything. Lakeland Kennels, Olivia, Minn. (3-12)

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies and bred bitches twenty dollars and up. C. A. Bahde, Frankfort, South Dakota.

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies. High class. Reasonable. John Pryor, Cooperstown, N. D.

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

IRISH Water Spaniels, whelped March 28, sired by Major O'Connor 145785 F.D.S.B. Great grandsire Ballymacad that famous stud of England. Dam Maggie McGee 144748 F.D.S.B. These youngsters are bench show type, retrieving now. Brood matrons and trained dogs. Write Minnesota Kennels, Harris, Minn. (2-10)

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGERS, several two years old. Reg. trained, force retrievers. (Avandale strain), $150.00 and up. Pups, whelped July 6th, $25.00 and up. Trained Cockers, force retrievers, $75.00. Brookfield Kennels, Brookfield, Wisconsin. (3-12)

COCKER Spaniel Puppies. Fine sturdy stock. Your choice red or black. Information on request. G. C. Buck, M. D., 401 E. Main St., Platteville, Wis. (3-10)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. A choice litter of liver and white puppies. Sired by Chief of Iowa. Chief at Stud. Working stock. Charles F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa. (3-10)

FOR Sale: Twenty Springer Spaniel Puppies. Youngsters and grown dogs. Ready for work. Book on Spaniel training. Price 50 cents. John Stewart, Minot, N. D. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Pure bred brown spaniel pups, rat tail curley coated type. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price $15.00. E. T. Hall, Sterling, Colorado. (3-12)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Pups, bred bitches and trained dogs. Avandale and Horsford breeding. Quality highest. Prices lowest. Kesterson's Kennels, Skamokawa, Wash. (3-11)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Two imported champions at stud. For sale, puppies, youngsters and bred bitches. Avalon Kennels (Reg.), Canal Fulton, Ohio. (3-12)

SPRINGERS, Sire International Champion "Downtown Bob." Dam imported "Horsfords Gem." Reasonable. A. C. Johnson, Winthrop, Minn. (3-12)

WATER Spaniels. Pups. Half Irish, half cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males $15.00. Females $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-11)

AMERICAN Water Spaniels, registered puppies from trained hunters and retrievers. Rimrock Kennels, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-10)

COCKER Spaniel Pups, black. Mother energetic hunter—excellent pedigree. C. T. Davis, Stigler, Oklahoma. (3-10)

COCKER Spaniel Puppies from prize winning stock. Any color. Pines Kennels, North Collins, New York. (3-10)

COCKER Spaniels. Beautiful youngsters from hunting parents, registered. $25.00. Pellor Farm, Northeast, Pa. (3-11)

FOUR months litter famed Avandale—Horsford Haversack strain springers. Otto Jensen, Mora, Minn. (3-10)

IRISH Water Spaniels. Puppies, youngsters and several fine brood matrons. All papers. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wis. (3-10)

IRISH Water Spaniels for sale. All ages. Working stock. Eligible. M. M. Oliphant, Missoula, Mont. (8-1)

REGISTERED Springer and Irish Water Spaniels, best of blood lines, priced reasonable. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn. (3-10)

SPRINGERS, best blood, working parents. Inquire T. W. Stillwell, Wentworth, S. D. (3-11)

Terriers

NICELY bred Irish terrier pups, six to eight months old, either sex, at twenty-five to forty dollars. Elismere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-12)

IRISH Terrier Pedigreed Puppies. Satisfaction Guaranteed. A. W. Elkins, Route 3, Kokomo, Indiana.

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

IRISH Terrier Puppies, all ages. Reduced prices on females. Altura Kennels, Route 1, El Paso, Texas. (3-11)

FOX Terriers, Rat Terriers, lists 10c. Pete Slater, Box OA, Pana, Ill. (6-12)

REGISTERED Foxterriers since 1906. $10 up. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ills. (3-10)

Training and Boarding Dogs

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Levy, Ark. (3-11)

WANTED Pointers and Setters to train. McGovney's Kennels, Washington C. H., Ohio. (3-10)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and fcund as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

YOUR money back if Minerola fails to cure Distemper or Running Fits. Dealers here's your chance. Last year one customer sold over eight thousand packages without a single complaint. $1. Pkg. Postpaid. Minerola Remedy Co., Box B, Owensboro, Ky. (3-10)

RUNNING fits in dogs cured in three doses; large size $1. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Virginia. (12-6)

RUNNING-BARKING fits. Safe, guaranteed cure $2.00. Money back quickly if it fails. A. F. Stegenga, Portland, Michigan. (3-12)

Firearms, Ammunition and Supplies

SPECIAL prices on shotguns and rifles, all gauges and calibers. L. C. Smith, $34.50; Fox, $31.00; Baker, $27.50; Lefever, $24.00; Davis, $17.50; Remington and Winchester pump, $42.50; Winchester model 94 carbine, $27.00; Remington model 14A, $39.50; Savage model 99A, $31.00; Winchester model 54, $40.00; Marlin model 93, $26.75; Remington model 30, $41.00; Savage model 40 bolt action, $27.50. Wanger's, 522A Market S., Philadelphia, Pa. (3-10)

AUTOMATIC Shell ejector in Davis "DeLuxe" Gun. Throws out only fired shells. Absolutely reliable. Perfect action. Standard specifications. Only $30—yet has all features of much higher priced Guns. If dealer can't supply, order direct. Catalog free. Davis-Warner Arms Corp., Desk E, 90 Chambers St., New York.

NEW guns at wholesale. All makes. Winchester Pump model 1912, $39.40. 22 Colt's Automatic Pistol $26.10. Remington Model 30 Express Rifle $38.35. We take your old gun in part payment. Catalogue free. Everton & Sons Co., Logan, Utah. (3-12)

BUY that new rifle here equipped with Scope Sights for any purpose. Easy terms. Also Cleaning Rods, Reloading Tools and Watson Sights. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-10)

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser and Mannlicher rifles. Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in United States. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38A South Street, Boston, Mass. (4-1)

HICKORY cleaning rods, not jointed, head for patch instead of slot, checked walnut handle. Shotguns 50c; rifles 40c; pistols 25c, boxed, postpaid. Give length, size. Charles Rickard, Interlaken, N. Y. (3-11)

THE Ovr Unda Gun for trap or field. The greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38A South St., Boston, Mass. (4-1)

GUN Cabinets, direct from factory. Save all commissions. Send stamp for folder. Kane Cabinet Company, Kane, Pa. (3-11)

SELL—Big stock of new and used guns. Printed firearms list, 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minnesota. (3-10)

RIFLE Telescopes for hunting and target. Send for catalog. Malcolm Rifle Telescope Co., Auburn, New York. (3-11)

Fish and Game Attractions

WILD rice! Wild celery! Muskgrass! make marshes and ponds attractive to ducks, fish and fur-bearing animals. Sure-growing seed for fall planting. Discount this month. Free planting advice. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 83 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-11)

MINNESOTA Wild Rice Seed. Write for special prices. Prompt delivery. MacGregor-Denherly, Aitkin, Minnesota. (12-4)

WILD Rice seed from Land of Lakes. Ask for circulars and special fall discounts. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Laporte, Minnesota. (3-11)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

GILMORE'S Automatic Weedless. A Selfstriking, Single Hook, Bucktail Lure. Winner of 2nd and 4th prizes in the 1928 National Bass Tournament recently held in Leesburg, Florida. "Nuff Sed." Price $1.00. Order now. Folder upon request. E. L. Gilmore & Co., Youngstown, O. (3-10)

GOING fishing boys, well go prepared to catch them. Get your tackle ready and give your bait a chance for I have what fools them. My secret lure. Send $1.00 for lure postpaid. Katshee Mfg. Co., 1466 W. 110, Cleveland, Ohio. (3-10)

BUILT to order. The new Hickory Special Rods for fresh or salt water fishing. Rod repairing. Free folder. John L. Barker, Marysville, Ohio. (3-10)

Game, Birds and Animals

NEW and rare. Mountain Silver Fox Rabbits. Pure black fur with real silver tips. A hidden treasure of possibilities. More beautiful, the healthiest, most active and most prolific of all fur bearing rabbits. Start now by buying your foundation stock from us. A few Junior trios available while they last. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corporation, P. O. Lake Elmo, Minnesota. Highway No. 12 (near St. Paul). Breeders of Muskrats, Mink, Black and Brown Beaver, Red and Cross Foxes, Raccoon, etc. Largest Operators of Fenced Muskrat Marshes in the World. (8x28)

LIVE breeding stock. Deal with us and get what you want and pay for. "Hudson Seal" Musquash, well furred and healthy. "Rainy River Ontario" dark silky mink. Dark Brown and Black Beaver. The rare strain of Mountain Silver Fox Rabbits. A real silver tipped black rabbit. Red and Cross Foxes, Raccoons, etc. We are the largest operators of fenced muskrat marshes in the world. Pen raised Hudson Seal Musquash. Live delivery and sex guaranteed. If we accept your order you can depend upon receiving the animals. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corporation, P. O. Lake Elmo, Minnesota. Located on Highway No. 12 (near St. Paul). (8x28)

CHI-MONG (Chinese Mongolian) Ringneck Pheasants are a cross between the tenacious and cunning Chinese and the large, vigorous and colorful Mongolian, resulting in a perfect game pheasant. Reared in the ideal upland game country of central Wisconsin. We offer for sale a limited number of first cross breeders, also pure-bred Chinese and Mongolian Ringnecks. Otto Beyer Game Farm, Portage, Wisconsin. (3-11)

SPECIAL prices on Silver Foxes, $500 to $800 per pair. Prize winning blood; all stock registered; we were offered and received up to $400 for raw pelts this season. Also other fur animals. If you want stock that has fur value, write us. Huber's Silver Fox and Game Farm, Long High Street, Fostoria, Ohio. (10x28)

LIVE muskrats, immediate delivery, extra large, very dark. Ranch and pen raised. Live delivery and sex guaranteed. Prices on application. References, City National Bank, Staples, Minn. Banks in Motley, Minn. Thompson Fur Farms, Motley, Minn. (3-12)

ALL Star Silver Foxes. First selection litters. All related to All Star "Sybil," World's Champion. We can supply you with Blue Foxes, Mink, Raccoon, Chinchilla Rabbits, Muskrats. Correspondence solicited. Minnesota Silver Fox and Fur Company, 1679 University Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota. (4-10)

ALASKA Minks, Super-quality Northern Minnesota minks, Blue Foxes, Alaskan Silvers, finest quality. Booking orders for spring and fall delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (8x28)

LIVE Muskrats. Delivery beginning in October. Black, $25.00 per pair. Extra males $7.50 each. Brown, $15.00 per pair. Extra males $5.00 each. Live delivery at destination, and sex guaranteed. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. B-10, Chester, Pa.

LIVE Muskrats. Ranch run, priced right. Booklet on pen and ranch raising, one dollar. Just out. Columbine Muskrat Farm Co., Denver, Colo. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (5-1)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

FOR Sale—Muskrats for Fall delivery. Try our live catch trap. Write for literature and free trial offer. Lawrence Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minnesota. (3-10)

MINK. Interior Alaska and Northern. Pen raised. Blues and Silver Foxes. Finest quality. Booking orders for Spring delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (8x28)

REGISTERED Silver Foxes. Choice acclimated breeding stock from South Dakota's pioneer ranch. Priced reasonable. James Valley Fur Farm, Huron, S. Dak. (4-11)

FOR Sale: Squirrels, Flying, Fox, Silver Grey, Reds, Chipmunks, Imported Germans, make fine pets. W. Schendel, 413 E. Lafayette, Mankato, Minn.

FOR Sale: Large Canadian Honkers $15.00 pair. Also few pairs hand-raised, guaranteed tame, $25.00 pair. Eugene Ellis, Brooklyn, Wisconsin.

FOR Sale: Genuine English call ducks. Small type. Old and young. Canada Geese, Pheasants and Jap Silkie Bantams. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-12)

PARTRIDGES, Hares. All game order now. Winter delivery. Rare pheasants, waterfowl. Woelmont Game Farm, 20 Avenue Montjoie, Brussels. (3-12)

CHOICE Alaskan Mink breeders for sale with instructions. Limited number for sale. So write at once. J. Ames, Petersburg, Alaska.

FUR rabbits. Bred Chinchilla does $10.00 each. Also Havanas, Silver Black Fox. Literature 4c. Ransom Rabbitry, Geneva, Ohio. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Wisconsin Muskrats and Minks. Excellent Breeders, young or old. The Maples, Rib Lake, Wisconsin, Taylor Co. (3-12)

MUSKRATS: Breeding stock for sale. Write for prices and free booklet. Northern Cedar Fur Farms Inc., Blackduck, Minn. (3-10)

PARROTS, Ferrets, Dogs, Mice, Pigeons, Poultry, Hares, etc. Description 60 page book, 20 cents. J. A. Bergey, Telford, Pa. (3-10)

PHEASANTS, Golden and Amherst, also Japanese Silkie Bantams and Peafowl. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-11)

PHEASANT breeding stock for sale. Goldens, Mongolians and Chinese Ringneck. Bracher Game Farm, Pilot Rock, Oregon. (3-12)

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-3)

MINK: Dark Alaskan and Northern ranch raised. Ready for delivery. Case & Taylor, Tomah, Wis. (3-12)

SALE: Quality blue foxes and raccoons; healthy, prolific stock; also star black skunks $40 trio. W. L. Berglund, Motley, Minn.

SILVER black foxes. Twenty pair good pups. $500.00 a pair. Bred on this ranch since 1916. Pine Tree Fox Ranch, Augusta, Maine. (3-11)

CAL. Valley Quail, Doves and Rare Pheasant. J. V. Patton, Hollister, Cal. (6-11)

MINK—Canadian, very dark, super-quality. T. Knipfer, Northome, Minn.

PIGEONS: Beautiful list free. Day Pigeon Farm, Port Huron, Mich. (3-11)

SALE Jack and cottontail rabbits, mink, muskrats. Webb, Protection, Kansas. (3-10)

Game Preserves for Sale

FOR Sale: 700 acre game preserve, location Pike and Calhoun Counties, Illinois; three miles railroad station. Large, nearly new modern clubhouse, bath, two rivers, two islands, three lakes. Income from cultivated land will pay taxes and interest on purchase price. Plat furnished. Terms. O. D. Leach, owner, Majestic Building, Columbus, Ohio. (3-12)

Help Wanted, Instructions

FOREST Ranger positions pay $125-$200 month. Nice cabin. Hunt, trap, patrol. Get free list Nat'l Forests immediately. Rayson Inst., Dept. A-12, Denver, Colo. (6-12)

DO you drive a car? U. S. Government Chauffeur-Carrier job pays $141-$175 month. "How to qualify" mailed Free. Write, Ozment Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (5x28)

GOVERNMENT positions. Qualify for Railway Mail Clerk, Post-office Clerk, Carrier, Rural Carrier, and Outdoor positions. Steady work. Mokane Institute. Dept. 726. Denver, Colo.

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Inst., 249 Temple Court, Denver Colo. (3-11)

Indian Goods

PEACE Pipes, War Clubs, $5.00; Beaded Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Watchfobs, $1.00; Bow, Arrows, $1.60; 25 selected stone age relics, $10.00; dozen fine arrowheads, $2.50. Tomahawks, Rare, $15.00. Everything in Indian Curios. Costumes. Blankets. Prehistoric Relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O. A., Harbor Springs, Michigan. (2x28)

ANTIQUE firearms, Indian relics, powderhorns, flasks. Illustrated lists free. Nagy, 08 South 18th, Philadelphia.

OLD Arms, Indian Relics, Miscellaneous curios, illustrated lists, ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (3-10)

Miscellaneous

GIBBS makes Hawk traps, live Muskrat Traps, Two trigger Traps, Single Grip coil spring traps in all sizes. Humane traps that kill any fur animal from a weasel to a bear. One size fur stretchers that will take any hide from a weasel to a wolf. Trap tags. Send for free catalogue. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. E-15, Chester, Pa.

IZAAK Walton Chapters: Pep up your meetings. Have large assortment colored bird and animal slides by Bruce Horsfall and others. Will rent reasonable. Hugh Worcester, St. Maries, Idaho. (3-11)

SALMON and trout fishing in Norway. Most reliable offers and service through Bernhd. Brekke-Trondhjem. Establ. 1880. Cable address: Activ Trondhjem. Personally caught 5 Salmon above 45 lbs. (4-12)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Que. (6-10)

TRAP successfully. Learn the personal methods and secrets of old Canadian Trapper. Write. Alf. Allard, 4724 Des Erables, Montreal, Canada. (3-10)

10,000 ACRE Texas ranch resort. Deer, Turkey, Ducks, Fishing, Swimming. Picturesque, attractive. Boarders accepted year round. Booklet. Gallagher Ranch, San Antonio, Tex. (3-12)

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RAISE Fur Rabbits, Chinchillas, Flemish Giants, New Zealands, Booklet 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (7-3)

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SILVER Fox Fur Rabbits. Edward Toll, Ripon, Wisconsin. (3-11)

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EXCEPTIONAL opportunity to profit in Canadian fishing and hunting lands. Descriptive list free. Robinson, 35 Burris, Hamilton, Canada. (3-12)

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Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Continued

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-10)

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Taxidermy

NOTICE: Taxidermists, Furriers, Fox Fur Farms, Rabbit Fur Farms. Save Money. Write for free catalogue of supplies, tools, best books ever printed on taxidermy, tanning, trapping, fur farming and fur trade. Manufacturers of glass eyes for mounted birds, animals, wooden decoy ducks, human beings, etc. Glass Indian beads (sample card) 25c. F. Schumacher and Sons, 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-11)

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DISTINCTIVE mountings; game heads, fur rugs a specialty. Let us preserve your trophies. Fisk Taxidermy Studio, Hillsdale, Mich.

FOR Sale: Excellent mounted peacock. 7½ foot full fan spread tail. Price reasonable. Paul T. Schuetz, Monticello, Iowa.

FOR Sale: Mounted Coyote heads, open mouth, $5.00 each. Stranges' Taxidermy, Clarkston, Washington. (3-11)

TAXIDERMIST, Furrier & Supplies. Heads, rugs for sale. Lists, specify which. M. J. Hofmann, 989 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (6-10)

Wanted

WANTED: To buy Frogs, Helgramites, Insects, Worms, etc. Day Fish Co., Port Huron, Mich. (3-11)

WANTED: Flat top Bisley Colt revolvers. B. Smiley, Angola, Ind. (3-11)

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REAL Harris Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland, hand-woven in medium and heavy weights for all Sports wear. Suits to measure, exclusive cut, $32.00 postage paid; duty 66%. Send now for latest patterns. T. B. Macaulay, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland.

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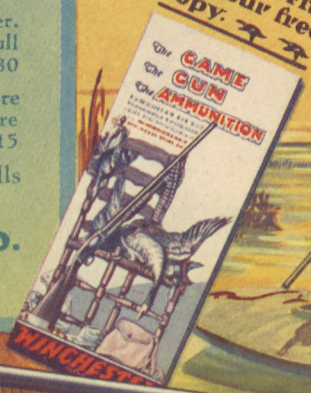


LEADER - REPEATER SPEED LOADS - REPEATER - RANGER

What Would YOU Do?

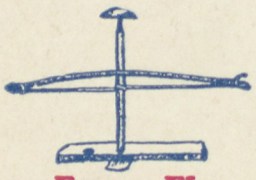
LOST IN THE WILDS -- NO FOOD -- ARISING FEVER --

For Food

No one acquainted with Ernest Thompson Seton ever starves to death in the wilds. He tells you about dozens of emergency foods. Roots, berries, mushrooms, lichen growths, etc., etc.

For Medicine

The woods are a regular drug store for those who know the medicinal value of the various leaves, barks and roots. One of the forest remedies which Ernest Thompson Seton suggests for a cold or fever is the flowering dogwood. He tells you how to identify the remedies he recommends.



For a Fire

If your matches get wet and you are cold it is well to know the several ways of starting a fire **without** matches. Above is a drawing by Seton which shows the use of drill, block, tinder, bow and socket, all made from materials you will find in the woods.

I am lost. Help!

If you should break a leg in the wilds, if you were sick and were becoming worse every moment, you should use the S. O. S. of the forest—two fires about fifty feet apart which will send up two columns of smoke. Other means of bringing aid from considerable distance are also suggested by Mr. Seton.

The Library of Pioneering & Woodcraft will tell you what you should do and entertain you too!

If your strength was failing—your head full of tortured thoughts of starvation—your throat parched for water—what would you do? A seasoned woodsman would not get in such a position. He would know how to avoid it. Even in a strange country, he would know how to locate water, how to keep his bearings, what roots, berries and other wild foods would sustain him in time of need. But do **you** know how to avoid it? Do you know how to "carry on" if it **does** ever happen to you? Food is at your feet if you can but recognize it. Medicine is on a nearby bush but you must know which one. Help will come if you know how to signal for it.

Prepare **now** for this emergency. Prepare now to **avoid** any of the hardships of the wilds. Prepare to enjoy your outing or hunting trip **as you never have enjoyed one before!** Learn every secret of nature from Ernest Thompson Seton's **Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft.**

No other man knows animals, plants, Indians and pioneer life as he does. No one else can tell you about it all so entertainingly. You can virtually sit at this master woodsman's camp-fire and listen to him talk as you read these six wonderful volumes on life in the open. Here is every feature of outdoor life, from preparing your outfit to trailing animals and first aid.

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